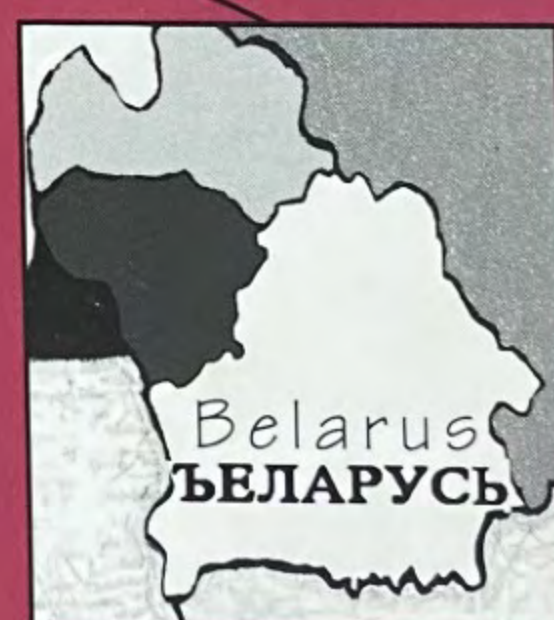
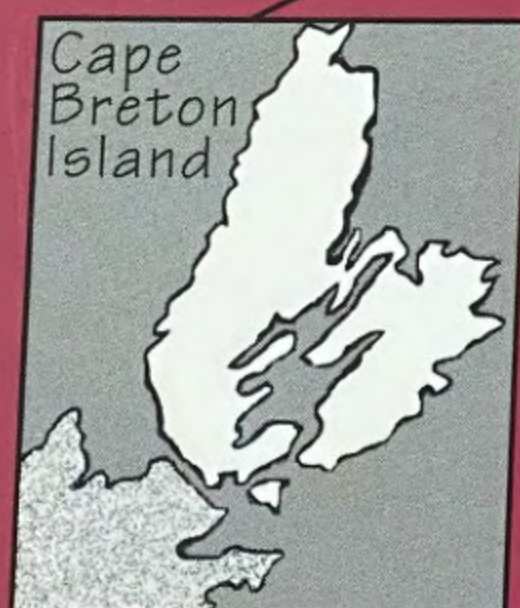
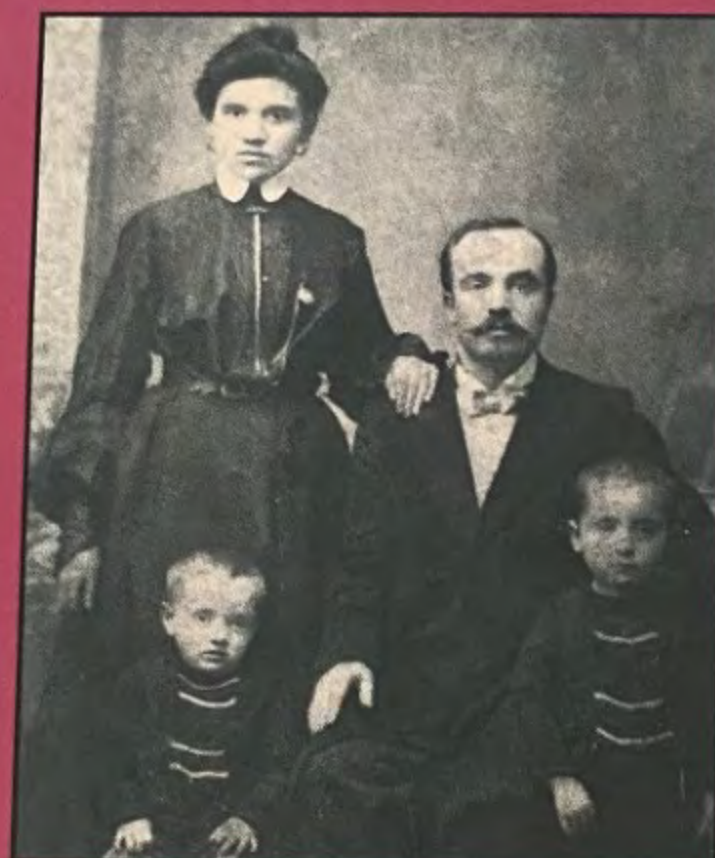


From **Belarus**
to **Cape Breton** & **Beyond...**



My Family My Roots
Lawrence I. Gaum

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From Belarus To Cape Breton And Beyond

My Family My Roots

By: Lawrence I. Gaum

Rainbow Recording and Publishing Co.
Toronto, Ontario, Canada -1996-

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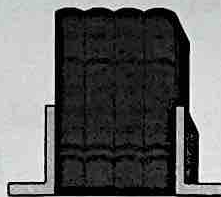
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DEDICATION

To all the members of my family who are with us today only in memory, especially my dear parents Maurice and Sarah, I respectfully dedicate this book.

Their lives gave me the inspiration to complete this labour of love. Through them a link in a proud strong chain was forged that has lasted for many years. The continuation of this chain is evident when we witness the hundreds of descendants living their lives today.

It is my fervent hope that through these endeavors they will be remembered forever, and the vital link in the chain from their past will allow existing and future generations to live their lives more fully as they proceed into the future.

Lawrence Irving Gaum

Thornhill, Ontario

June 1996

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During the writing of this book and in the research that became an integral part of it, I was in constant communication with many members of our families. They were diligent and prompt in filling out questionnaires and answering important questions pertaining to the genealogy of the Gaum, Gam, Latucha, Goldstein, Morafchick, Meisel and Marshall Families of which I share a personal family relationship. Many provided me with valuable photographs that have been reproduced within these pages. I am indebted to and would like to thank the following who made my task much easier:

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Luba Falkovitch	Norman Latowsky	Sylvia Starr
Claire Fromer	Albert Latucha	Allan Winnick
Daniel Gam	Roman Latucha	Ettie Zweigman
Leah Gam	Isabelle Lesogor	Moe Zweigman

As a member of the Jewish Genealogical Society, I was given invaluable assistance by many members, who without hesitation guided me in proper research techniques. Through them I discovered books and documents that led me closer to my family roots. My search for family members in Kozhanhorodok, Belarus, led me to Sylvia Grencill in California, who wrote to inform me that I had a relative in New York City, Dr. Albert Latucha, a dentist. It is here, with my introduction to cousin Albert, that my research really expanded. For years Albert had compiled a Latucha family tree that went back many generations. To my amazement I began to see names of relatives I never knew existed,

some as close as the city I lived in, such as the Latowsky and Winnick families. Others are living in Israel, and many are known by their Hebrew surname, Bar-Ishay (son of Shaiya). It is Albert Latucha's tree that I used, to add to and expand on, as I began to research and discover more and more names. A special thank you to Norman and Albert Latowsky who gave me their branches which include all of Ontario and Israel. Much is still to be learned and names are still being added. The John Robarts Library in Toronto is a plethora of information. Michael Gold in the map section provided me with maps of Belarus and detailed areas of the various shtetlach of Kozhanhorodok, Krasna Volya, and Timkovitz. I would like to thank the Yad Vashem and Leah Gam in Israel, who through the documents they provided, led me to cousin Daniel Gam in California. Daniel painstakingly plotted out all of the Gam Family on his side (our name Gaum was originally Gam), which included many members in Israel. Thank you to Morrie Barmack for his translation of the Yiskor Book of Kozhanhorodok and Luninets and numerous letters written in Hebrew. His assistance was invaluable and led me initially to our relative, Leah Gam. I want to thank my dear wife Hope who not only typed every word of this document and provided me with her paper on Maritime Jews, but constantly encouraged me to continue and to complete my task. I could not have done it without her assistance. To my dear mother, I am forever grateful for her wonderful recollection of stories, places and names that she patiently repeated to me at all hours of the day and night. Thank you to my children who always had words of encouragement and took the trouble to absorb and remember the names of people and places that they knew were important to me. Thank you for words of encouragement from uncles, aunts and cousins and my brothers who were thrilled to receive preliminary family trees as I went along. Thank you to my uncle Ellie Marshall for his insight into growing up in Glace Bay, and to my brother Jack for his recollection of events as a young boy. I am also thankful for the encouragement that lifted my spirits such as a letter from uncle Jack Marshall when he said, "Your grandma Marshall would be so very proud of you." I would like to pay a special thanks to a most talented artist, Soudabeh Majidi. Her drawings visually recreate events that took place many years ago and that are so important to the stories they accompany. Viewing them, it is as if I was witnessing them happening and that I am there to see them unfold for the very first time. I am indebted to my secretary, Sharon Finlay, for her diligence in helping me to complete this project. She was always ready to help and was instrumental in co-ordinating the delivery of the drawings from artist to author on schedule. To my son Benjamin, to our friend James Wengle,

to my daughter Miriam, my knowledge of computers “runneth over” thanks to your teaching efforts. Researching documents in libraries is not an easy task, and my burden was eased greatly by the many hours my daughter Alicia spent in helping me. To my baby daughter Paula, who read over numerous rough drafts of the manuscript and corrected them, your Dad loves you, as well as all my children. They are my future. Our family lives on. To everyone who contributed in any way, thank you for your time, patience, and understanding.

Lawrence I. Gaum

Thornhill, Ontario

June 1996

PREFACE

As I write this book, I am aware of the fact that the vibrant Jewish community that once lived in Whitney Pier for so many years has now, for all intents and purposes, vanished.

My mind wanders back in time to those wonderful days as a youth, witnessing many events that took place in this community so filled with life, love, and being. I am quickly jolted back into reality as I am reminded of some very sad but true facts. The once vibrant, large, and active community that existed all along Victoria Road and its side streets, has now become virtually non-existent. For over a century the Jewish community lived in this section of the city of Sydney, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. They plied their trades, carried on their businesses, and maintained their Jewish religious beliefs beside the busy and noisy steel plant that belched out smoke covering the skies, the buildings, and the people. The smell of sulphur filled your nostrils like unrefrigerated eggs. Shaiya Gaum proclaimed however, to his sons and wife, that as long as you could see the smoke and smell the odour, business would be good and they would prosper. Prosper they did for many years in their store at 842 Victoria Road. At the same time, the Jewish population built, maintained, and prayed fervently in their small shul on Mt. Pleasant Street.

Today the noise from the steel plant is much quieter. The smoke and odour have diminished. The prayers uttered in the interior of the shul are no longer heard. The children that I knew as a boy have matured and moved to other centres of Canada, the United States, and the rest of the world. The contemporaries of my grandparents have since passed away. The generation that grew up with my parents (with the exception of a mere handful) are now departed. The shul was sold several years ago to the Whitney Pier Historical Society. In conversations with Margaret Roberts, president of the organization, I was told that this stately, dignified house of worship will be maintained, in part, as a reminder of the dedicated Jewish community that existed for many years in the Pier. The main section will be used as a museum.

What has become of 842 Victoria Road, the home and place of business of Shaiya and Fratka Gaum? Where is my father's building that housed the Community Wholesale Grocers? Gone! They no longer exist. The building at 842 Victoria Road, where my grandmother made so many moments so extremely special for me is now a parking lot for the Canadian Legion. My father's building remains only in my memory.

When I think of the demise of the Jewish community in the Pier, I think of our late cousin, Dr. Abe Gaum, an institution and a legend in his own time. Dr. Abe was one of the most respected, admired, and loved persons in all of Cape Breton. This admiration for him was not confined to the Jewish community alone. It extended beyond ethnic borders to encompass all of the non-Jewish communities that included black, white, oriental and especially the Slavic peoples of Ukrainian, Polish, and Belarusian descent. These were patients who would not entrust themselves to anyone other than Dr. Abe Gaum. In later years he had ample opportunity to retire, to leave Cape Breton and move to any spot he chose to live. He refused and remained practising medicine in the Pier until the day he died. On that day, his brother Dave who practised with him, retired and moved to Israel. We must always remember the fact that this man was a member of our family and bore the name Gaum proudly.

Percy (Pinky) Gaum, Abe and Dave's brother, not only served his country in the RCAF during World War II, but served the people of Cape Breton for many years as their elected MLA in Nova Scotia. After his wife Hannah died, he left the Pier to live with his sister Etta. He passed away in 1994

As Ephraim Feder used to say, "That's the way it goes, and you can't do anything about it."

We can't Ephraim, but we can remember.

INTRODUCTION

For as long as I can remember I have always been aware of my roots and my family. The importance of a family and of being part of something that existed for many years has always been an integral part of my growing up. As a young boy I was always interested and curious enough to question my grandmothers, parents, aunts and uncles about events that took place over the passing years. I am happy and pleased that at an early age I recognized the importance of recording these events and happenings from the past. This book contains information retained in my mind and in my heart as I grew up. It amazes me to this day when I realize how much a mind can remember and store. Expressions my father used, sayings my grandmothers repeated, humorous anecdotes various relatives told to the amusement of all who came to enjoy a family gathering. But minds fade, stories are forgotten, names and places are unfortunately relegated to small dark recesses, sometimes never to be recalled or spoken again. It has been my intention in writing this book not to allow these things to happen. On many occasions I would transfer this information to paper and file it away. I would meticulously record the names of ancestors four and five generations back after verifying them with both my grandmothers during moments when they were happy and willing to reminisce about "things and events from the old country." Grandma Riva (Rose Marshall) had an exceptional memory and knew her family well. Grandma Fratka (Fanny Gaum) spoke to me in Yiddish, and it amazes me when I recall these conversations, how well I understood her in this beautiful language.

They were proud people, and I am sure this pride has filtered through in my accounts of their beginnings and their lives. It also fascinates me when some of my aunts and uncles who have read rough drafts of my manuscripts have asked me, "How did you know our great-grandmother's name?" My answer to them was quite simple. I took the time and the effort to find out many years ago and I recorded it for all to see.

I was not fortunate in knowing my maternal grandfather Louis Marshall who passed away five years before I was born. It is his name however, that I bare proudly in his memory. Through my mother's eyes and stories I was able to establish some picture and presence of him as a man living in his adopted country in the years that he spent with his growing children. I remember my grandfather Shaiya (Sam Gaum) but the memory is faint as I was about seven years old when he passed away. I do remember the year 1945, shortly before the Second World War was over, and when I heard of his death

I cried. Despite the fact that I didn't get to know him well, something within me felt a tremendous loss. As I grew up, I remember being influenced by his memory and what my father and uncle told me about him. The memories I have of him today are all of a positive nature and I regret not knowing him better.

I am quite content and happy today as I sit and compile this extremely important document of my family roots. These family members, who are part of me and my children, give me so much pleasure when I think and talk about their past and their lives. There is a tremendous amount of gratification in recognizing that I am part of a great kindred spirit and that my family and my involvement with them, touches and connects with many people.

In the beginning, learning about my past and of those that had preceded me, was in some ways a form of catharsis. It served as a nostalgic trip down a lane of memories. It made me feel good to remember my involvement with the past and how wonderful it really was. It was an enjoyment to reminisce about my father and his father, and in writing down the various anecdotes I was able to laugh again as I did when I first heard the stories told. They were funny and interesting then and they are equally so or more so today as I compile them.

Of my many hobbies, genealogy has now become one of my favourites. I feel very privileged, because as well as it being a fulfilling hobby and pastime, it involves not only an interest in the past, but my past as the central point of attraction. Poring over various documents and photographs and corresponding with relatives, some old, some recently discovered, is indeed a true enjoyment. Corresponding with various libraries and institutions in Canada and abroad is all part of this labour of love.

Genealogy and researching one's roots is never complete for two very important reasons:

1. Newer information comes to light at all times. Various members of the family might recall moments and events not recollected earlier. It is events of this nature that make my task so exciting.

2. The future. As time goes on and our families are blessed with more and more new additions and members, our family gets bigger and more widespread. The distance from the founders of the family to the youngest members gets wider and wider and more pages on the computer are required to accommodate this new and exciting information. However, as these blessed events take place, the line shifts to the left so to speak and those that are descendants begin to move into a new category. We must all become the ancestors one day. For all of us, we hope that it will not be until a hundred and twenty years ("If God spares us," as my grandma Fratka would say).

From the very inception of my work on this book, I felt that compiling the names and stories of my ancestors was not an arduous task, but an enjoyable mitzvah that I am happy to perform. I always

felt that if someone such as myself did not undertake to perform this duty, then in a very short period of time the wonderful moments and events that are recorded here would fade away never to be brought to mind again. Names like Shaiya, Fratka, Louis, Riva, Maurice, Benny, would be gone forever. I could not and would not allow this to happen.

I hope that I have accomplished my task and my mitzvah. As time permits and God allows me years of health, I will continue to update and renew the family roots and ties. In addition, I hope my interest in this undertaking will inspire others in our family to discover the joys of genealogy. It is my wish that they will also contribute to the documenting of our families' ties, not only for the future but to strengthen our connection to the past. In this way, we can maintain a living record and expand on future generations of our families. For me, living life to its fullest means having some connection to my past and my family's past. Without this connection, there is little hope of establishing or maintaining a relationship to the future.

Lawrence I. Gaum

Thornhill, Ontario

June 1996

SPECIAL NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

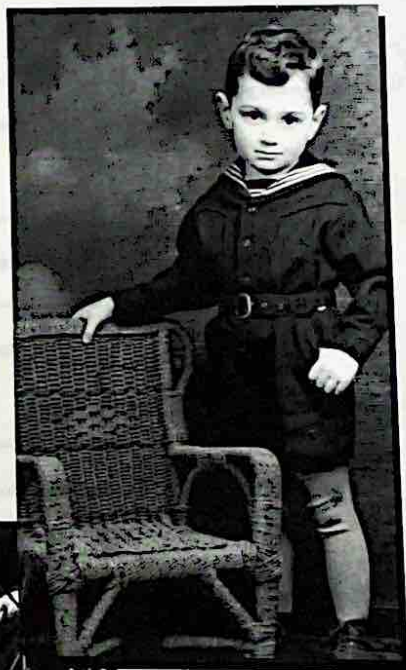
During the many years that I lived and grew up in my home town of Sydney, Cape Breton, I often thought of the "old country" that my family came from. Where was it, what did it look like, who were the people and what type of places were the tiny shtetlach that I heard about? Did they still exist and if they did what was left of these former dwelling places of my forefathers? "Everything is gone," my grandmother Fratka would say. "There is nothing left," grandma Riva would repeat. My father Maurice would remind me that during the Second World War, not only were the people killed, in particular the Jewish population, but reports in the newspapers indicated that the villages and towns were destroyed as well. With the takeover of the country by the Russian Communists and the establishment of the Iron Curtain, verification of these statements and beliefs became impossible. For the most part, I assumed that the fabled places of Kozhanhorodok, Krasna Volya, Lachva and Luninets had disappeared forever. How wrong I was! During our trip to Belarus in July of 1994, as you will read in the story "A Visit To Belarus, The Circle Is Complete," I was delighted to learn first hand that these wonderful shtetlach were very much in existence and in many ways had not changed in 100 years. Many of the old structures still stand to this day and Belarus, although still a poor and struggling nation, is very much alive.

Lawrence I. Gaum

Thornhill, Ontario

June 1996

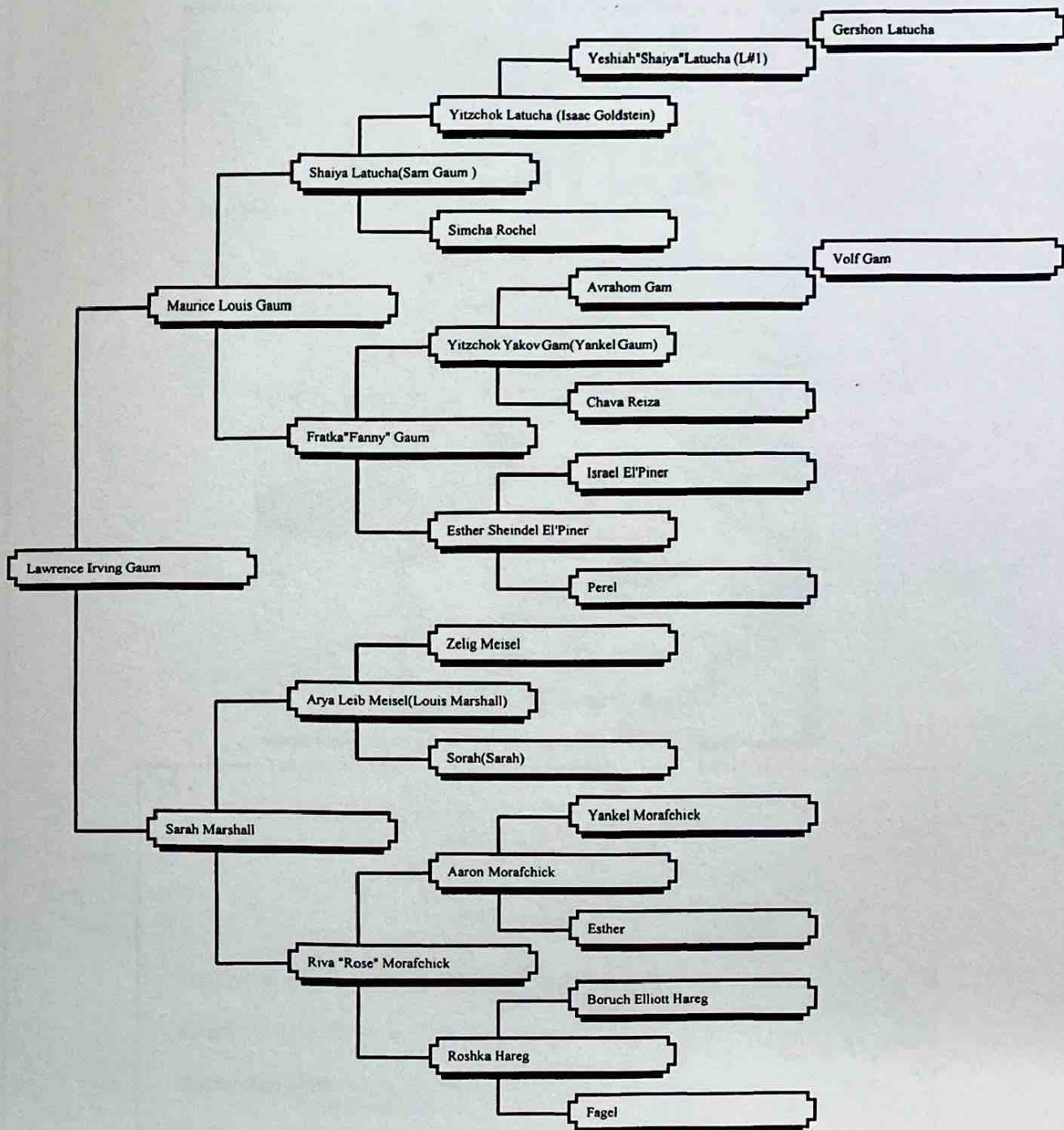
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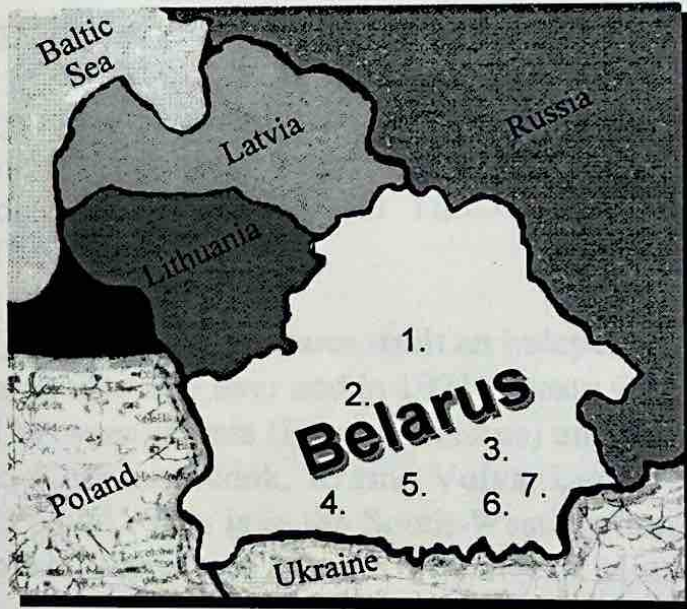
The Author
LAWRENCE J. (LARRY) COOK



Ancestors of Lawrence Irving Gaum



Map of Belarus



1. Minsk
2. Timkovitz
3. Krasna Volya
4. Pinsk
5. Luninets
6. Kozhanhorodok
7. Lachva

Timkovitz: 63 miles South-West of Minsk

Krasna Volya: 43 miles North-East of Pinsk

Kozhanhorodok: 38 miles North-East of Pinsk

Kozhanhorodok is approximately 3 miles from Lachva

Krasna Volya is approximately 12 miles from Kozhanhorodok and Lachva

Luninets is approximately 14 miles from Krasna Volya and 8 miles from Kozhanhorodok.

Drawing By: Larry Gaum

not drawn to scale

Map of Belarus



1. Minsk
 2. Brest
 3. Grodno
 4. Polesie
 5. Zaslavl
 6. Kobryn
 7. Lunin
 8. Slutsk
 9. Mahilou
 10. Vitebsk
 11. Polotsk
 12. Orsha
 13. Smolensk
 14. Mogilev
 15. Gomel
 16. Zhlobin
 17. Pinsk
 18. Brest
 19. Grodno
 20. Minsk

The map shows the location of the capital city, Minsk, and the major cities of the country. It also shows the location of the major rivers, the Dnieper and the Bug, and the major lakes, the Prypyat and the Neman. The map is oriented with North at the top.

Highlights Of Belarusian History

- ♦ **13th Century:** United within The Grand Duchy Of Lithuania.(Litva)
- ♦ **16th Century:** Part of a Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth.
- ♦ **18th Century:** Commonwealth dissolved and taken over by Russia. In 1795, the Pale of Settlement is created. Within the Pale, shtetlach of Kozhanhorodok, Krasna Volya and Timkovitz are in the Guberniya (Province) of Minsk.
- ♦ **March 25th 1918:** Belarus declares itself an independent Nation. Shortly after, the communists take over and in 1921 (Treaty Of Riga), the country is partitioned between Russia (Eastern Belarus) and Poland (Western Belarus). Pinsk, Kozhanhorodok, Krasna Volya, Luninets and Lachva become part of Poland. This is in the South-West portion of Belarus and is part of the Polish Province of Polesie. The city of Minsk remains in Russian territory.
- ♦ **1939:** Russia signs a non-aggression pact with Germany and occupies Western Belarus. All of Belarus once again is under Russian domination.
- ♦ **1941:** Germany invades and occupies Belarus. Jewish citizens are murdered, as well as Belarusians, Russians and Poles.
- ♦ **1945:** Belarus is captured and occupied by Russian Communist Government.
- ♦ **1990-1991:** Communism collapses in Europe and Belarus again declares itself an independent Nation.

Highland Park

1. The Highland Park Hotel, built in 1906, is a landmark building in the city.

2. The hotel is located on the corner of Main Street and 1st Avenue.

3. The hotel is a large, ornate building with many rooms and a grand entrance.

4. The hotel is a popular destination for tourists and business travelers alike.

5. The hotel is a historic building that has been well-preserved over the years.

6. The hotel is a great place to stay if you are visiting the city.

7. The hotel is a beautiful building that is a true gem of the city.

8. The hotel is a wonderful place to stay and a great example of early 20th-century architecture.

BYELORUSSIA (BELARUS)¹

This small country which is about the size of Kansas, Missouri, is known by many names. It has been called Byelorussia, Belorussia, Whiteruthenia, White Russia, Byeloruthenia and Kryvia. With the fall of the communist regime in Europe in 1990-91 and the collapse of the Byelorussian Soviet Socialist Republic, the free independent nation is known today as Belarus.

The country itself is surrounded by Russia to the East, by Poland to the West, Lithuania and Latvia to the Northwest and the Ukraine to the South. Through the centuries, Belarus has been claimed by Russia, Poland, and Germany. Many invading forces have marched across its land. It is chiefly a farming region but became industrialized following the Second World War. Its borders cover about 80,000 square miles, and today it has a population of about 10 million people. Belarus forms part of the great East European plain which stretches from Poland to the Ural Mountains. Much of the lowland area is swampy, especially in the South where the Pripyat (Pripet) River and its tributaries flow. This is the famous Pripyat Marshes where the partisans (underground Byelorussian army) that included many Jews, hid out from the German invading forces. The Germans, unfamiliar with these regions, were often reluctant to enter them for fear of their lives. Forests cover about a quarter of the land. Summers are cool and winters are relatively mild with frequent thaws. The rainfall normally occurs during the summer months.

Since pre-historic times, Belarusians have inhabited the upper reaches of the three largest East European rivers, The Dnieper, the Dvina, and the Nieman. Ethnographically, the territory of Belarus is about 180,000 square miles, but Russia included only about half of this in its geographical borders. The remainder was incorporated into the U.S.S.R.

The people evolved from the ancient tribes of Kryvichy, Dryhvichy, Radzimichy and Severane. Linguistically they belong to the Slavic groups, closely related in culture and language to the Russians and Ukrainians. They first appeared in written history in the 10th century.

While under Polish rule, they resisted conversion to Roman Catholicism and remained members of the Russian Orthodox Church. Belarusians regard themselves as being more purely Slavic than

¹ Throughout this book, the names Byelorussia and Belarus are used interchangeably.

the Russians, who are a more racially mixed people. The language is different from Russian, but the Cyrillic alphabet is the same.

In the 13th century all Belarusian lands were united within the Grand Duchy of Lithuania, which was politically and culturally dominated by Belarusians. For centuries the Belarusian language was the official language of the Grand Duchy. In the 1500s, a Polish/Lithuanian commonwealth was created to protect itself from invading Mongol hordes. The Grand Duchy of Lithuania was known as Litva. The Lithuania of today is actually called Letuva. At this period in time, Letuva was but a small part of Litva and was then called Samogitia. During this Commonwealth, the borders of Belarus stretched from the Baltic to the Black Sea. In Litva, Belarusians were in the majority even after the annexation of the Ukraine. Belarusian was both the State language and the language of the educated and ruling class.

Jews from this Lithuanian principedom of Litva are today referred to in Yiddish as Litvaks. Jews from the region of Galicia, at one time a part of Poland and Ukraine, are referred to today in Yiddish as Galicianers.

In the late 18th century, after the union of Lithuania with Poland came to an end, considerable Polish influence was noted in Belarus. The Polish language was spoken to a great degree in many quarters. Between the years 1772 and 1792, Russia began to overrun the country, and from this period successfully eradicated all traces of Belarusian national life and political tradition from the country. The country became truly "Russified," which increased in intensity after the middle of the 19th century. The Byelorussian Greek-Catholic Church was dissolved by force, and the Roman Catholic and the Byelorussian Orthodox Churches were hounded into complete submission. In 1810, the Tzarist government prohibited the use of the old Belarusian Laws in courts and introduced the Russian legal code. The same year, a decree was passed that made it illegal to use the name of Byelorussia in official documents. Shortly after, the Belarusian language press was forced to shut down, and the distinct Belarusian language was prohibited in 1868, with all schools under strict Russian control. This Tzarist decree that disallowed the use of the Belarusian spoken and written word was to have a long and devastating effect on the people. On our visit to Belarus in 1994, very few if any of the people spoke Belarusian. All of the citizens, from the youngest to the oldest, spoke Russian as their mother tongue.

During the First World War, an all Belarusian Congress met in Minsk in 1917 to establish their own independent state. The Bolshevik government, which replaced the Tzarist regime, used armed force to disperse the meeting. On February 21, 1918, the same congress of elected officials issued the first Constitutional Act which established political authority in Byelorussia, and on March 9, issued the Second Constitutional Act which formed the basis for the social and political order of the Byelorussian State. On March 25, 1918, following the end of the First World War, the Third Constitutional Act declared Byelorussia a free and independent nation and named the country the Byelorussian Democratic Republic. It did not last long as Communist rule took over and the country was again partitioned between Russia and Poland. Byelorussia became known as the Byelorussian Soviet Socialist Republic. The Belarusian Rada or National Council fled and went into exile. Many settled in Canada and the United States. The struggle for freedom continued even in exile and the Rada was led by Piotra Kreuski, the first president, Vasil Zacharka the second president and the third, Mikola Abramcyk, who was Jewish. In the fall of 1989, the communist governments of Eastern Europe began to crumble, and by 1991 had practically disappeared. At this time Byelorussia became reinstated as the free independent nation of Belarus.

Before the Russian Revolution of 1917, most Eastern European Jews lived in what was called the "Pale of Settlement." In 1795 Tzarist Russia had set aside an area that included the present Eastern Poland, Latvia, Lithuania, Belarus, Ukraine, and Bessarabia (at times part of Rumania, Turkey and Russia).

The Belarusian portion of this "Pale of Settlement" contained the small shtetlach of Kozhanhorodok, Krasna Volya, Luninets, Lachva and Timkovitz. The first four were in the Russian Guberniya (Province) of Minsk, and in the District of Pinsk. The latter was in the Guberniya (Province) of Minsk, in the District of Minsk.

Belarus is primarily an agricultural region despite its cool climate and swampy soil. The main crops grown are rye, oats, beets, and potatoes. The most notable is the potato or "bulba," referred to as their "second bread." Annually, Belarus produces 5% of the world's total potato crop.

In World War II, of all the Soviet Republics, Belarus suffered the most. When Russia recaptured Minsk, the country's capital city in 1944, only 40,000 people, of a pre-war population of 237,000, remained. Few buildings were left intact by the German army.

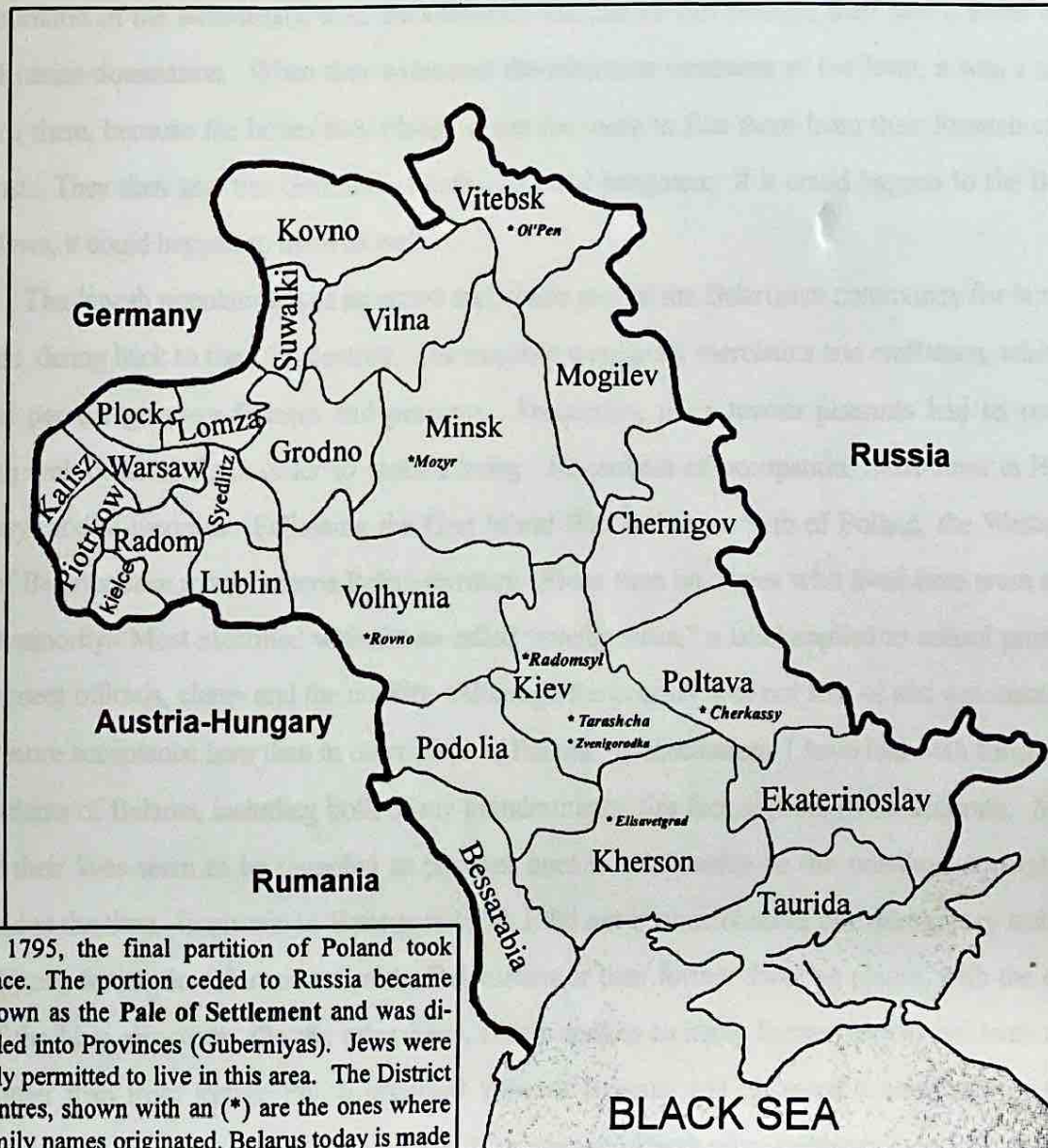
In the 1980s, there were about 2 million people in Minsk. It is an important manufacturing centre, producing watches, ceramics, bicycles, and trucks. Today, out of a total population of 10 million people, roughly 121,000 are Jews. Lachva has a population of about 9,000, Krasna Volya 4,000 and Kozhanhorodok about 6,000, of which none are Jews. Luninets has a population of approximately 60,000, which consist of a mere handful of Jews. Of the Jewish population, there are 36,000 in Minsk, 1,000 in Pinsk, and 16,000 in Gomel.

When Belarus was in the Tzarist Pale of Settlement, fabled towns such as Minsk, Pinsk, Mogilev, Gomel, Bobruisk, and Vitebsk were heavily populated by Jews. Yiddish was widely spoken, and many centres were hotbeds of Zionism, producing such luminaries as Chaim Weizmann, first President of Israel, Zalmon Shazar, one of his successors, former Prime Minister Menachim Begin, and Shimon Peres,² the former foreign minister of Israel. Bundist ideology and Chassidic theology thrived in Belarus. The Karlin and Stolin rabbinic dynasties were exceedingly strong in many cities and towns including Kozhanhorodok. After the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917, Belarus had the highest concentration of Jews in the Soviet Union. During the 1920s, Jews made up 8% of the population of the country. The Jews of Belarus were decimated during the Second World War when 360,000 were murdered by the Nazis.

On August 25, 1991, Belarus declared independence from the U.S.S.R., and in December, Israel recognized it as a sovereign state. In May of 1992, formal diplomatic relations with Israel were established.

² He became Prime Minister following the assassination of Yitzchok Rabin, on Nov 4, 1995.

Pale Of Settlement 1795-1917



In 1795, the final partition of Poland took place. The portion ceded to Russia became known as the **Pale of Settlement** and was divided into Provinces (Guberniyas). Jews were only permitted to live in this area. The District Centres, shown with an (*) are the ones where family names originated. Belarus today is made up of portions of some of these provinces.

Drawing By: Larry Gaum

not drawn to scale

THE JEWS OF BELARUS

During the Second World War. 1939-1945

The Jews of Belarus were methodically exterminated by the Germans. In 1945, less than 20% of the Jewish population remained alive. The non-Jewish Belarusians, although used to mass executions inflicted upon their countrymen by the Russians, had never witnessed anything of this magnitude. Collaboration of the Belarusians with the Germans was carried out because they saw it as an escape from Russian domination. When they witnessed the inhumane treatment of the Jews, it was a terrible blow to them, because the hopes they placed in the Germans to free them from their Russian captors was lost. They then saw the Germans as barbarians and hangmen. If it could happen to the Belarusians Jews, it could happen to them as well.

The Jewish population was an active and viable part of the Belarusian community for hundreds of years, dating back to the 16th century. The majority were petty merchants and craftsmen, while only a small percentage were farmers and peasants. Frequently, poor Jewish peasants had to combine farming with other crafts in order to make a living. Regardless of occupation, most Jews in Belarus had very modest incomes. Following the First World War and the rebirth of Poland, the Western region of Belarus once more became Polish territory. From then on, Poles who lived here were a privileged minority. Most identified with the so called "intelligentsia," a label applied to school principals, government officials, clergy and the nobility. Although the country was not free of anti-semitism, Jews found more acceptance here than in other parts of Poland. In discussions I have had with former Jewish residents of Belarus, including both of my grandmothers, this fact appears to be accurate. Memories of their lives seem to be regarded as pleasant ones in relationship to the non-Jewish neighbours they had at the time. In my trip to Belarus in 1994, I did not hear or observe one derogatory statement made by any former Jewish resident, of the Belarusians or their former dwelling places, with the exception of the Nazi atrocities. On the other hand, I have spoken to many former Jewish residents of Poland, other than from former Polish occupied Western Belarus, and observed a completely different picture altogether. Some had recently visited their places of birth after an absence of fifty years and came away with bitterness and hatred towards the non-Jewish Poles. "They are the same anti-semites now that they were before," I heard several people say. "We went back to visit and were greeted with

Jew, go home." Other Polish Jews however, see it differently, and speak of many Christian Poles who placed themselves in danger from the Nazis by hiding and saving many Jewish citizens.

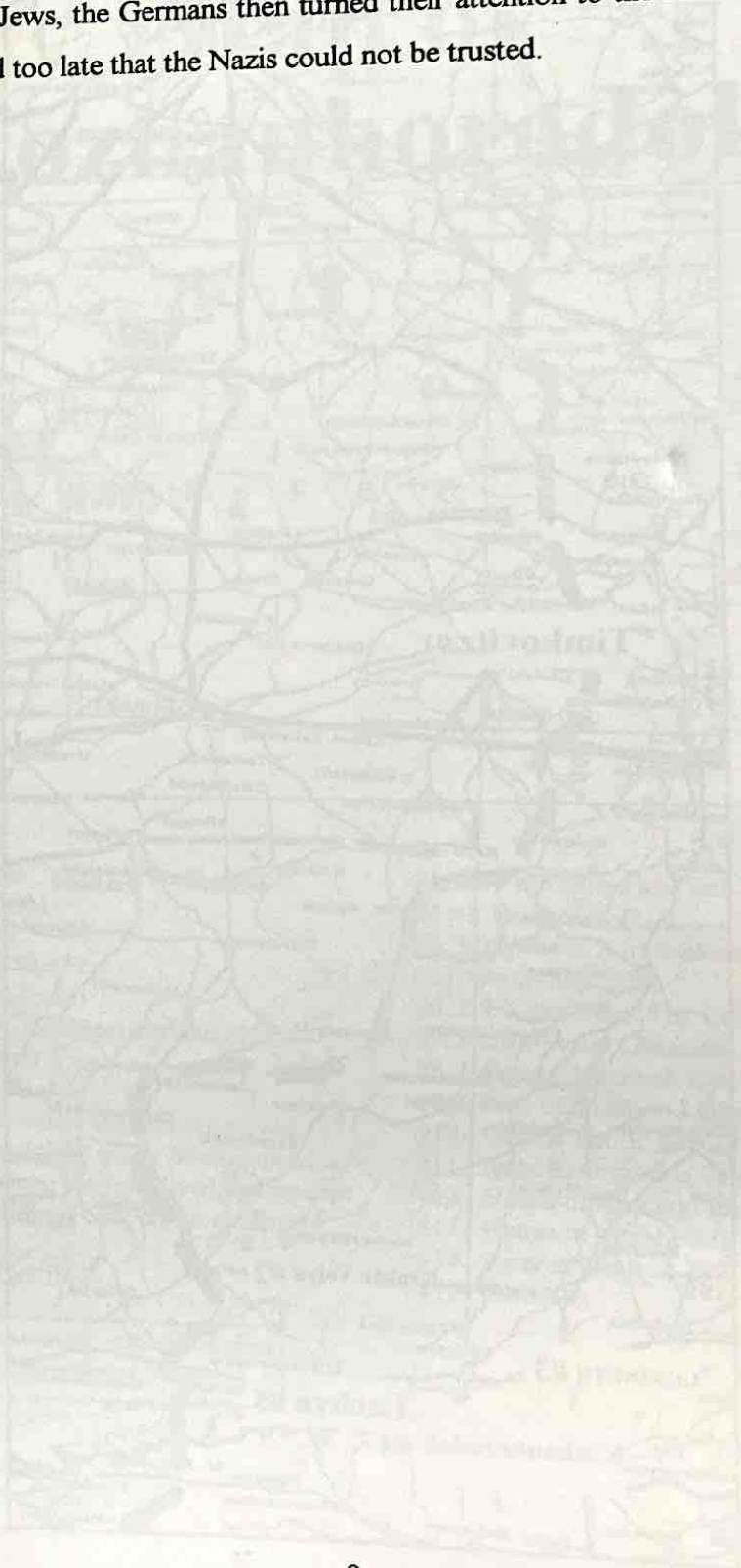
Most of the Jewish Belarusians lived in the cities, and before 1939, one in every ten persons was a Jew. After the Nazi invasion and at the end of 1941, they were moved to ghettos in the principal cities and eventually murdered. In the rural areas, Jews suffered almost total annihilation. In many instances, Belarusians helped their Jewish countrymen escape, many crossing the border into Russia. They hid in the woods, swamps and marshes where the Nazis were afraid to enter. Later they would join the partisans. Jack Moraff, son of Herschel Morafchick, and nephew of my grandmother, Riva Marshall, survived in this manner. At first, the Belarusian woods became a haven for Soviet deserters, former P.O.W's, Belarusian men and Jewish ghetto runaways. Later, these different groups were joined by other types of people. In total, although diverse in relationship to their nationality and ethnic origins, the early forest dwellers had one thing in common, and that was to survive.

Most of the woods and forests in western Belarus, such as the Lipiczanska and Nalibocka, contained jungle like growth with islands of swampy terrain (blottas). In some remote areas, no humans had ever ventured in hundreds of years. The roads were poorly built and not maintained. This type of natural geography promised safety and security to those who lived within its borders such as the Russian, Polish, Lithuanian, Jewish and Belarusian partisan groups. Whatever military encounters took place between the partisans and the Nazis, they consisted mostly of guerilla warfare. This was in the form of sabotage that included destruction of trains, bridges, telephone lines and other important installations. In some instances, there was direct confrontation, but the Germans, unfamiliar with the forests and swamps, were reluctant to enter, especially at night. They would often send in numerous Belarusian peasants as spies, but those that were caught were executed. In the Nalibocka forest, west of the city of Minsk, deep within its interior, is a large swamp. Approximately eight miles within the swamp there is an island called Krasnaya Gorka. It was in this area that a Jewish group of 700 people called the "Bielski Partisans" fled in order to avoid the Nazis. They knew the enemy were unlikely to enter this treacherous, unfamiliar haven. They were correct and as the mud got deeper and deeper, the Nazis turned back leaving the partisans exhausted but safe and alive.

Some Belarusian Nationalists collaborated with the Germans and joined them in their persecution of the Jews. They openly participated in the exterminations, especially in the city of Borisov,

where 6,500 Jews were slaughtered in one night on October 21, 1941. However, as time went on, after the removal of the Jews, the Germans then turned their attention to the non-Jewish Belarusians as well. They also learned too late that the Nazis could not be trusted.

in Belarus



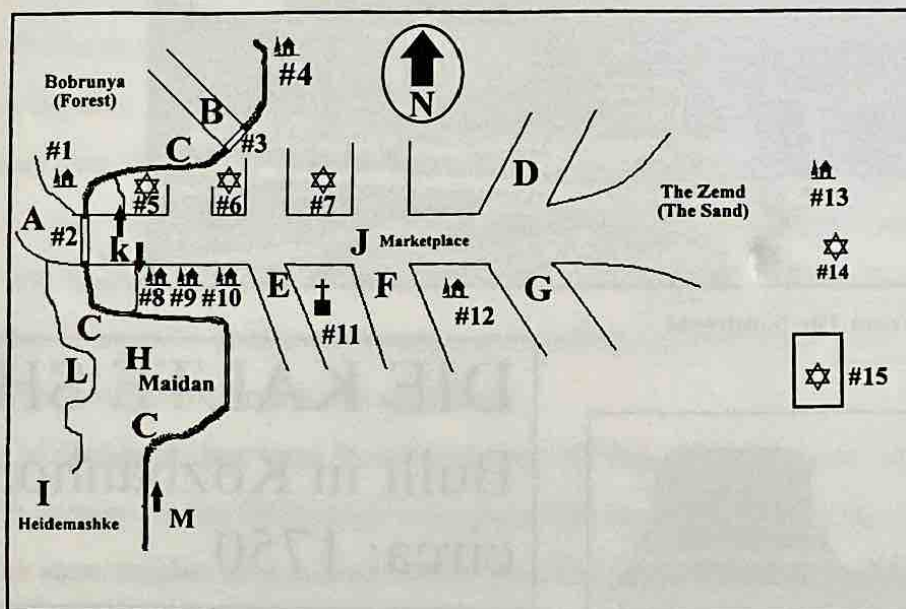
On 21 October

Our Shtetlach



In Belarus

Map of Kozhanhorodok



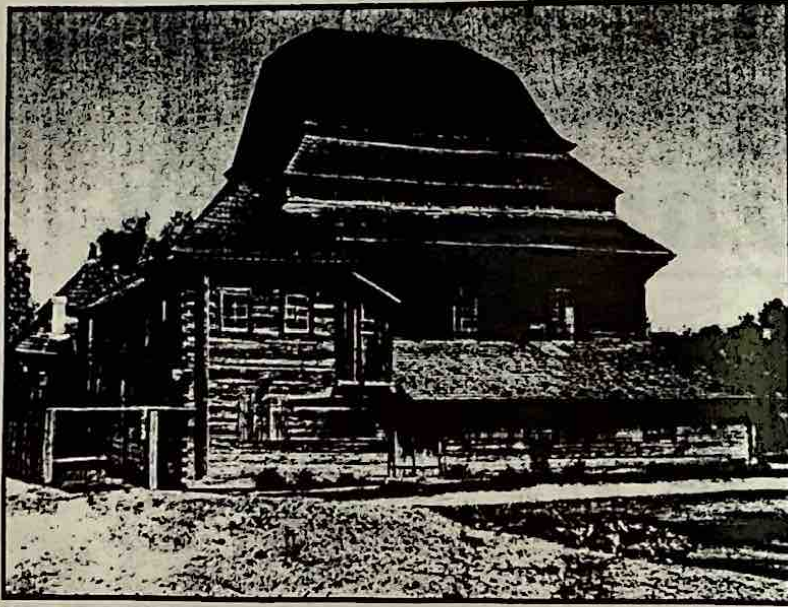
- A. Road to Yazvinok, Yazjivok and Luninets
- B. Road to Cna (Tsna)
- C. Cna (Tsna) River
- D. Road to Drebsk
- E. Parahonske Gass (road)
- F. Hoffisher Gass to Schcheet the landowner in town of Dvoretz
- G. Gass leading to Lachva
- H. Maidan, the side where the non Jews lived
- I. Heidemashke, an Island where boats docked
- J. Market Place, where the Jews lived and worked
- K. Small branch of River Cna, dry in summer
- L. Foot path
- M. Direction of River flow

- #1. Gov'nt Offices and jail
- #2.#3. Bridges
- #4. Mill, about ¼ miles from bridge
- #5. New Synagogue
- #6. Die Kalte Shul (The Cold Shul)
- #7. Karlin-Stolin Chassidic Shul
- #8. House of Yitzchok Diatlovitski
- #9. House of Gershon Latucha
- #10. Gentile Public School
- #11. Russian Orthodox Church
- #12. House of Karlitzki the Scribe
- #13. House of Moishe and Menasha Latucha
- #14. Zemder Shul
- #15. Cemetery

From Original Map by: Dr. Albert Latucha
Source for outline: Mr. Eliezer Siegel

Drawing By: Larry Gaum

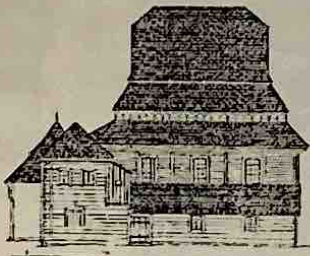
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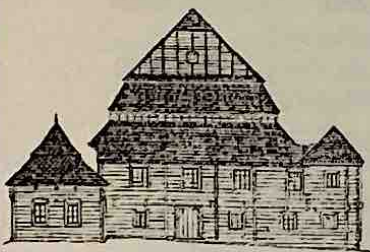
View From The Southwest

DIE KALTE SHUL

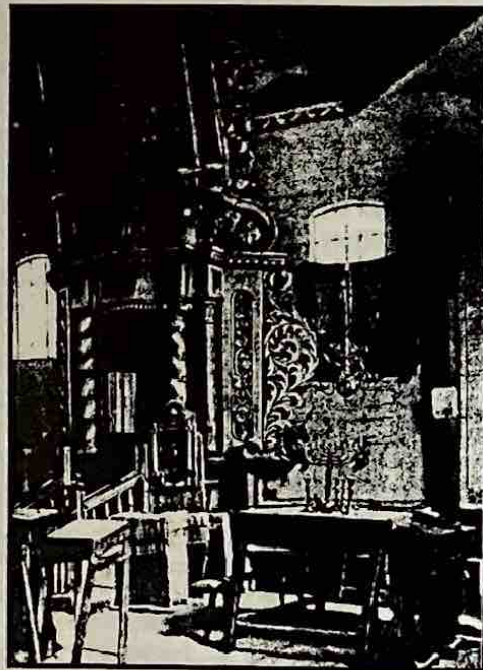
Built in Kozhanhorodok
circa: 1750



Side View



Front View



View Of Interior, Showing Ark

KOZHANHORODOK

This is a small shtetl (townlet) in Belarus. Before the Russian Revolution of 1917 it existed in the Pale of Settlement. The Pale was Tzarist Russian occupied territory where the Jews of Eastern Europe, at the time, were forced to live. Kozhanhorodok was in the district of Pinsk and the Guberniya (Province) of Minsk. Kozhanhorodok is the spelling for the Yiddish pronunciation. My father and grandmother Fratka pronounced it Kozhanadok as do other relatives I have spoken to from the Latucha and Gaum families. In the book Where Once We Walked by Gary Mokotoff, there are different spellings for this shtetl. This came about because of the various differences in the spelling and pronunciation in the Russian and Belarusian languages. Some examples of the different and varied spellings for the shtetl are: Kozhan Gorodok, Kazhaneradok, and Kozangrodek. As you can see, researching material, because of so many variations of names and spellings, proved to be very difficult until I realized that all of the variations referred to the same place.

According to documents that were found in the city of Pinsk, Jews began to settle in Kozhanhorodok in the 16th century. In the 1800s there were about 200 Jewish families living here, which also contained about the same number of non-Jews. After the First World War, in the early 1920s, there was a Jewish population of about 800 people. There was always a good and harmonious relationship between the Jews and the non-Jewish population, and there was always Jewish participation in local government affairs. The Jews of Kozhanhorodok belonged to the Karlin-Stolin, and David Horodok Chassidim. There was a very famous synagogue built in Kozhanhorodok called Die Kalte Shul (The Cold Synagogue). It was built in the style of the synagogues of the Middle Ages, with a very elaborate Aron Hakodesh.³ Services in this stately shul were held only on Shabbos.⁴ Nearby stood a Shtibel⁵ where prayers were said during the weekdays. There were two Beth Midrash⁶ of which one belonged to the Chassidim of Karlin-Stolin. According to documents that I was able to study, there were four houses of worship in the small shtetl of Kozhanhorodok. The shtetl was well known for its Rabbis who were famous throughout the area. Rabbi Aharker of the Carlin-Stolin Chassidim officiated for 25

³ The Holy Ark, where the Torah (Bible) is kept.

⁴ The Sabbath, beginning on Friday at sunset and ending on Saturday at sunset.

⁵ A small building, where Chassidic members prayed.

⁶ Houses of study, which were also used for prayer.

years as Rabbi of Kozhanhorodok. Among the outstanding Rabbis, was Rabbi Yehiel Hilel Goralik, an eminent preacher who founded the first yeshiva in the district, which was also attended by young Jews from nearby towns. Until 1907, the cemetery of Kozhanhorodok also served as burial ground for the Jews of Luninets.

Most of the Jews lived in the centre of the town, where they had stores and workshops. Some of them were engaged in trades and others were craftsmen. There were carpenters, tailors, and shoemakers in abundance. Many Jewish craftsmen and tradesmen found work when Jewish homes were being built in Luninets. Jews were also engaged in fishing and the fish trade. The reason for this was that the River Cna that flowed through the town was extremely rich in all varieties of fish. Following the extension of the railroad network, many Jews of Kozhanhorodok and other towns in the neighbourhood moved to Luninets.

Kozhanhorodok and Luninets had the same fate during the Second World War. At the outbreak of the hostilities in 1939, the entire region was occupied by the Soviet Army.⁷ Communal life came to a standstill. Schools and other educational establishments were closed. Merchandise in Jewish stores and Jewish bank accounts were confiscated. Soviet rule lasted until 1941, at which time the Germans invaded the U.S.S.R. The Jews tried to escape from Kozhanhorodok and Luninets to Russia, but the Soviet Army turned them back. Only a few succeeded in crossing the border. In August of 1941, most of the Jewish men of Kozhanhorodok and Luninets were killed. Women and children from both towns were imprisoned in a ghetto. Shortly thereafter all of the inhabitants of the ghetto were shot and killed, and then buried in a common grave. The only Jewish survivors from these two towns were those who had emigrated to Israel before the outbreak of the war, and those who had fled to the Soviet Union and served in the Russian military or Partisans. All of the others were exterminated. Kozhanhorodok exists today very much as it did eighty years ago. It is however part of a communal farm.

Geographically, Kozhanhorodok is 38 miles east-northeast of Pinsk. It is approximately 3 to 4 miles from Lachva, 12 miles from Krasna Volya and 7 miles from Luninets. It has a latitude of 52 degrees, 13 minutes North and a longitude of 27 degrees, 01 minute East. As of 1994, the population was approximately 6,000 non-Jews.

⁷ Russia signed a non-aggression pact with Germany and took back Western Belarus from Poland.

THE SHTETL

This is a story about Kozhanhorodok and was written by Usher Plotnick and published in the Yizkor (Memorial) Book of the Communities of Luninets and Kozhanhorodok. It was written in Hebrew but later translated into English by Yakob Aloni and Dr. Albert Latucha. I have edited the English version in order to allow it to be included in this section. It is an account of the lives and everyday occurrences of the Jews who lived in Kozhanhorodok and describes many details of this shtetl that were heretofore unknown by myself and other members of our family.

In the beginning of the 20th Century there were many small villages scattered throughout the countryside of Eastern Europe. Within them, living in crowded and impoverished conditions, were many Jews. Times were difficult and they spent six days of the week trying to eke out a meager living. The majority of Jews were poor even in the villages that had business connections with the larger cities. Despite the hardships, the entire Jewish community lived as one big family. When there was a happy occasion, everyone celebrated. When there were sad occasions it was everyone's sorrow.

The simple life prevailed on a day to day basis, and the community reflected an innocence of righteousness, purity, and religious belief. Their entire existence centred around their Jewish faith and in their God. While the outside world changed rapidly with technological advancements, the remote village's daily pace still depended on a team of horses harnessed to a wagon. The hustle and bustle of the large cities and towns had not yet encroached upon the lives of those within the shtetl. The communities were centres of devout Judaism, and the Jews were constantly praying and learning the Torah. At the head of these communities were respected rabbis, outstanding teachers, and wise and famous scholars.

One of these typical villages was Kozhanhorodok in Byelorussia. It was a holy community that dated back to the 1500s. The Jewish population following the First World War was approximately 800, while the non-Jewish peasants were about double. Kozhanhorodok was famous for its rabbis who served as shepherds to their flocks. The old cemetery, with its ancient tombstones and the graves of famous rabbis, served as a reliable testimonial to the antiquity of the village. The cemetery occupied an important place in the life of the Jewish population. It was a common sight to find a Jew lying prostrate on a grave in his time of need. The need could have been an unmarried daughter without dowry,

or the illness of a sick relative. Many are the stories of the remedies and help that grew out of the prayers that were laid on the graves of the saintly people who lay beneath.

There were also shocking and terrible stories told about a time in the shtetl, before World War One, when many young Jewish men were kidnapped. During this time, to the chagrin of the community, some of the community leaders were coerced into agreeing to the kidnapping of destitute, army eligible young males and delivering them to the Tzar's army in place of young men of wealthier families. For many years the women of Kozhanhorodok did not forget the screams of the unfortunate mothers whose sons were stolen from their arms. The last pleas of many mothers was to have their sons recite the "Shemai Yisroel"⁸ in order not to forget that they were Jews. In later years some of these children were said to have returned to the village, and in spite of their many years of service in the Russian Army, they remained Jewish in their beliefs and in their actions.

The pride of the village was the Cold Synagogue (Die Kalte Shul). According to the style of the building, it recalled the architecture of the late Middle Ages, which included double roofs and on top of them a large cupola. The entrance to the synagogue was very low so that a Jew who entered was obliged to bow his head low. Once within the structure, the ceiling was very high and built in the form of a wide circular area that extended up to the top of the cupola which was illustrated with pictures of sacred animals. The holy ark was magnificent and did not have many to equal it in the entire country. It was the carefully thought out handiwork of a master craftsman who had created this structure with the best of his imagination and his faith. Only three holy arks of this nature had ever been created by this artist, who was from Bialystok. One was in the village of Kozhanhorodok, the second in Lachva, a distance of 3 miles away, and the third might have been in the wooden synagogue in Mstislavl. The mystery of it all was why this master wood craftsman chose to build such magnificent holy arks in small, out-of-the-way villages such as these. Perhaps only the heart can understand why. Thus, the synagogue materialized hundreds of years ago with its holy ark, its mystery; and the many legends that were embroidered about it. This magnificence came to an abrupt end during the holocaust of the Second World War, when the building was burnt to the ground.

Attached to the Cold Shul stood a Shtibel where the prayers were held every day of the week except Sabbath and Holidays. On these special days the large Cold Synagogue was used. For the

⁸ This is an ancient Hebrew prayer that confirms "Hear O Israel, the Lord is God, the Lord is one."

Sabbath, Holidays, and other special occasions many people were called to read the Torah. For example, on the day of his wedding, the groom would be called to the reading of the Torah, as well as many of the relatives who were invited to the celebration. There were many superstitions in the village, and some believed that dead persons would come from their graves and visit the Kalte Shul at night.

Close by, but as separate structures from the Cold Shul were two other buildings used as schools as well as synagogues. In one the Rabbi that officiated was Yehiel Hilel Goralik. The second synagogue was occupied by the Chassidim of Karlin-Stolin, who were from the neighbouring towns of Karlin and Stolin. Every day between morning prayers and evening prayers the "Shulhof," which was the area in front of the Shul, was teeming with worshippers and students conversing on the arguments of the whole world.

Traffic in Kozhanhorodok was in the hands of the wagonmasters, and they related to the villagers what they heard outside the confines of the village. They also brought letters, notes, and regards from those who went to Luninets for work. The people of Kozhanhorodok would go out at evening time in groups, with their children, to meet the wagonmasters and ask them for letters and whatever else they had been sent. There were, among the daughters of the village, those who dressed themselves up prettily, fixed their hair, adorned themselves, and went out to meet the wagonmasters. Perhaps they had brought a letter from a fiancé who had gone to Luninets to work for the entire week.

There was no steam mill available to make flour in Kozhanhorodok. Outside of the village however, on elevated hills of yellow sand, were many flour mills. They were built of wood, were narrow and high, and had four large wings. On a windy day the wings of the mills revolved and all the surrounding area was filled with their sound.

The village of Kozhanhorodok was blessed with the River Cna which crossed and flowed within it and gave it beautiful views. With quaint meandering, the river crossed the village and surrounded it from three sides. A person would leave the village by means of a long and broad wooden bridge which was supported by thick wooden pillars inserted in the water. In the summer, when the water was low, it was possible at different places to cross the river by foot and to take short cuts. The river was beautiful and sufficiently broad so that sometimes long wooden rafts, laden with wooden beams and other lumber, floated by on their way to larger cities.

The river brought pleasure and prosperity to the people of the village. Its pure and sweet water was given to livestock to drink. In the evening, as the sun set, the shore of the river filled with horses, ponies, and cows that cavorted in the water drinking to their fill, their animal sounds reverberating in the surrounding air. All along the banks of the river, Gentile and Jewish women stood as they washed their clothing. They beat piles of rough, plain clothing in the water until it shone like snow. The women were often cheerful in their work and would burst into humming and singing Belarusian folk songs.

On Saturday night, when fires could again be kindled, the Jews of Kozhanhorodok would rush down to the river to fetch pails of water which they would then transfer to samovars. They would boil the water on the fireplace, and the boiled water would then be used to make a delicious cup of tea for themselves or for any guests that came to visit.

On the hot summer days the Jews of Kozhanhorodok enjoyed bathing in the river. On Friday, in the afternoon before the Sabbath, all of the Jews of the village streamed down to the river to wash and to purify themselves. Swimming in the River Cna was the only sport and the favourite pleasure of the young people in Kozhanhorodok and who in the village did not know how to swim. They were experts in all forms of swimming. Since they were unacquainted with bathing suits for swimming, they set aside different areas for men and women. Sometimes in the easy-going spirit of fun, one of the boys, an outstanding swimmer and a mischievous person, would look over to where the girls were and would swim under the water and then reveal himself all at once amongst them. At this moment there would be screams and shrieks of protest. However, washing and swimming was not all that the youth of the village knew how to do. They also practised catching fish with hooks on the shores of the river where they would rent a fishing boat with rods or small fishing nets. The girls and boys in these boats would weave youth's sweet dreams by the light of the moon.

There was also a small forest on the bank of the river at the edge of the town close to the water mill. It was called the Bobrunya. The forest was of pine and oak trees, young and tall. In the flowing water the reflected trees looked as if they had fallen in and the branches with their pine needles looked as if they were dipped into the water. For the entire week the forest rested in her stillness. But on the Sabbath, in the afternoon, all of the young people would stream into the forest, boys and girls alike, dressed in Sabbath clothing, feeling well and relaxed. Some strolled, some lay down on the pine nee-

dles, some hopped and jumped, some gathered pine cones. The little ones played hide and seek. In the hours between morning and evening prayers the adults also strolled there for their enjoyment. The River Cna also served as the source of livelihood for many of the Jews of the village. In certain seasons the business in fish reached its largest proportions. Catching the fish was the occupation of the Gentiles. The fishermen were experts in the use of large fishing boats and nets. They sold the fish to Jewish merchants who shipped them to the big cities such as Warsaw, Lodz, and many others.

The whole Jewish community of Kozhanhorodok was concentrated in the centre of the village and in its narrow streets. Here were the dwelling places, many with small work shops, the stores, and the synagogues. There were no separate work shops. The shoemaker did his work in his own home, and the tailor in his. Occupying the entire extent of the centre of the market place was the Russian Orthodox Church. Every Sunday and on all Christian holidays the Gentiles gathered here dressed in white garments decorated with embroidery. Close to the church stretched the garden of the landowner of the district enclosed by a high fence. The Jews were not permitted to enter this area. The neighbourhood populated by the Gentiles was on the other side of the river. Among them were many fishermen and cattle growers. This area was called the Maidan. In this area there was only one Jewish family. This was the family of the grandfather of Ushur Plotnik who was loved and honoured by the Christians.

The Jews and the Gentiles lived in tremendous harmony. On many celebrations such as weddings, Gentiles were among the first wedding guests and first helpers. They brought gifts and volunteered to bring other wedding guests and musicians from the neighbouring villages in their wagons. At gatherings of this nature, Jew and Gentile celebrated together and discussed the happenings within the village, their families, and exchanged many stories. The Gentile neighbour knew all of the grandchildren that came to visit at holiday time, and they knew their ages and their genealogies.

The governing of Kozhanhorodok was a native village administration, called a Volost.⁹ The Mayor, usually one of the elders, was part of this governing body. The Jews occupied an important role in this local government. As elders of the village, the Jews were in charge of the district government's finances. The Secretary of the Volost was also a Jew. Sometimes there were two Secretaries, a Jew and a Gentile. Honest and neighbourly relations prevailed between the Jews and the Gentiles in

⁹ The smallest administrative division of the Russian Empire.

Kozhanhorodok. After the First World War, when many pogroms broke out in Belarus, usually at the hands of murdering outsiders, no robberies or murders occurred in this village. The Gentiles were not involved in the instigation of disorder, and the Jews lived in security in their village. But during the Second World War the situation changed dramatically for the Jews. On the "Day of Wrath," neither the good relationships with their Gentile neighbours, nor money or gold was of any use.

LUNINETS (LUNINIEC, LUNINYETS)

Luninets began as a small shtetl, but in the early 1900s with the construction of the railway station, it became a large and important town. It had a population of about 2,000 Jews after the First World War. It existed in the Pale of Settlement, and its district centre was Pinsk in the Guberniya (Province) of Minsk. While under Polish control, (1921-1939), it was in the Polish province of Polesie. Today it is in Belarus. Luninets is 31 miles northeast of Pinsk. It has a latitude of 52 degrees, 15 minutes North and a longitude of 26 degrees, 48 minutes East. As of 1994, the population was approximately 60,000, which include a mere handful of Jews.

LACHVA (LAKAHVA, LAKAHWA)

In Tzarist Russia, Lachva was a small town in the Pale of Settlement with its district centre in Pinsk in the Guberniya (Province) of Minsk. In 1921-1939, it was part of Poland and in the province of Polesie. Today it is in Belarus. In the 1920s it had a Jewish population of about 1,200 people. On the official marriage registration of my maternal grandmother, Riva Morafchick, she gave Lachva as her place of birth. This is very interesting as we know that she was born in Krasna Volya. However, it is understandable if you think of Lachva as the "big city" and Krasna Volya as the suburb. As a similar example, I live in Thornhill, but when a stranger asks me where I reside, I say Toronto.

Geographically, Lachva is 38 miles east-northeast of Pinsk, and has a latitude of 52 degrees, 13 minutes North, and a longitude of 27 degrees, six minutes East. As of 1994, the population was about

9,000. None of the inhabitants are Jewish.

KRASNA VOLYA (KRASNAYA VOLYA, KRASNA WOLA)

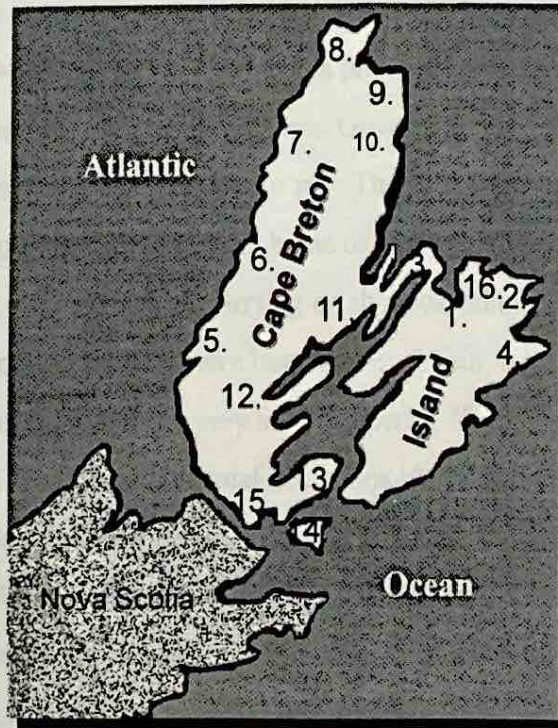
This is a small shtetl approximately 43 miles northeast of Pinsk. During the Tzarist rule, it existed in the Pale of Settlement with its district centre in Pinsk in the Guberniya (Province) of Minsk. Under Polish rule in 1921-1939, it was in the province of Polesie. It had a population of only 31 Jews in the early 1900s. Today it is in Belarus. As of 1994, the population was approximately 3,000. None of the inhabitants are Jewish.

Geographically, it has a latitude of 52 degrees, 23 minutes North, and a longitude of 27 degrees, 4 minutes East.

TIMKOVITZ (TIMKOVICH)

Timkovitz is a large town in Belarus which had a Jewish population of about 1,100 people after the First World War. In the Pale of Settlement its district centre was Pinsk, in the Guberniya (Province) of Minsk. It is west of and very close to the city of Slutsk which contained a substantial Jewish population before the First War. It is 63 miles southwest of the city of Minsk with a latitude of 53 degrees, 4 minutes North, and a longitude of 26 degrees, 59 minutes East.

Map of Cape Breton Island



- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Sydney | 10. Ingonish |
| 2. Glace Bay | 11. Baddeck |
| 3. North Sydney | 12. Wycocomagh |
| 4. Louisbourg | 13. St. Peters |
| 5. Inverness | 14. Arichat |
| 6. Margaree Harbour | 15. Port Hawksbury |
| 7. Cheticamp | 16. New Waterford |
| 8. Bay St. Lawrence | |
| 9. Neil's Harbour | |

Sydney is approximately 12 miles from Glace Bay

Drawing By: Larry Gaum

not drawn to scale

Map of Cape Breton Island



1. Sydney	10. Cape Breton
2. Glace Bay	11. North Sydney
3. New Glasgow	12. Inverness
4. Inverness	13. St. John's
5. Inverness	14. St. John's
6. Inverness	15. St. John's
7. Inverness	16. St. John's
8. Inverness	17. St. John's
9. Inverness	18. St. John's

CAPE BRETON ISLAND, NOVA SCOTIA

SYDNEY

Cape Breton is a small island northeast of the mainland of Nova Scotia. It is connected to this mainland by a man-made causeway and is part of the Atlantic provinces of Canada. The first settlement took place in Sydney about 1784, and it is recorded that John Meloney was the first person to build a home there. In 1784, Cape Breton was made a province, and for thirty-six years it enjoyed or endured a government of its own. There were several Governors or Presidents of Council appointed until 1816. During this time progress was next to nil. The British government at this time was not noted for wisdom in its conduct of affairs either at home or in the colonies. In general, its policies were unfair to the men entrusted with the duty of carrying on the local administration. Autocratic methods of government existed. Place and position were bestowed by favour, not on merit. Consequently there were jealousies, quarrels, and the island saw very little prosperity. The population instead of increasing, actually diminished, and in 1795, there was a total number of 121 inhabitants on the entire island.

Sydney dragged along its weary way for several years with nothing of historic importance happening. At the turn of the 19th century Cape Breton had barely half a dozen miles of passable roads, its coal mines poorly worked and unprofitable, the garrison at Sydney down to ten men, and an air of depression overhanging the colony. Around 1802, the population was about 2,500, consisting of Mic Macs, Acadians, English and Irish settlers. But a movement had already set in at this time that was to change and perhaps finally fix the national complexion of the island.

During the last quarter of the 18th century large numbers of immigrants from the Highlands of Scotland began to settle the island. This reached its peak in 1817 to 1828, continuing for another twenty years. It has been estimated that in all more than 25,000 Highlanders settled in Cape Breton. Their descendants today form by far the greatest part of the population.

By mid-1800s the population grew to over 5,000. On the 20th day of June, 1820, the British government decided to re-annex the island to the government of Nova Scotia, and on this day the Council of Cape Breton sat for the last time. Although this move was at first unpopular, in and around

Sydney it did prove to be a blessing as Sydney and the island began to prosper under the Nova Scotia government.

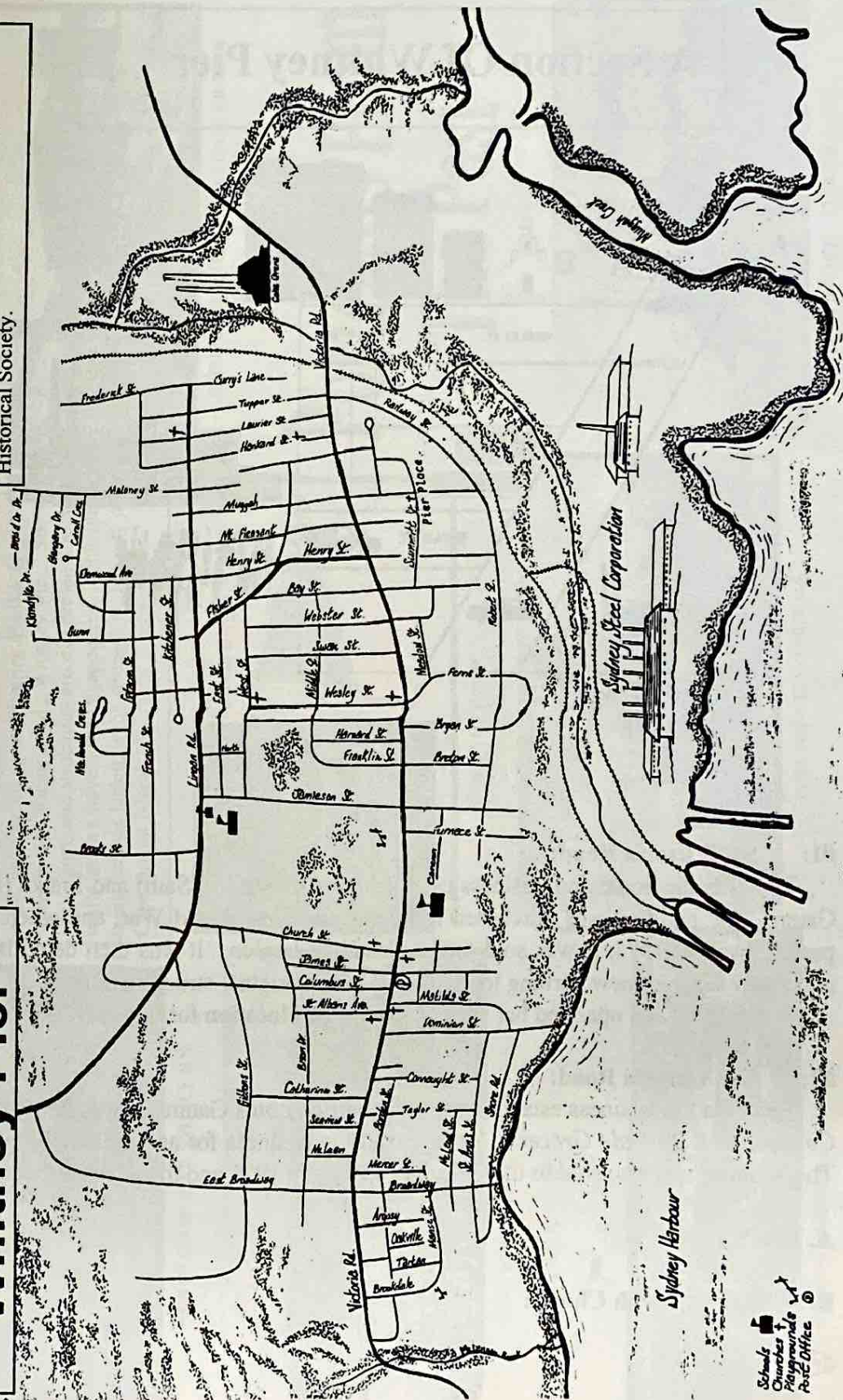
The first Sydney Council was elected in 1885, and the town was divided into three wards. In 1888, the chief magistrate's title was changed from Warden to Mayor. In 1889, the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. began construction of the Sydney steel plant. First production from the plant was on December 31, 1901, as the population increased to approximately 10,000 people. In 1904, Sydney, the old capital of Cape Breton, became a city. By this time, other immigrants were beginning to settle in Cape Breton. From 1850 to 1910 there was a large influx of peoples from Eastern European countries that included; Poland, Ukraine, Byelorussia (Belarus), Lithuania, and Russia. Among this mass of people struggling to settle in a new country were Arya Leib Meisel who would be known by his English name, Louis Marshall, and Shaiya Latucha who would adopt the English name, Sam Gaum. A young, beautiful woman by the name of Riva Morafchick would settle in Cape Breton, marry, and live there for the rest of her life. In Cape Breton, she was known as Rose Marshall. Fratka Gam, whose English name was Fanny Gaum, would live for 65 years in this new place that she called home. They came and settled in Sydney and Glace Bay and began a new life in a vibrant part of Eastern Canada, Cape Breton, the "beautiful island by the sea."

WHITNEY PIER

Geographically, Whitney Pier is part of Sydney, Nova Scotia. It is a triangular shaped area located on the northeast corner of the city of Sydney. Geographically, it measures about three square miles. It is bounded by the Atlantic Ocean, the Steel Plant, and the Blueberry Barrens that extend up to the Radar base. MacLennans Brook separates it from South Bar, and the old subway divided it from the rest of Sydney, which was affectionately referred to as "Over Town." The subway has been replaced by an overpass between the Steel Plant and the now defunct coke ovens. It is politically defined as Wards 5 and 6. Whitney Pier displays a diverse multi-ethnic and industrial characteristic as can be

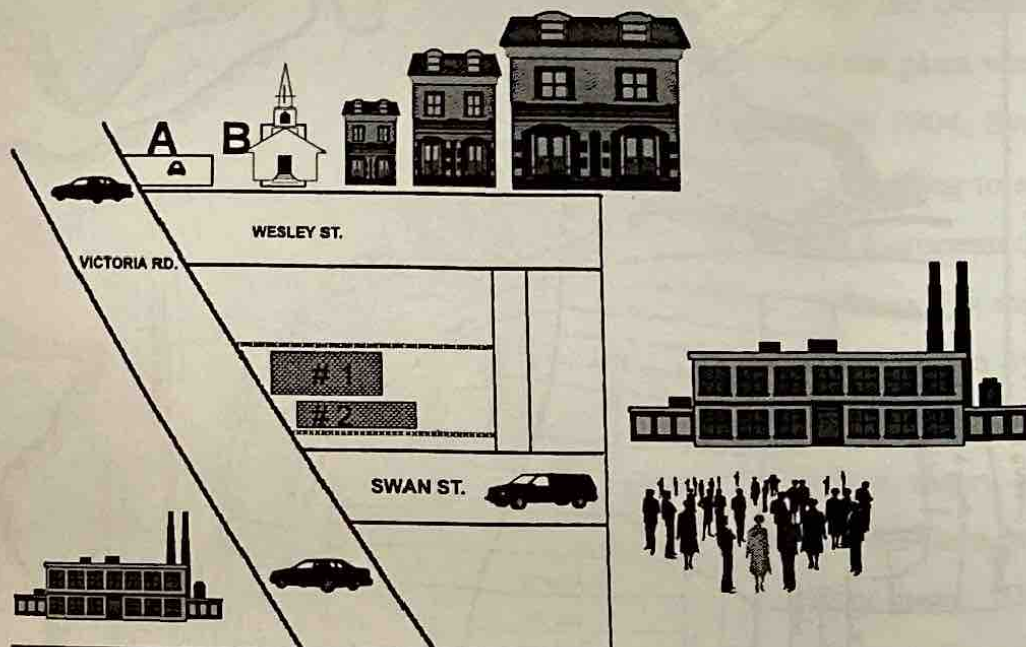
Map of Whitney Pier

This original map appeared in the publication:
"From the Pier Dear!" It is reproduced here
with kind permission from the Whitney Pier
Historical Society.



Schools
Churches
Playgrounds
Post Office

A Section Of Whitney Pier



#1: 842 Victoria Road:

This was the home and business establishment of Shaiya (Sam) and Fratka (Fanny) Gaum. The building was purchased following the First World War, and when Fratka passed away in 1975, it was sold to the Canadian Legion. It was then demolished to make way for their new parking lot. Nothing of the original structure remains.

Fratka lived and operated her variety store in this location for 65 years.

#2: 836 Victoria Road:

This was the business establishment of Maurice Louis Gaum. It was known as *The Community Wholesale Grocers*. He operated the business for approximately 50 years. The building was also sold to the Canadian Legion in 1975 and then demolished.

A. Fire Station

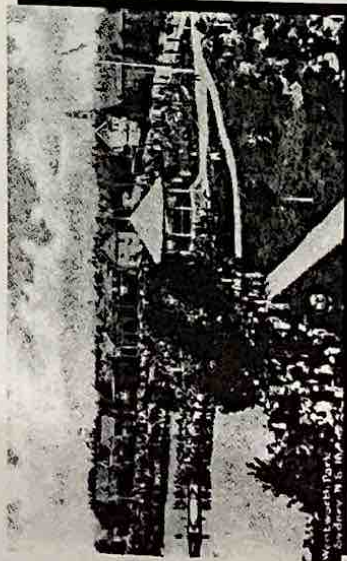
B. St. Mary's Polish Church

Drawing By: Larry Gaum

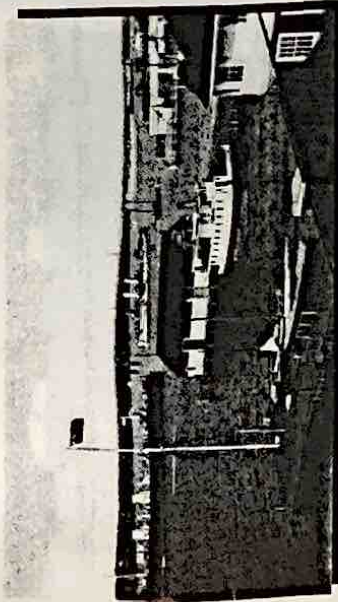
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NORTH GEORGE ST. SYDNEY N.S.

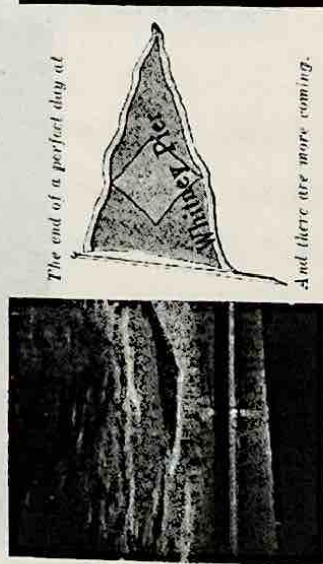


WENTWORTH PARK SYDNEY N.S.



SYDNEY HARBOUR SYDNEY N.S.

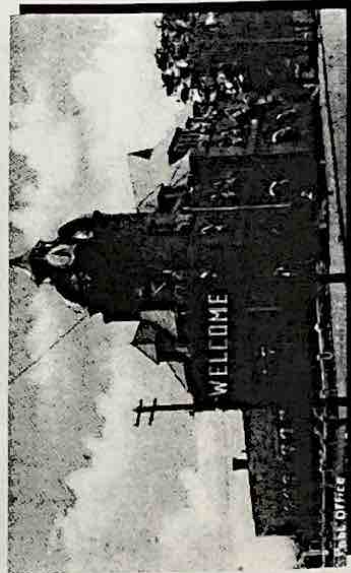
These rare postcards were printed in the 1920's and 1930's and show scenes of Sydney and Glace Bay in bygone days. At one time they were sold in my grandmother Fratka Gaum's store on 842 Victoria Rd., Whitney Pier. Some of the areas and structures are still present today, while others have long disappeared. The one thing that has lasted, is the strength and beauty of Cape Breton Island.



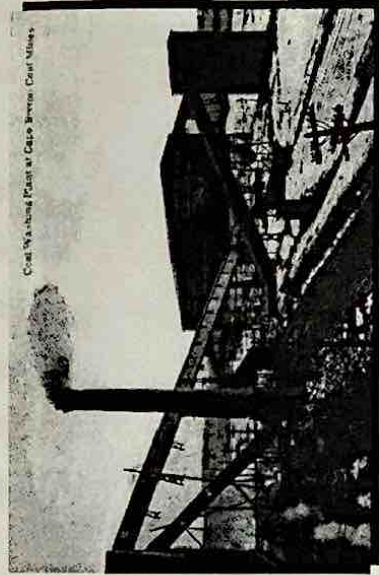
The end of a perfect day at

And there are more coming.

WHITNEY PIER

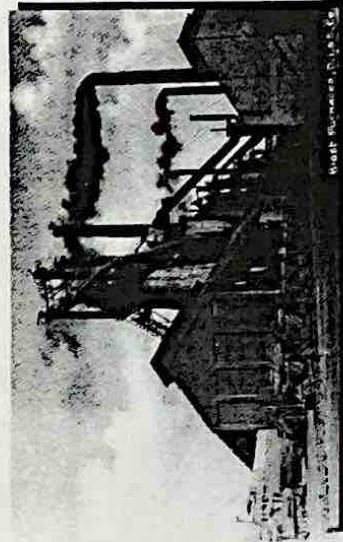


POST OFFICE SYDNEY N.S.

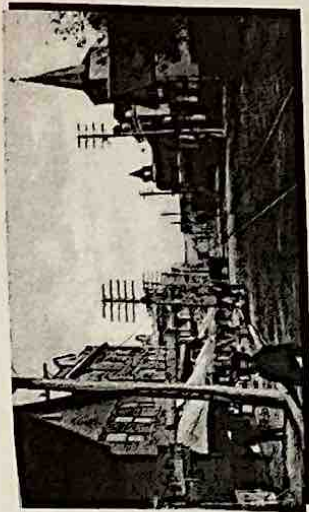


COAL WASHING PLANT AT CAPE BRETON

Postcards From The Past



BLAST FURNACE SYDNEY STEEL



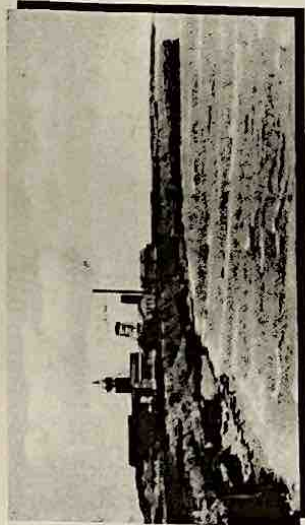
COMMERCIAL ST. GLACE BAY



GENERAL HOSPITAL SYDNEY



BLACKET'S LAKE SYDNEY N.S.



#1 B COLLIERY GLACE BAY N.S.

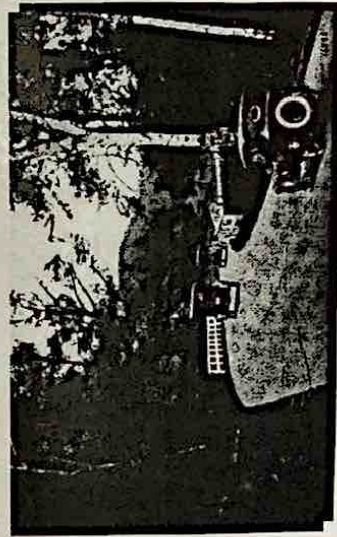


SCENE NEAR SYDNEY N.S.



MARGAREE RIVER CAPE BRETON

Postcards From The Past



SCENE NEAR SYDNEY N.S.

seen by the numerous houses of worship, various styles of buildings and dwelling places, and the vast area occupied by the Steel Plant.

Whitney Pier's beginnings took place in the 19th Century on a piece of farmland between Mughah's Creek and South Bar. Around 1890, coal loading piers were built, and at the beginning of the 20th Century, the Sydney Steel Plant began to operate. The community flourished with the operation of the Plant, and the production of steel was responsible for the success and growth of the Whitney Pier area. The Pier was and is a community of peoples of diverse ethnic backgrounds. English, Scots, Russians, Belarusians, Poles, Ukrainians, Italians, Jews, Croatians, Hungarians, Lebanese, and Blacks, immigrated from various parts of the globe to this small section of Cape Breton, Nova Scotia.

THE JEWS OF WHITNEY PIER AND SYDNEY

Most of the Jewish immigrants came from Eastern European countries such as Poland, Belarus, Russia, and the Ukraine. They endured compulsory army service, pogroms, and were forced into ghettos because of prejudice and economics. In the latter part of the 19th Century, because of unbearable living conditions, Jews began to immigrate to North America. The Whitney Pier Jews began to arrive around the 1890s. The first recorded settlers were Mr. and Mrs. Hyman Davidson, who came from Lachowicz, Belarus, in 1897. As the Cape Breton coal mines and steel plant began to boom, many Jews who originally settled in the United States began to settle in Whitney Pier. Many became peddlers and merchants and their grocery and clothing stores became familiar and permanent establishments along Victoria Road. In practising their religious beliefs, the Jewish population gathered together in prayer, at halls and homes throughout Whitney Pier. They observed their sabbath and holy days in peace and freedom, which was something they could not always do in Eastern Europe. The first Rabbi was Rev. Ginsberg, who served the congregation prior to 1908. In 1908-1909, the Rabbi was Rev. I. Jacobson and the last to serve was Rabbi Spyro. The cornerstone for the first Synagogue was laid in July of 1913, on Mt. Pleasant St., in Whitney Pier. The congregation became known as Adath Israel and the first president elected was Max W. Nathanson. The Synagogue was destroyed by

fire in 1960 and the damaged holy Torah scrolls, according to tradition,¹⁰ were buried in the Hebrew cemetery on Lingan Road.

Members of the first congregation were:

Abraham David	Morris Lubchansky
Simon David	I. Miller
Dave Epstein	Norman Preston
Louie Gaum	Jim Rusakov
Pesach Gaum	J.I. Sadofsky
Shaiya (Sam) Gaum	Louie Sadofsky
Wolf Gaum	B. Schlaifman
Morris Gaum	J. Weiner
P. Gavsie	Abraham Wolfson
Isaac Glickman	

Shaiya Gaum, one of the early immigrants who came and settled in Whitney Pier in 1910, often remarked to his family that as long as the steel plant belched out its thick black smoke and one could smell the pungent sulphur odour in the air, they would all prosper. And prosper they did, as Shaiya, his wife and two sons worked and lived in the giant shadow of the Sydney Steel Plant in Whitney Pier.

In 1916, a second Synagogue and congregation was established on Whitney Avenue, in Sydney. The Baptist Church was purchased, renovated and formally dedicated by Rabbi H. Abramovitz of Montreal. The congregation and Synagogue was called The Temple Sons of Israel and was the first conservative house of worship on Cape Breton Island. The first Rabbi was Rev. Schwab and from 1927 until his retirement in 1972, Rabbi Israel Kenner served his community for 45 years. He was the longest serving and one of the most respected Rabbis in the maritime provinces. Not only did he serve as their official religious leader, but he represented his flock as a competent spokesman within the Christian community. He was truly a modern man of vision in many ways and believed that the members should change with the times. When he left the Sydney pulpit, those that replaced him were mere

¹⁰ Any object or material that contains the name of God, according to Jewish belief, must not be destroyed.

shadows of his dynamic presence. As one of his former students and a member of the Synagogue choir that he created, I can safely say that in all of my years, I have never witnessed any other member of the cloth that contributed so much to any congregation over such an enormous period of time. May his name be remembered forever.

GLACE BAY

In the early 1700s, the French occupied the Fortress of Louisbourg, about 25 miles from Sydney. In order to supply the garrison with fuel, French troops were sent to a location 12 miles from Sydney to mine for coal. The French called this area "Glacé Bai" or "Bay of Glass" because of the sheet of ice within the harbour.

They mined the coal at Port Morien, then called Cow Bay. The remains of this first coal mine in America are still visible today. The harbour at Glacé Bay would prove to be a major factor in the economic prosperity of the town. Fishing boats would ply the waters of the Atlantic close by and fill the harbour regularly with many varieties of fish. Cod, salmon, halibut, smelts, and caplin flowed in abundance. For many years fishing and coal mining gave wealth and prosperity to the natives of Glacé Bay.

In 1860, there already existed a very successful and substantial coal mining industry. Early mining consisted of individually owned companies. The working conditions were hard, long and dangerous. Profits were low, and it was not uncommon for coal mines to change hands constantly as owners became bankrupt and were forced out of business. Gradually, the individually owned companies were amalgamated under the Dominion Coal Company, and from 1890 to the turn of the century, the mines boomed as never before.

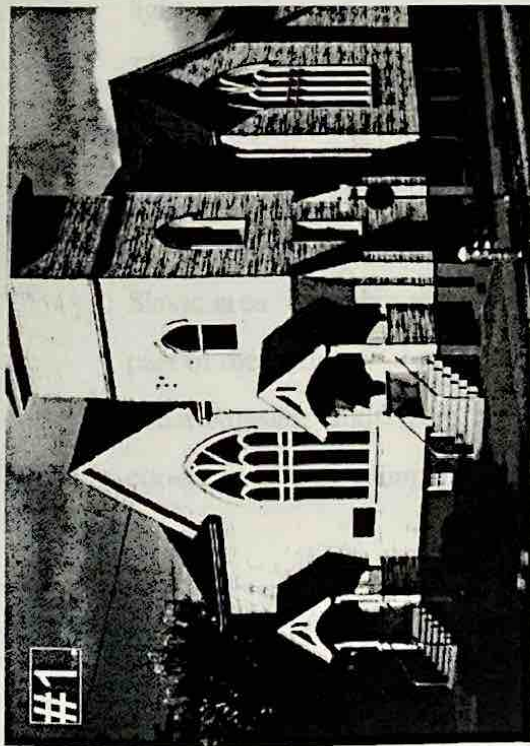
On January 18, 1901, Glacé Bay became a town by legislative act. From a mere 6,000 people, the population has more than tripled over the years. The commercial and business sector of the town developed some time after 1900, as a bill was passed by the Province to insure that miners would be paid in legal tender, not by issuing of script that was only redeemable at the company store.

Visitors to Glacé Bay find it a friendly place, typifying true Cape Breton hospitality.

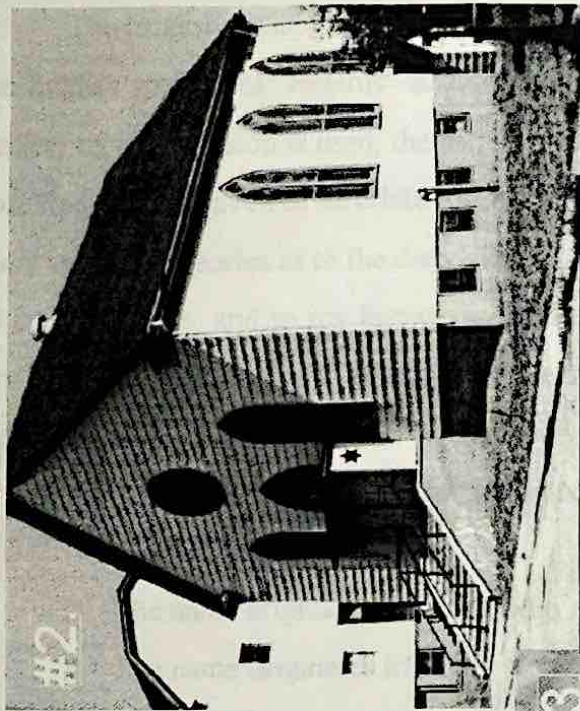
THE JEWS OF GLACE BAY

Jewish settlers began to arrive in Cape Breton in the late 1890s from many parts of Eastern and Central Europe. A small community developed on the Island with a diversity of language and culture, but the glue that held them together was their Yiddish language and religion. The central core of this melting pot was initially found in Glace Bay. Jews began to settle in this small settlement in response to advertisements placed in European newspapers by the local coal companies. The companies offered mine workers free passage to Canada in exchange for work in the mines. Many Jews accepted these offers but rarely remained as miners for any length of time. Once settled in their new country and a land of opportunity, many became peddlers who travelled from place to place throughout Cape Breton Island. Others remained in Glace Bay and eventually opened shops as merchants of groceries and clothing. According to the Canadian census of 1901, there were 134 Jews living in Glace Bay and 17 in Sydney. Statistics recorded in 1995 reveals that there are only about 200 Jews living in the entire Island of Cape Breton today. Sydney and Glace Bay each have Synagogues but do not have Rabbis. According to former Atlantic Jewish Council President Martin Chernin,¹¹ the youngest Jewish male is in his late 30s and there are no young people moving back to the community. In the 50s and 60s there were over 5,000 Jews living in Atlantic Canada and the future looked bright. Today the future is far from bright and in Cape Breton the Jewish population becomes smaller and smaller with the passing years. However, its vibrant history must not be forgotten and must be recorded, read and enjoyed for many years to come.

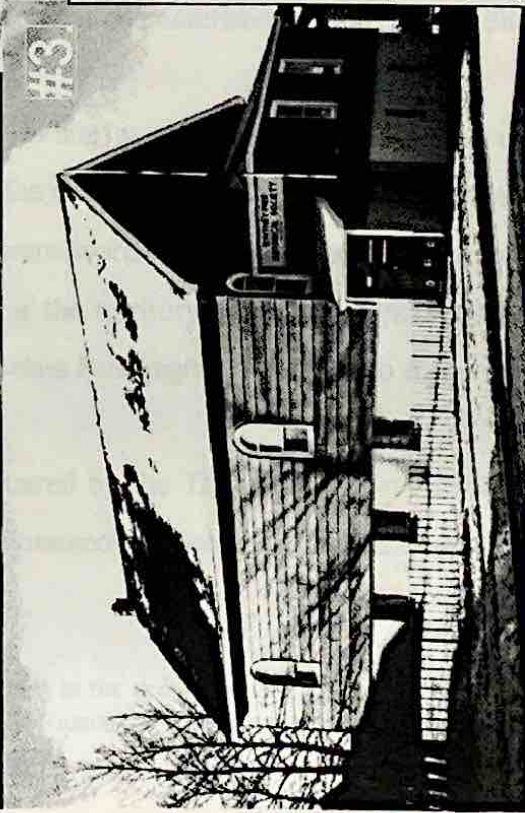
¹¹ Martin is a member of our family and is the grandson of the late Louie Gaum of Whitney Pier.



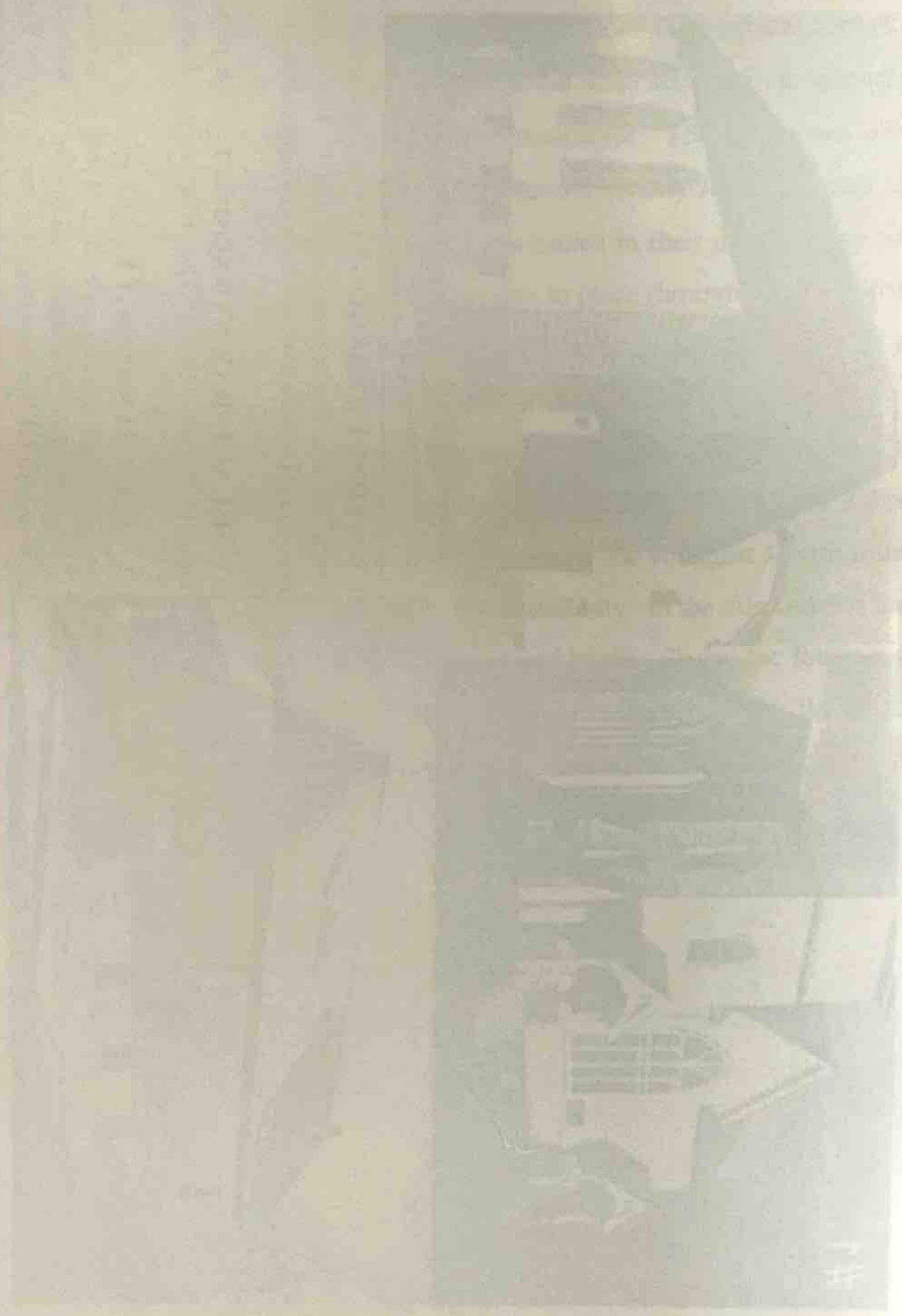
#1. SYDNEY SYNAGOGUE: The photograph was taken in 1958, prior to the renovation in 1961. The building was purchased in 1916, and was a former Baptist church.



#2. GLACE BAY SYNAGOGUE: The photograph was taken in the late 1980's. The structure was built in 1907.



#3. PIER SYNAGOGUE: The photograph was taken in 1996. This structure was built in 1960, to replace the original one built in 1913 and destroyed by fire in 1960. It now serves as the official headquarters for the Whitney Pier Historical Society. (photo courtesy of Evelyn Moraff Davis)



DERIVATION OF NAMES¹²

A. BYELORUSSIA (BELARUS)¹³

The English spelling "Byelorussia" is derived from the Russian language version of the name. The English spelling of "Belarus" is derived from the Belarusian language version of the name. Regardless of what version is used, the name is not well known outside of the Slavic world. The area is more frequently referred to as White Russia, an English translation of the Russian and Belarusian word. There are many theories as to the derivation of the name White Russia. All of them are strictly individual interpretations, and to my knowledge none have ever been substantiated. However, they are all very interesting and maybe in some way there is validity in every one. Following are several of these interpretations:

1. The name originated from the white clothing worn by the people of this region since time began.
2. The name originated from the deep snow that covers the country from October to April.
3. The name originates from the physical characteristics of the people; blond, blue-eyed, with light complexions.
4. The country was named Belaja (White) which was derived from the rivers Belaja and Belianka that were surrounded by the towns of Bela, Beloveza, and Belostok (Bialystok).
5. In ancient times Bela and Bell were words used for money. The term appeared more frequently in documents concerning the territory of present Byelorussia than the rest of the Slavic area. It is thought that Belaja Rus might have come to mean wealthy or prosperous part of the country.
6. Most Russian lands were conquered by the Tartars or Asian Hordes. These conquerors consisted of the ruling clan nicknamed "White" and the dependent tribes "Black." The

¹² Any reference to a District Centre or a Province in the derivation of a name refers to the District Centre and the Provinces (Guberniyas) that existed during the Tzarist Russian occupation of the area known as "The Pale of Settlement."

¹³ Spelled in the cyrillic alphabet: **БЕЛАРУСЬ**

territories under the "White" ruling class were referred to as "White Lands" or those free from duties. The "Black Lands" were therefore under tribute or obligation. The terms passed from the Orient to the Slavic area and Belyi (White) in Russia has become a legal term referring to those exempt from taxes, and Chernyi (Black) referring to those who were responsible for the payment of taxes and services. Therefore, it can be surmised that the term "White Russia" was not a proper name but used to describe the legal status of the lands and its people.

7. The Tartars in actual fact did not conquer Byelorussia but stopped short of its borders. Some Byelorussians feel that this border was a so called white line and hence the derivation of the name. Today one is encouraged to refer to the country by its Belarusian spelling "Belarus" and not the Russian spelling "Byelorussia." However, no actual standards have been established and both words are still in common use.

B. GAUM

The Family name Gaum was derived from the original name Gam, which is an acronym. It is a name made up of the initial letters of the term or phrase "Goveh Medinah," (Hebrew). Translated it means "tax collector of the province" or "treasurer of the community." The name originated in the city or district centre of Rovno, in the Province of Volhynia, which in the 18th century, was part of the Russian Pale of Settlement. Today Rovno is part of the Ukraine. It is interesting and appropriate to note here that when my brother Jack graduated from law school, he became a true Goveh Medinah. He was hired as a civil servant working in the Federal Tax Department in Ottawa. This is what one would refer to as living up to his name in every sense of the word.

In Hebrew, Gam is spelled with a gimmel, aleph and mem¹⁴ and pronounced "GUM." In Russian and in Hebrew, Gam is pronounced with a "G." In Belarusian and Ukrainian, the "G" is pronounced as an "H." The late Leizer Konick once explained to me that the name in Belarus was pronounced as "Hum". Why or when the letter "U" was added to the name is not known. What is certain

¹⁴ גמל

is that it was recorded on the manifest (list of passengers) in 1910, when my grandfather, Shaiya Latucha boarded the S.S. Carthaginian, in Liverpool, England before sailing for Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. It is apparent that Gaum was used before 1910 by Pesach (Phillip) Gaum who was already living in Sydney. Family members in U.S.A. and Israel who still spell the name Gam, pronounce it as you would pronounce "Ram," with a "G."

C. LATUCHA

In my research, I found names that closely resembled Latucha. It is possible that our name is a variation of the following:

1. Latukh and Latuch. The derivation of this name is considered to be an artificial surname. It occurred in the district centre of Mozyr, in the Province of Minsk. Today it is part of Belarus. The name is derived from the Yiddish, Lantukh, meaning large sack. In Byelorussian, Lantukh means abdomen (interiors).
2. Letuchij. This is a surname based on personal characteristics. For example, the word means "flying" in Ukrainian. Letuchij occurred in the district centre of Cherkassy, in the Province of Poltava, which today is in the Ukraine.
3. Letyuchij. This was also a surname based on personal characteristics which appeared in the district centre of Tarashcha, in the Province of Kiev, which today is in the Ukraine.

In my practice I treat many patients who are of Polish descent. I asked them about the meaning of the name Latucha. These were some of their comments: Love, close to one's heart, as a mother would love her child. A love of life, a zest for life, one who is constantly on the go, very active, full of life, lots of energy. One patient jokingly stated that it could also mean a busy-body.

D. MORAFCHICK (MORAVCHIK, MURAVCZIK, MORAWCZYK, MORAFF)

This surname and its many variations, is derived from a toponym, which is a place name. It was derived from the town Moravia which was probably in the Province of Minsk. The name was very common in the district centre of Mozyr, which was in the Province of Minsk and also in the district

centre of Zvenigorodka, which was in the Province of Kiev and is now in the Ukraine. It was also of common use in the district centre of Elisavetgrad, in the Province of Kherson, which is now in the Ukraine. The surname Morawczyk, which is from the Polish spelling, has existed in Poland since the 16th Century. In transliterating the name from Russian, Polish, and Yiddish, members of our family used many variations of the English spelling. This was a common occurrence amongst many Eastern European family names. On the official wedding license of my grandparents, Louis and Rose Marshall, she gives her parents name as Moravchik. Riva and her nephew Hymie, were officially recorded as Muravczik, on the purser's list of the S.S. Prinz Adalbert, September 2, 1910. The English spelling of Riva's maiden name on her Family Tree is shown as Morafchick, which corresponds to the spelling used by her son, Elliot. It is also interesting to note that on one of her marriage certificate documents her name is spelled Rosie Moraff. How she became so Canadianized in less than two months, is a mystery. My guess is that they felt obligated to use some English-sounding name for the official Provincial documents. However, despite the differences in spelling, the pronunciation remains constant, such as: Mur-raf-chick.

E. MEISEL, (MAISEL, MAYZL)

This is a surname derived from a masculine given name. It occurred and was very common in the district centre of Radomysl, in the Province of Kiev. Today it is part of the Ukraine. It is derived from the given name Moishe. The original Hebrew form of this given name is Moysheh (Exodus 2:10). There are many variations of this given name.

F. MARSHALL

The name Marshall, which is quite similar in its sound to Meisel, was adopted by my maternal grandfather Louis, when he arrived in Canada. I know of no reason, derivation or otherwise, as to why it was selected, other than the fact that he chose it as his official new Canadian family name.

G. EL'PINER

This surname is derived from a toponym. The name originated in the Province of Vitebsk and came from a shtetl or townlet called Ol'Pen. The surname occurred frequently in the district centre of Mozyr in the Province of Minsk. Mozyr is now in Belarus. A related surname or variation in the spelling is the name Al'Pin and was common in the Province of Poltava and Kherson. Today, both are found in the Ukraine.

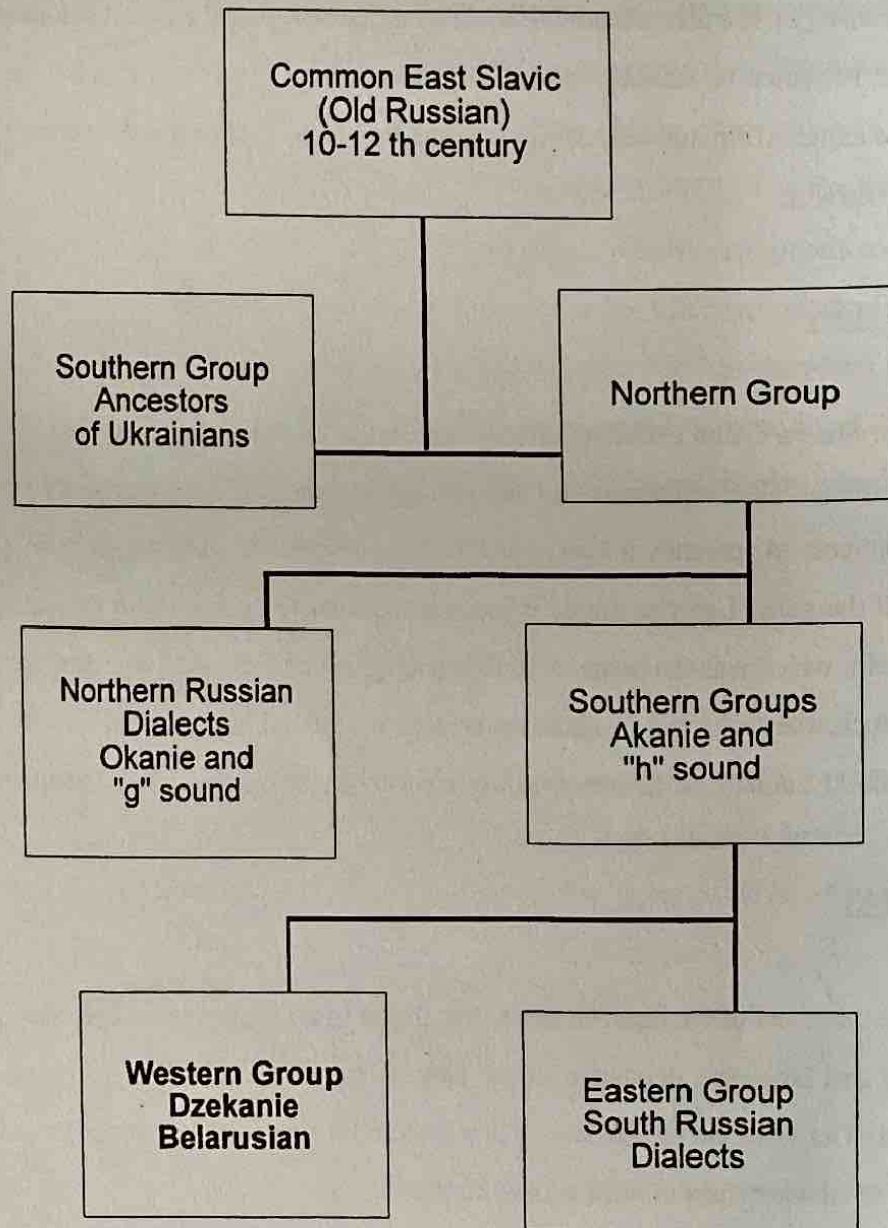
H. GOLDSTEIN

When Shaiya Gaum's brothers immigrated to the United States, they used the name Goldstein instead of Latucha. One explanation for this change in name was a story related to me by one of the Goldstein relatives. Apparently it was a question of convenience. The purser, who could not understand or spell the name Latucha, found it more convenient to bestow upon the Latucha brothers the name Goldstein, which was the name of another immigrant on the same boat. It was as simple as that. The name stuck, the Goldstein brothers never used the name Latucha again. To my knowledge our cousin, Dr. Albert Latucha, is the only one that legally changed his name from Goldstein to Latucha.

I. BAR-ISHAY

Some members of the Latucha family that live in Israel are known as Bar-Ishay. Bar in Hebrew means *son of* and Ishay is a derivation of the Hebrew name *Yshaiya*. Yshaiya is one of the Latucha patriarchs, listed as #1 in the family tree. Many Eastern European Jewish immigrants to Israel changed their Yiddish or Slavic names to more typical Hebrew names.

Derivation Of The Belarusian Language



Translations Of Common Words

<u>ENGLISH</u>	<u>YIDDISH</u>	<u>RUSSIAN</u>
Town, City	Shtet	Gorod
Townlet	Shtetl	Mestechko
Village	Dorf	Derevnya
District	Distrikt	Uezd
Province	Provints	Guberniya (old)
Province	Provints	Provintsiya (new)
Synagogue	Shul	Synagoga
Mayor	Birgermaister	Mer
Jew	Yid	Evrei
Gentile	Goy	Chrystianin

THE YIDDISH AND BELARUSIAN LANGUAGES

As a small boy, I would listen intently to members of the family speak Yiddish. As I absorbed the beautiful words and expressions, I assumed that everything spoken was an authentic part of the Yiddish dialect. However, when I reflect back today, I am of the present opinion that many words were "borrowed" or derived from other languages such as those of Slavic origin, which include Belarusian. It would appear that when senior members of the family and others conversed in Yiddish, they may have borrowed for the moment, words and phrases from other sources. It also follows that over a period of time, these words eventually became an integral part of the Yiddish language. Recently, as part of my research in the writing of this book, I began to study the Belarusian language and was amazed to find so many words that I had assumed were "pure" Yiddish. Over the years, people have referred to Yiddish as a language that consists of many dialects. This would also apply to other languages as well and Yiddish is therefore no exception.

Yiddish is primarily based on an old German dialect, and over the years, depending on where the individual lived, words from the motherland were added, included or borrowed. It is safe to assume that those that lived in Belarus did exactly the same.

I have included a list of some examples of these Yiddish/Belarusian words that I would like to share with you. As a result of borrowing these Belarusian words and transliterating them into Yiddish, they have been altered and or modified to some degree, in their spelling. However, as you can see, they are very similiar and are without a doubt, the same words.

<u>ENGLISH</u>	<u>YIDDISH</u>	<u>BELARUSIAN</u>
cucumber	ugerke	ugurok
old women (grandmother)	bobe	baba
pancake	blintz	blin
bean	bob	bob
beet soup	borscht	borshch
beet	burik	burak
duck	katshke	kachka
cooked grain	kasha	kasha
church	klaister	kliashtar
almond	mandel	mindal

<u>ENGLISH</u>	<u>YIDDISH</u>	<u>BELARUSIAN</u>
raisins	rozhinke	rozyнки
to have pity, obliging	rachmonis	rakhmany
dirt, garbage	schmutz	smetstse
dance	tants	tanets
smile	shmeichel	smekh
soldier	soldat	saldat
skim (from milk)	smetene	smiatana
mixture, blend	tsimis	tsumes
father	tate	tata
pound	funt	funt
seize, snatch	chapen	khapats
horseradish	chrein	khren
sugar	tsuker	tsukar
gypsy	tsigainer	tsygan
onion	tsibele	tsybulia
teapot	t'shainik	chainik
pin	shpilke	shpilka
storm	shturem	shtorm

Yitzchok Yakov Gam
(Yankel Gaum)
1855 - 1943



Walter Henry Cox
1893 - 1943



YITZCHOK YAKOV GAM (YANKEL GAUM)

Born: 1855
Place: Kozhanhorodok, Byelorussia (Belarus)
Died: December 14, 1943 (88 years old)
Place: Sydney, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia
Hebrew Name: Yitzchok Yakov Bar Avraham
Yiddish Name: Yankel
English Name: Isaac Jacob
Family Name: Gam (changed to Gaum)
Parents: Avraham and Chava Reiza Gam
Wife: Esther Sheindel El'piner
Children: Date Of Birth:

Pasach (Philip) Gaum	1880
Louie Gaum	1881
Fratka (Fanny) Gaum	1883
Wolf (William) Gaum	1885
Bendit (Benjamin) Gaum.....	1886
Morris Gaum.....	1891
Beilka (Bella) Konick	1894
Chava (Eva) Perlin	1896
Nachman (Nathan) Gaum.....	1897
Joe Gaum	1899

The following is inscribed on his headstone:

Died the 17th day of Kislave 5704 (14th day of December, 1943). 88 years old. "Kohane."¹⁵

I vaguely remember my great-grandfather, father of my grandmother, Fratka "Fanny" Gaum. A striking man with a long white beard, he stood about 5 foot 10 inches which was tall for men in that era. Many of the relatives referred to him as the "tall" zeide.¹⁶ He would often visit his daughter Fratka, in Whitney Pier, but he lived with the Konicks in Sydney. Beilka Konick was grandma's younger sister and one of Yankel's daughters. He spoke Yiddish, but I'm sure he was also fluent in Polish, Ukrainian, and Belarusian. On a Polish document that was given to me by Eva Konick Pascoe, his name is listed as Yankel Gam. He was a Kohane, and therefore all of his sons were Kohaneem. By trade he was a blacksmith, and some of the food "choppers" he forged and gave to his daughter Fratka

¹⁵ Descendants of the ancient High Priests of Israel.

¹⁶ Zeide is Yiddish or Jewish for grandfather.

still exist and are being used to this day by my wife Hope for chopping liver and charoses for the holidays.

When I was a boy of three or four years old, Yankel would take peppermints from his pocket and give them to me. Grandma would scold him because his pockets were not clean and she thought this was very unsanitary. When she was not around to observe, he still gave me the peppermints, pocket contents, germs, and all, which I ate without hesitation.

My father told me that as he grew older, his memory started to fade and he became very forgetful. One time, Dad was in the store at 842 Victoria Road and Yankel came to visit. Aunt Sylvia Gaum was walking through the store and Dad decided to test Yankel's ability to recall. Aunt Sylvia was his grand daughter by marriage to his grandson Benny.

"Zeide," Dad asked him, "do you know that woman? What's her name?" pointing to aunt Sylvia.

Yankel replied, "Do I know that woman? Huh, sure I do. Do you know that woman?"

He may have lost some of his memory and probably didn't recognize her, but he was as sharp as a tack, and he wasn't going to let anyone get the better of him.

When he wanted to visit his daughter Beilka, he would hitchhike. One time he stopped a hearse and said to the driver. "Take me to my daughter's house in town."

Despite the fact that he spoke in Yiddish and didn't tell the driver his daughter's name, they knew Yankel and always dropped him off at the Konicks' front door.

Dad would buy him a new hat and shoes on Yomtov (New Year), and he would smile and thank him for his generosity. He loved his grandchildren and appreciated their kindness and generosity. He came to Canada following the First World War, after the death of his first wife Sheindel, the mother of his ten children. In the late 1930s he set out for Toronto to visit relatives, probably some members of the Gam family. When he arrived he met Sarah Hamburger, married her, and took her back to Sydney. Members of the Ross Family of Toronto are her descendants.

In order to make a living, Yankel collected, bought, and sold empty bottles. He would store them in large barrels while collecting them. My father told me that on one particular occasion he was purchasing bottles from some youngsters. He paid one of them three pennies. The kid recognized that

he made a mistake and hollered to Yankel, "five, five," meaning, you owe me five cents. Yankel paid no attention.

"Five, five," the kid bellowed.

Yankel looked at him, raised his eyebrows and shouted back to the kid. "Fife, fife." "Fife mer in loch." (Yankel's expression shall go untranslated, but I can assure you it wasn't a compliment.)

Yankel's grandson, Benny, told the story that when the barrels were filled with the empty bottles, they probably weighed about 300 lbs. They would then be transferred onto a horse and wagon and taken to town where Yankel sold them to a dealer. The year was about 1925, and Benny was in his early twenties. Being a professional boxer, he was in excellent health and physical shape. Yankel turned to Benny and said in Yiddish, "Boruch Bendit, come and help me put the barrel on the wagon."

"Sure Zeide (Grandfather), I'll help you," replied Benny.

Benny and Yankel both stood over the barrel and grabbed it with four hands. It was very heavy.

"One, two, three, lift," said Yankel.

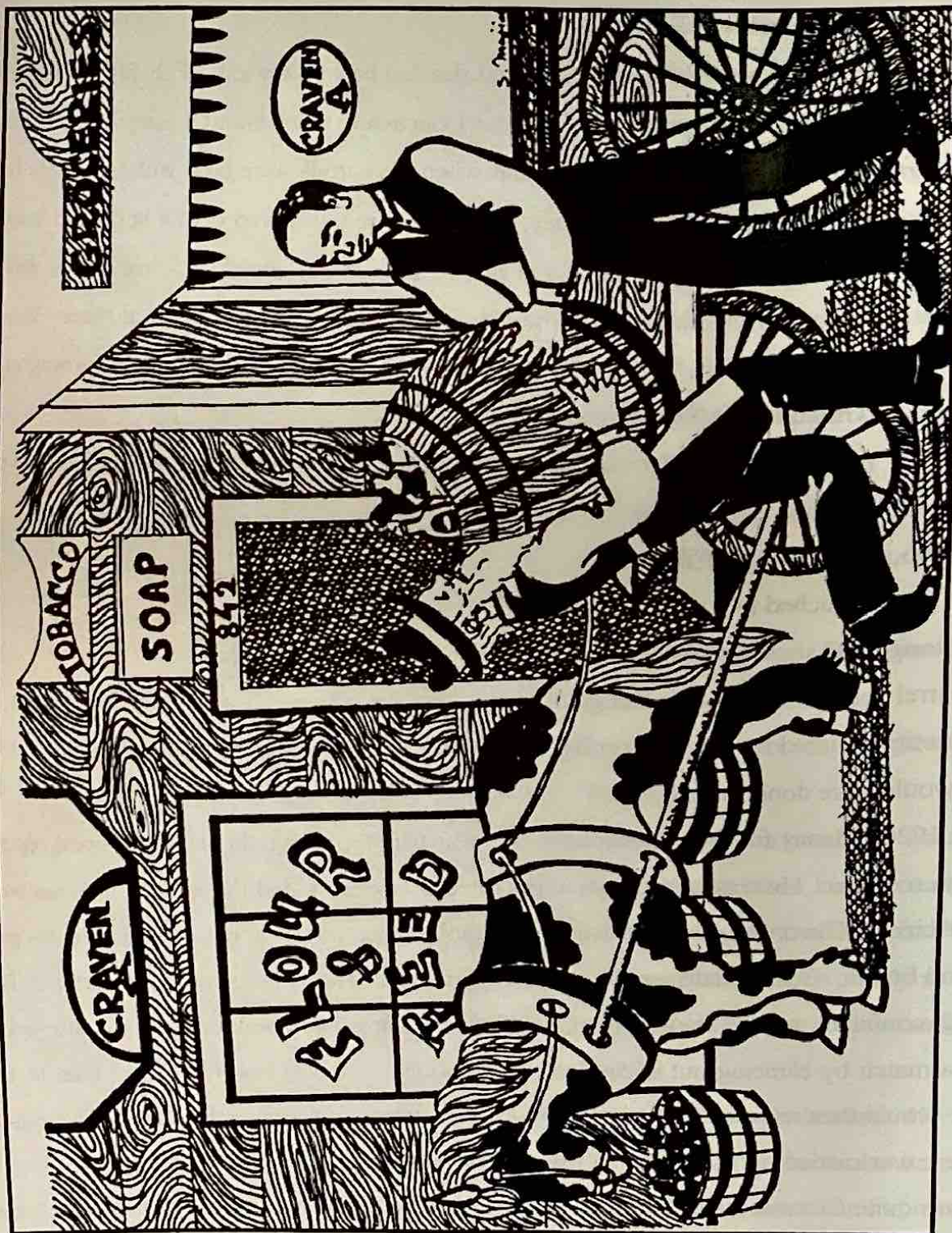
Benny gently touched the barrel, but didn't lift.

"How tough and strong is this grandfather of mine?" he always wondered.

The barrel rose as if by magic and gently landed on the wagon. Yankel, who was about 70 years old at this time, turned to his grandson Benny and said, "That was heavy, Boruch Bendit! I don't know what I would have done without you."

In the 1920s, Benny fought professionally. He was paid for each fight and had a good reputation as a tough scrapper. He was well known in the Cape Breton area, and the fighting matches were very well publicized. The only two people who didn't know about the world of pugilism were his parents Shaiya and Fratka. Benny made sure he kept this from them. They would not have approved. But he was young, confident, and he enjoyed the fighting game. He would sneak out of the house every time he had a match by climbing out of his bedroom window, on to the lower roof and then to the sidewalk. He would then retrieve his trunks and his sneakers which he had tossed out first. This elaborate manoeuvre was carried out so successfully that his parents did not suspect a thing.

He was quite successful and had been winning many of his matches. On one particular occasion there was a very big and important boxing event that he had to prepare for. It was a championship



Benny helps his grandfather Yankel lift the barrel on to the wagon

fight and there was a lot of publicity. Photos were taken of Benny and the challenger, and they were displayed in many locations, one of which was the streetcar that ran from Whitney Pier to Sydney. The photo of Benny was in typical pugilistic form, squared off, gloves raised high, ready to take on all comers. The name Benny Gaum was plainly displayed under the poster. It was a few days before the fight and Benny tried desperately to keep it from the eyes and ears of his mother and father. On this occasion, however, his grandfather Yankel, wanted to travel to town and asked Benny to accompany him. They both got on the streetcar and were about to take their seats when Benny knew he was in trouble. His grandfather Yankel couldn't read or speak English, but his eyesight was perfect. He stood in front of the advertising poster with the picture of Benny and the challenger and stared at it for a long time. Benny started to sweat.

"This is it. The jig is up. He'll tell mum and dad," Benny thought to himself.

Yankel turned to Benny and said, "Boruch Bendit, the fellow there in the picture" pointing to the poster, "he looks an awful lot like you."

"No Zeide" Benny replied. "Impossible. It can't be. How can that be me? Oh! Look over there Zeide, your son Louie is waving to us."

Diversionary tactics wouldn't work. Yankel turned to the poster again.

"Boruch Bendit, that guy with his fists up looks just like you. I'm sure."

"No Zeide, it can't be me. Not even a resemblance. I can read the name underneath the picture," Benny continues as he pronounces every letter, "B. E. N. N. Y G. A. U. M. Don't know who he is, must be some sheigets (Gentile), Zeide."

"I could swear he looks like you," Yankel said, looking first at the poster and then very carefully observing his grandson Benny. "But maybe I made a mistake."

"A close call," thought Benny. "He doesn't suspect a thing."

But there was a smile on his grandfather's face.

REVISION LIST OF RESIDENTS OF THE MINSK PROVINCE, PINSK DISTRICT, KOZHAN-GORODOK JEWISH COMMUNITY

Compiled December 1, 1874

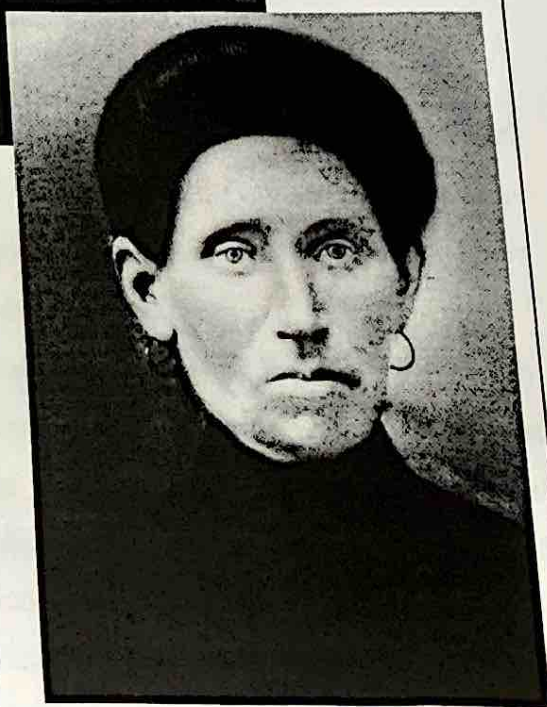
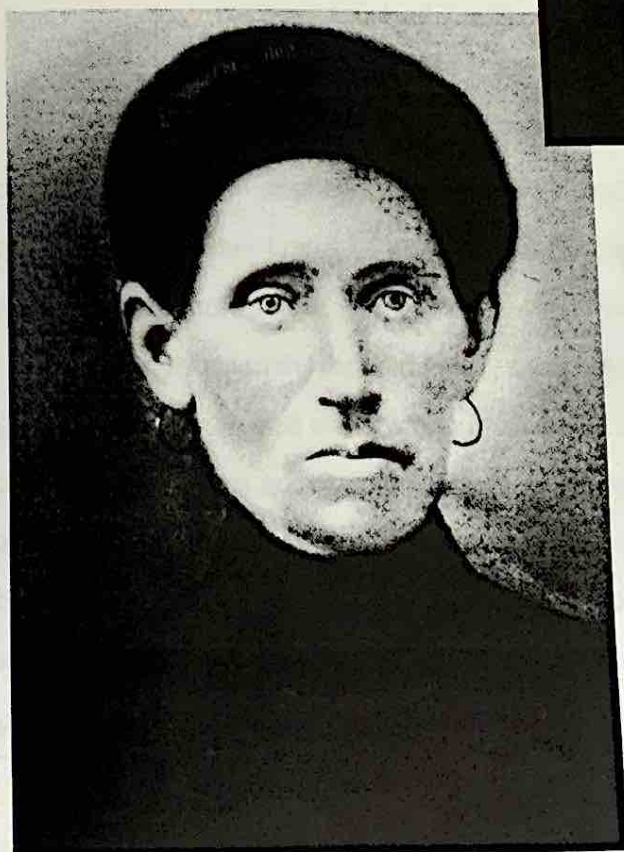
Family Entry No., per Revision No. 10

9

MALES	Listed, according to the last revision and arrived later	Absent from the above numbers	At present, by appearance	FEMALES	Temporarily Absent	At present, by appearance
	Age	Date	Age		Date	Age
Abram, Volf's son, Gam	was omitted	"	48	Abram Volf's son's wife Khava Reiza	"	46
His sons, 1. Ilisko-Yanka	New-	"	15	his daughters 1. Khaya	"	12
2. Gerts	born	"	10	2. Beila Feiga	"	8
3. Zisel	[illegible]	"	6			

This revision (census) list was taken December 1, 1874 in Belarus, which at that time was under Russian domination. It was written in Russian using the cyrillic alphabet and when discovered, translated into English. This is an extremely valuable document as it proves the original name Gam and shows 3 generations, Yankel Gam, son of Abram (Abraham), Abraham, son of Volf. My children are therefore 7th generation Gaums.

Esther Sheindel Gam
(Sheindel Gaum)
Circa 1860 - 1915



Portrait of a woman
1880-1885
1880-1885



Portrait of a woman, most of the
Russian during the 19th century
as a whole, under the influence of
Yakovlev, son of Abram (Abramov), son
of Abramov (Abramov).



ESTHER SHEINDEL GAM (GAUM)

Born: Circa: 1860
Place: Ol'Pen, Byelorussia (Belarus)
Died: Circa: 1915
Place: Kozhanhorodok, Byelorussia (Belarus)
Hebrew Name: Esther Bas Israel v' Perel
Yiddish Name: Sheindel
Maiden Name: El'Piner
Married Name: Gam
Parents: Israel and Perel El'Piner
Husband: Yankel
Children: Date Of Birth:
Pasach (Philip) Gaum .. 1880
Louie Gaum 1881
Fratka (Fanny) Gaum .. 1883
Wolf (William) Gaum .. 1885
Bendit (Benjamin) Gaum..... 1886
Morris Gaum... 1891
Beilka (Bella) Konick .. 1894
Chava (Eva) Perlin 1896
Nachman (Nathan) Gaum..... 1897
Joe Gaum 1899

According to the late Leizer Konick his mother-in-law came from a town in Byelorussia called Ol'Pen. There is one picture of her that has survived, and when I look at it I can see a strong resemblance to my grandmother Fratka. I know very little about my great-grandmother. What I do know and remember were stories told to me by Fratka when I was a small boy.

Based on my research, she died during or shortly after the First World War (1914-1918). My grandmother told me she died of starvation. There was very little food available in Kozhanhorodok at the best of times, so it is quite easy to visualize the poor village during the war years. Many Belarussians, Poles, and Ukrainians died of starvation during this period. When grandma Fratka Gaum left Kozhanhorodok with her two small sons, Benny and Maurice, she may not have realized that it would be the last time she would see her mother. Several years later when Sheindel's daughter, Eva Gam Perlin, gave birth to her daughter, she was named Shirley in memory of Sheindel. Bendit Gaum, Sheindel's

son, named his daughter Shirley after his mother as well. When Fratka's granddaughter was born, her son Benny and his wife Sylvia named their daughter Eleanor after Esther Sheindel.

It was 1897, in the small village of Kozhanhorodok, and Fratka was a young girl of 15 years old. As one of the older children and daughters, she was responsible for the care of her younger brother Nachman, who at this time was about a year old. Fratka was in the house alone with her baby brother Nachman when suddenly there was a loud knock at the door. Sheindel was in the fields attending their small garden patch. They planted and grew their own vegetables, particularly potatoes, which to the Belarusians was one of the most important staples that they had. The "Bulba" was called their second bread. The knock came again, this time much louder.

"Open up, open up inside," the voice exclaimed!

Fratka nervously went to the door and opened it. There at the entrance stood a tall man dressed in a long splendid coat. He wore a beautiful fur cap, and his dark leather boots shone from the polish. He appeared almost military in stature, and he stared down at Fratka. He did not wait for the young girl to invite him in, but without hesitation he quickly stepped inside the small house. He turned to Fratka, looking down at this small young girl and in a very deep loud voice asked her, "Where is your mother?"

Fratka was too nervous to answer but continued to stare up at this tall, dignified, rather handsome stranger, who had very abruptly invaded her privacy.

In the corner, from his crib, Nachman began to cry loudly, probably because the noise from this stranger's voice woke him from a sound and restful sleep.

"Where is your mother?" the stranger asked again.

This time, Fratka, afraid and stuttering nervously, answered, "She is out in the field attending the garden."

The tall stranger looked down at her and commanded, "Go and get her and bring her home."

Fratka was petrified and remained motionless. She wanted to get out of this man's reach, and to run to her mother for protection. But how could she leave her infant brother Nachman to the mercy of this stranger?

"Go and get your mother," he said again. "Tell her to come home. I wish to speak to her."

Fratka was out of the door, running as fast as she could toward the field where she knew her mother would be. If she ran fast enough she thought, she could bring her mother back in time to save Nachman from a horrible fate. What if this man takes Nachman before her mother gets back to the house, Fratka thought. She kept running for some distance, faster and faster. Her heart was beating rapidly and sweat was covering her from head to toe. Then in the distance, Fratka saw the familiar outline of her mother Sheindel tending to the family garden.

"Mother, mother, come quick!" shouted Fratka. "He will kill him. Hurry! Hurry!"

Sheindel stood up from the garden patch and wiped wet earth off of her hands onto the apron that was tied to her waist. She took hold of Fratka with both of her hands on her shoulders and squeezed and shook her. "What is it Fratka? What's wrong?"

Fratka began to cry and yell at the same time, making it almost impossible for her mother to understand her.

Sheindel shook her and shouted, "Tell me what's wrong. Where is Nachman?"

Fratka screamed and cried as loud as she could. "The man. He's going to kill Nachman."

Sheindel's face froze and it became pale and lifeless.

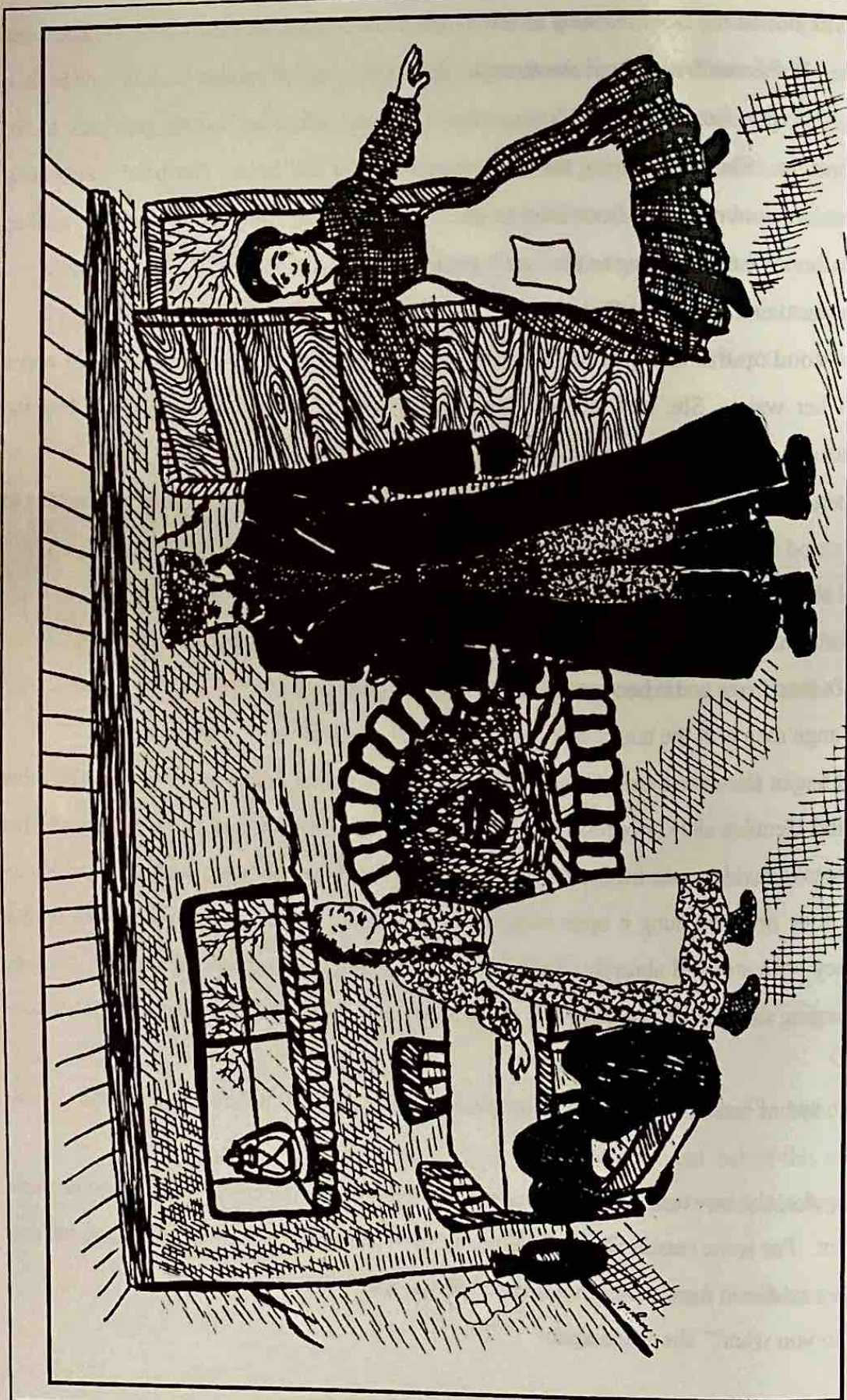
"The strange man is in the house with Nachman, and he will kill him!" Fratka cried.

Sheindel began to run towards the house, faster and faster, with Fratka at her heels. The other villagers, Jews and Gentiles alike, stopped their work and looked up in disbelief as the mother and her daughter ran across the wide, open field, staring straight ahead as if they both had seen a ghost. Sheindel reached the door first and flung it open wide as she practically leaped inside, with Fratka several feet behind. They both stopped abruptly. In the centre of the house stood the tall stranger, his long splendid coat hanging down to his ankles, with his back towards them, and the collar of his coat concealing his face.

Sheindel, out of breath and barely able to speak called to him. "Who are you and what do you want from us?"

As she spoke, she saw that her baby Nachman was sitting up in the crib and seemed to be quiet and rather content. For some reason Sheindel did not seem to fear this strange man who stood tall and erect almost like a soldier in front of her. She stepped forward and walked towards him.

"What do you want?" she asked again.

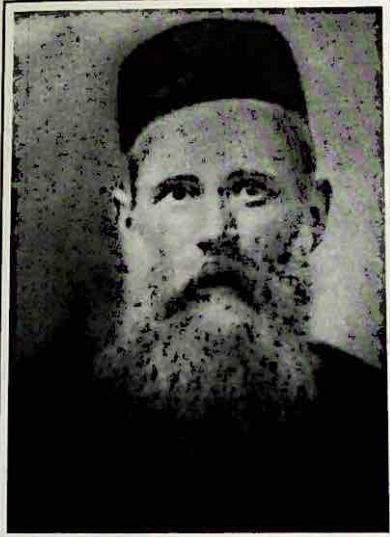


Barely able to speak, Sheindel asks the stranger, "Who are you and what do you want from us?"

He did not answer but turned further away from her, as if to purposely conceal his face and his identity.

Sheindel stepped closer and then stopped abruptly. Fratka stood by the crib as if to protect baby Nachman and watched in amazement as her mother reached out and took the man by his arm as he slowly turned towards her. Sheindel stared at his face for what seemed to Fratka like an eternity. The anxiety on Sheindel's face slowly began to disappear, and a faint smile began to form around the corners of her mouth. She let out a holler and then a laugh. The stranger came closer and reached out to Sheindel with both of his arms. She began to embrace this strange person, who moments ago was a serious threat to the safety of her baby son and possibly to her and her daughter. Sheindel laughed and then began to cry. The stranger cried as well. They kissed each other and both cried as tears streamed down his face and Sheindel's cheeks. Fratka stared in disbelief and was completely confused at the sight of her mother and this stranger hugging and kissing each other. "Well, at least Nachman is safe," Fratka thought.

It had been many years since Sheindel had seen her brother, and she had almost forgotten what he looked like. She hadn't, however, and was so happy to see him again and to introduce her daughter Fratka to an uncle she had never met.



Yankel Gam (Gaum)



Esther Sheindel El' Piner



Pesach
born: 1880



Louie
born: 1881



Fratka
born: 1883



Wolf
born: 1885



Bendit
born: 1886



Morris
born: 1891



Beilka
born: 1894



Eva
born: 1896



Nachman
born: 1897

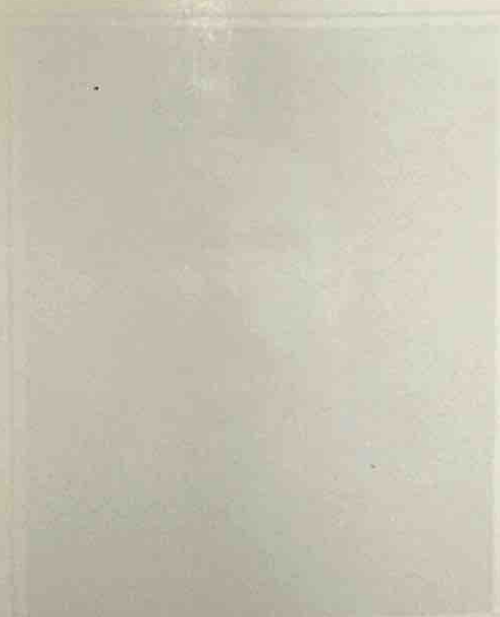


Joe
born: 1899

The Gaum Family



Portrait of a woman, likely a member of the Gamm family.



Portrait of a man, likely a member of the Gamm family.



Row of five oval portraits of men, likely members of the Gamm family.



Row of five oval portraits of men, likely members of the Gamm family.

The Gamm Family

Fratka (Fanny) Gaum

1883 - 1975



1900-1901
1901-1902



FRATKA "FANNY" GAUM

Born:	1883
Place:	Kozhanhorodok, Byelorussia (Belarus)
Died:	February 7, 1975 (92 years old)
Place:	Sydney, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia
Hebrew Name:	Fraida Roza Bas Yitzchok Yakov v' Esther
Yiddish Name:	Fratka
English Name:	Fanny
Maiden Name:	Gam
Married Name:	Latucha (changed to Gaum)
Parents:	Yankel and Esther Sheindel Gam
Husband:	Shaiya Gaum
Children:	Benny Gaum and Maurice Gaum

Fratka, as she was affectionately called by her family, was one of three daughters born to Yankel and Sheindel Gam in Kozhanhorodok, Byelorussia.

Fratka was a very loving woman whose entire life was devoted to giving. She gave of herself to her family, relatives and friends. She was a devoted wife, mother, and grandmother. Her children and her children's children were her life. When her husband Shaiya died in 1945, it affected her deeply, but she was strong and still had her two sons, Maurice and Benny and their families. She continued to run her business, a grocery and variety store on 842 Victoria Road, in Whitney Pier, Sydney, Cape Breton, until her passing in 1975.

When she was a young girl, Fratka was an excellent swimmer, and the first time that her husband Shaiya saw her, she was swimming in the River Cna (Tsna) which encircled and flowed within the shtetl of Kozhanhorodok. It was here in one part of this great body of water that Fratka learned to swim along with other Jewish girls from the village.

Her husband Shaiya, upon seeing her for the first time, remarked that she was not only a good swimmer but also a very attractive woman. One thing led to another and about 1904 they were married. Her first son Benny was born in 1905 and her son Maurice was born in 1907. The birth of her youngest son was very traumatic, and she was never able to have any more children.

My grandmother Fratka arrived in Canada on September 21, 1910, aboard the S.S. **Royal George**. The steamship had set sail from Bristol, England on September 15, 1910, and one week later

docked at the port of Quebec. She was accompanied by her two sons and they were officially recorded on the purser's list of passengers as **Freide, Bendet and Menasche Latucha**.

In 1965, when her oldest son Benny passed away, she was never the same again. A part of her life had been taken away that would never completely heal. She constantly talked about and referred to him until she herself passed away ten years later.

My grandma Fratka was a very devout and religious person whose faith in God and her Jewish roots were always a part of her everyday life. As a boy, I remember her correcting me when I would say, "Grandma, next month I will be going to high school."

She would say "Next month if God spares us," or "if God wishes it so."

Her belief in God and Yiddishkeit was very important to her. She was however, very tolerant of others who were not as observant. As my brothers and I grew up, we were not as religious as she was. She accepted this as part of the changing times and was never critical in any way. We drove on Shabbos (Sabbath) which she would never do. We did not keep kosher, which she adhered to strictly. She would rather not eat than to eat anything "traif" (non-kosher).

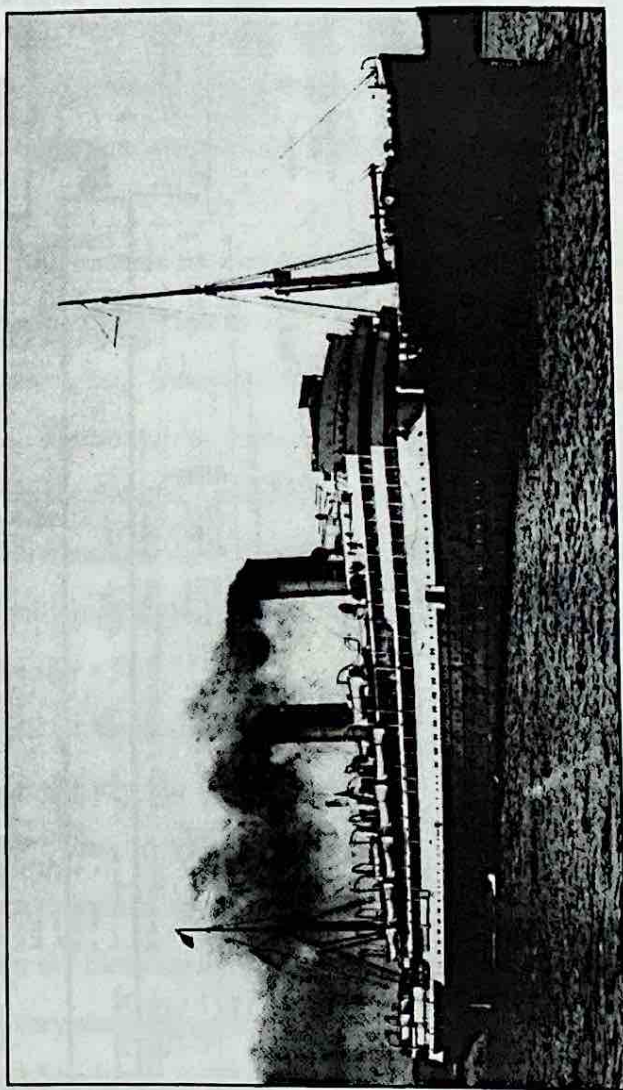
"Do what you have to do, but I can't change my ways," she would tell me, and she never did.

Notwithstanding the fact that this lady observed all aspects of Jewish orthodoxy, she respected those of different faiths who were also observant of their religious beliefs. She admired and respected the late Father Charlie O'Connell, parish priest of St. Mary's Polish Church on Wesley St. in Whitney Pier. Needless to say he also respected and admired her. In light of so much bigotry and anti-semitism as we witness today, this priest who was transplanted from his native Ireland to Sydney, Cape Breton, was a true friend of the Gaum family and in particular to my grandmother Fratka. From the early 20s as a young man, he shopped in the store and liked to buy Moir's chocolates. In later years, after Shaiya's death, he would always "stop in" to say hello.

If ever there was a diversity of religious beliefs and practices, the Catholic priest and the orthodox Jewish woman was its prime example. However, despite this difference, they remained friends until he passed away in the 1960's in an old age home.

One particular day, I was in the store at a time when Grandma was in the hospital undergoing surgery. As usual, Father O'Connell opened the door and asked me where she was. I explained the

S.S. ROYAL GEORGE



On September 15, 1910, The S.S. Royal George set sail from Bristol, England and arrived in Canada at the Port of Quebec on September 21, 1910. Among the passengers were three people from Kozhanhorodok, Belarus. They were Fraida, Benedit and Menasha Latucha. Fraida was my grandmother Fraika (Fanny) and her two sons, my uncle Benny and my father Maurice. They would later adopt the family name Gaum and never used Latucha again. From Quebec they travelled by train to Sydney, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia and settled in Whitney Pier.

A331334

MANIFEST

INSTRUCTIONS TO PURSERS

VESSEL'S NAME	COUNTRY	TELEGRAMS	DATE OF DEPARTURE	DATE OF ARRIVAL	WHEN IN
Royal George	United States	615-11	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15

SUMMARY

Number of Passengers	Number of Males	Number of Females	Number of Children
819	519	299	101
985	602	383	100

This space to be filled in by Immigration Agent at Port of Landing

SS Royal George
Sept 15
Arrived at 10:30 AM
Left at 11:00 AM
Arrived at 11:30 AM
Left at 12:00 PM

2nd CABIN INSPECTION

3 Barring Certificate and the duty of a manifest description of the vessel and crew and of the passengers on board the vessel at the time of departure

This is a copy of the official Manifest of the S.S. Royal George, Sept. 15, 1910. It contains the names of my paternal grandmother, uncle and father. Strange as it may seem, my father Menashe is listed under "female." They travelled in steerage and had in their possession a sum total of one dollar and twenty five cents. Fratra was 27 years old, Bendit (Benny) was 5 years old and my father listed as 4 years old. However, he was born in 1907 and his age should have been recorded as 3 years. Even pursers were not perfect in 1910.

Page No. 12

NAME IN FULL	AGE	SEX	STATUS	DATE OF BIRTH	DATE OF DEPARTURE	DATE OF ARRIVAL	WHEN IN
1118 Zalka	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1119 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1120 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1121 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1122 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1123 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1124 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1125 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1126 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1127 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1128 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1129 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1130 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1131 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1132 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1133 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1134 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1135 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1136 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1137 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1138 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1139 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1140 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1141 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1142 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1143 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1144 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1145 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1146 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1147 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
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1177 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
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1184 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1185 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1186 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1187 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1188 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1189 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1190 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1191 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1192 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1193 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1194 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1195 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1196 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1197 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1198 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1199 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15
1200 " "	24	F	Passenger	1886	Sept 15	Sept 15	Sept 15

situation to him, and he said to me, "God Bless her. I will say a prayer for her and ask God to bring her a speedy recovery."

She did get better and today, whenever I see hatred and bigotry, I think of both of them and their mutual respect for each other, and I know all is not lost. Father O'Connell was a real "mentsh"¹⁷ as Fratka used to say.

Fratka spoke several languages despite the fact that she did not receive any formal education. She spoke Polish, Ukrainian, Belarusian, Russian, Yiddish, and English and read and understood Hebrew. She was as comfortable speaking with a non-Jewish person as she was with her Jewish friends. Talking in Polish, then in Ukrainian, and without skipping a beat she would switch to Yiddish or English.

She had some very memorable expressions that seemed to combine more than one language.

"Jinges gracious!" she would exclaim.

I recall one time asking her, "Grandma, don't you mean goodness gracious?"

"No," she insisted. The word was jinges! End of discussion.

If she met someone she disliked, I would hear her use the expression in Yiddish "an umlick zol im chappen," which loosely translated means "may he catch a disease or illness."

She would constantly refer to her toes as her fingers and would say, "jinges I have a sore finger," pointing to her right toe.

I once corrected her pronunciation of the word banana which she called "panyana." She very nicely but firmly reminded me that she spoke several languages, and I only spoke one, and when I learned to speak a few more then I could become an official critic. She continued to refer to that yellow, cigar-shaped fruit as a "panyana" for the rest of her life. She had a stubborn streak that seemed to be a Gaum trait, and when she made up her mind no one changed it. My father often told me that her father Yankel, was also a very stubborn person.

She would take great satisfaction in her grandchildren's accomplishments. She was very proud of her son Benny's daughter Shelly when she finished nursing, and spoke with pride about Shelly's marriage to a "doctor."

¹⁷ A good hearted, tolerant person, a real man, a human being.

When she was in her own home, which was part of the building that housed her store, nothing was too hard for her to do. She was up at six a.m. cooking and baking. She made lovely bagels the old-fashioned way (the proper way). The bagels were placed in boiling water before she put them in the oven to bake. Today, they refer to them as Montreal water bagels and they sell for \$4.00 a dozen. I knew them as Fratka Gaum's bagels with the distinctive taste that came all the way from Kozhanhorodok to Whitney Pier, and they didn't cost me a cent. Her challahs were lovely, all braided by her hands and baked with a coating of egg yolk that she used to "paint" on the dough. The brush was made by tying chicken feathers together with string. The application of the egg yolk gave a beautiful shiny surface to the challah.

When Hope and I visited Sydney in the 70s, she asked her for her cabbage borscht recipe. Grandma diligently went over the ingredients in her mind and gave them to Hope. "A pinch of this, a smell of that" (smell meaning a very small amount--smaller than a pinch). Back in Toronto, Hope put the ingredients together and the test came when I tasted the concoction. "Good" I said, "but not like Grandma's. It's not quite the same. Something is different."

Some time later, on another visit, Hope told Grandma about her dilemma, and asked her to repeat the recipe so that she could check the ingredients. Again Grandma very diligently went over the list. "A pinch of this, a smell of that" she said, and went through the list exactly as before. When she got to the end, she paused and then added "and an onion."

"Grandma!" exclaimed Hope. "you didn't tell me an onion before."

"Oy, darling" said Fratka, "everyone knows when you make a borscht you put in an onion."

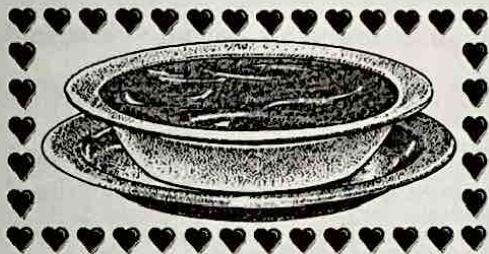
During one of our visits, Hope was in grandma's store and was wrapping a package. She needed some twine to tie the package together. Hope saw the ball of twine on the counter. It was a thick strong cord, and she tried to break off a length but to no avail.

"Grandma, where are your scissors to cut the twine?" Hope asked.

Fratka took the cord in both hands, gave it a sharp, quick tug and "zing," it separated and tore with ease.

"Here dear," she said to Hope, "tie the package."

She was about 88 years old at the time, and her mind was as sharp and as strong as her hands.



Fratka (Fanny) Gaum's Cabbage Borscht

#3-4 LBS OF STEWING BEEF.

Cut beef into chunks.

In a large pot, brown beef in Mazola Oil (just enough to cover the bottom of the pot so meat won't stick).

WHOLE CABBAGE.

Cut the cabbage as fine as possible and add to the pot gradually, allowing each addition of the cabbage to cook a bit before adding more.

MEDIUM ONION.

Cut fine and add to the mixture.

JAR OR CAN OF SAUERKRAUT.

Add to the mixture.

1 LARGE CAN OF TOMATOES, 1 LARGE CAN OF TOMATO SAUCE.

Add to mixture.

BRING TO A BOIL. THEN PARTIALLY COVER THE POT AND SIMMER MIXTURE FOR 3-4 HOURS.

TOWARDS THE END OF THE COOKING TIME, ADD SALT, PEPPER, THE JUICE OF ONE LEMON AND 1/2 CUP OF SUGAR. THESE INGREDIENTS CAN BE ADJUSTED TO TASTE.

(ADD WATER IF IT STARTS TO BOIL OUT, AND OPEN THE WINDOWS!)

P.S. Don't forget the onion!

Ess Gezunt!

In 1988, Hope wrote a paper on the Maritime Jewish community. In her interview with me, I related this story of Fratka's filing system. The following is an excerpt from this interview, and part of Hope's paper:

My grandmother operated a small general store in Whitney Pier. I remember as a boy in the 50s finding small squares of paper in her store with a series of short pencil strokes on them. When I asked her about them, she told me not to disturb them because they were part of her bookkeeping and filing system. She had decided she was going to give credit to customers she trusted and knew well (this meant just about everyone in the Pier). However, she could not read or write in English, so she devised her own system. What she did was associate each customer's name with a particular article in the store and then file that customer under that article. So, for example, a piece of paper under the dark chocolates with a series of ten pencil strokes on it with two strokes crossed out meant that Mrs. Black charged \$10.00 and still owed \$8.00. I believe my grandmother had what was the equivalent of the first computer in the Maritime Provinces.

When Fratka operated her store on 842 Victoria Road in Whitney Pier she did have a computer. Her computer existed in her head. I marvel at the age we exist in today, an age of computer science and technological experts. Students who have attained their BSC's and MBA's working in department stores such as Eaton's, The Bay, and Birks are called upon to calculate the selling price of a particular article. They assess, (with computers) the total freight, the gross national product, Statistics Canada records for taxes, etc. and multiply by 360. After a week and a half the computer comes up with a price for a teapot of \$12.99. I recall many years ago in the 50s when I was just a teenager, that a shipment came in to Fratka's store from T.S. Patillo. This was the company she ordered her supplies from, such as kettles, dishes, pans, etc. I would open the large boxes for her and take out the various articles. Then she would say to me; "Darling, tell me the cost of each article, including tax and freight, for the whole shipment."

I would read her the invoice, once! Within seconds she would say to me, "Mark the teapot to sell for \$12.99."

No calculators, no statistics, no computers to arrive at her selling price except the "Fratka Gaum computer" that existed in her head. She was truly an amazing person.

I recall her as being a very generous person, and I remember she had several "pushkas"¹⁸ or collection boxes in her store close to the cash register. She would constantly put coins in all of the boxes and would tell me it was a mitzvah to give "tsdoke" (charity).

Dad, myself, and my brothers would drive to Whitney Pier after Shabbos (Sabbath) services on Friday to visit her. She was always very happy to see us, and there was always food for us in the kitchen. One particular Friday, I recall going into the kitchen, and to my surprise there was an elderly lady eating at her table. I ran out and told her that a lady was at her table and seemed to be enjoying her borscht and bread. "Who is she, Grandma?" I asked.

"Oy, darling, a poor Polish woman, I don't know her name, but she was hungry."

This was Fratka, always giving and sometimes to people she didn't even know.

However, she was no pussy cat. She had a temper and could display it at times. I recall one event many years ago that will illustrate this side of a woman who was usually very good natured:

I was in her store one day and in through the door came a Messianic "Jew for Jesus." The man had a full beard, a hat, and wore a tallis (prayer shawl). He started to speak to Grandma in Yiddish. As I understood the language, I knew immediately what his visit was all about. Here was a Jew who believed that Jesus was his God and his saviour, trying to convert an orthodox woman, daughter of a Kohane. She had no patience for this and angrily advised him that he had better leave quickly. She opened the door and literally escorted him out of her store. He never came back.

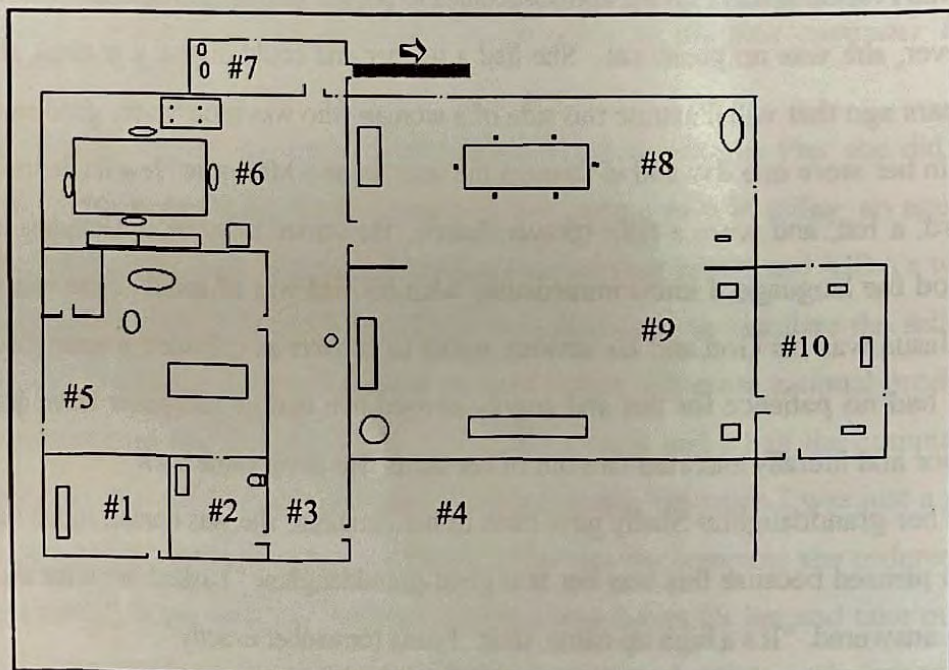
When her granddaughter Shelly gave birth to her daughter, she was named Judith Gail Brown. Fratka was so pleased because this was her first great-granddaughter. I asked her what the baby was called and she answered: "It's a high up name, dear. I can't remember exactly."

"High Up" to Fratka meant it wasn't a plain and simple name like "Chava" or "Beilka" or "Pearl." It was fancy, sophisticated, "high up." She had her own expressions and they always fit the occasion.

My brother Jack and I went to visit her in February of 1975 when she was living in a nursing home in Sydney. She didn't like it there and never concealed this fact. However, she accepted it and made the best of the situation. She knew that Jack and I were coming to Sydney, but she didn't know the exact date. When we walked into the reception room the TV set was on and there were about

¹⁸ The metal boxes were periodically collected and given to various charities.

Floor Plan of 842 Victoria Road circa 1960



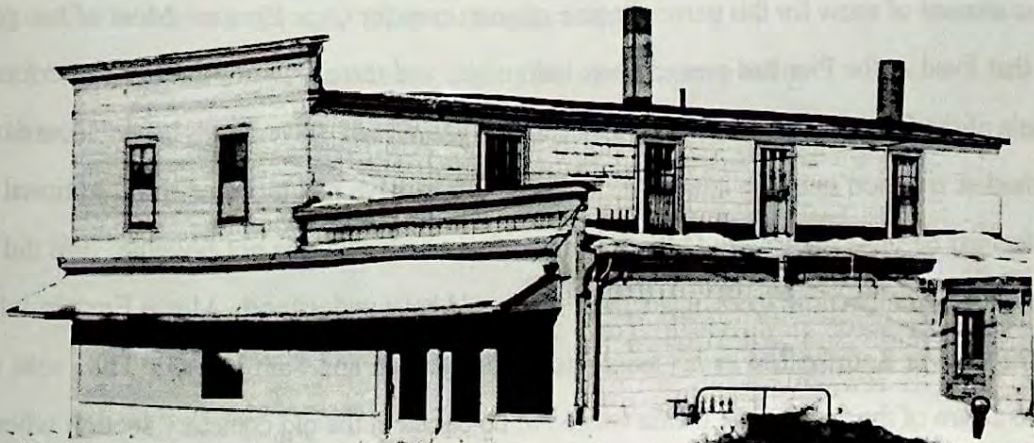
- #1 Portion of store with downstairs entrance to basement.
- #2 Bathroom.
- #3 Hallway leading from store into residence-living quarters.
- #4 Portion of store.
- #5 Bedroom.
- #6 Kitchen.
- #7 Small room in back portion of house where Fratka made her pickles and wine. Door and steps lead down to back yard.
- #8 Dining room that contained a large table and chandelier.
- #9 Living room.
- #10 Small side room, very bright with windows all around. From this room one could see Victoria Rd. and the back yard, where the entrance to Community Wholesale Grocers was located.

Drawing By: Larry Gaum * Original plan from Jack Gaum

Not drawn to Scale



842 Victoria Rd. (Circa: 1920)
Whitney Pier, Cape Breton
Nova Scotia



842 Victoria Rd. (Circa: 1975)
Whitney Pier, Cape Breton
Nova Scotia

seven or eight people sitting and watching. However, there was a problem. Standing between the TV set and the viewers was Fratka, talking and gesturing to what appeared to be a captive audience. Fratka wasn't interested in TV, didn't watch it, and it appeared that when she told a story nobody else was going to watch it either. As she was talking, she happened to turn around, and there was Jack and myself standing behind her, not saying a word. She stopped and then she smiled broadly, both in happiness and in great surprise. She turned to the people who were sitting and said:

"These are my boys--my grandchildren." This," she said, pointing to me, "is my doctor, and this," she said, pointing to Jack, "is my lawyer."

You could see the love in her face and in her eyes. This was her life. This is what she lived for.

By this time in her life, although still very active and mentally alert, her heart was not good, and physically she was not very strong. One night on this visit we received a phone call that she had become ill. Jack and I went to see her, and I realized then that the end was near. She appeared to be in a tremendous amount of stress and in heart failure. We called the physician, who took me aside and said that she would not get any better. She seemed to be resting quietly in bed, and Jack and I went home.

Early the next morning the phone rang. Mum answered and it was the nursing home. They informed us that Grandma had passed away. She was ninety-two years old. She outlived her husband by thirty years and her son Benny by ten. When she passed away it was bitter and cold with a tremendous amount of snow for this particular time of year, even for Cape Breton. Most of her contemporaries that lived in the Pier had passed away before her, and there was no one left to perform the burial rituals of the Chevra Kadisha.¹⁹ Jack, Errol, Mum, and myself, stayed with her in accordance with the Orthodox tradition until the interment. I would like to have had more of the traditional preparation performed because she was so Orthodox, but unfortunately this was not possible. We did the best we could under the circumstances, and I think she would have understood. Maxie Epstein who was head of the Chevra Kadisha had as his assistants, Sam Sherman and Sam Karrel. They told us that they were aware of the fact that Grandma wanted to be buried in the old cemetery section where her father Yankel, her husband Shaiya, and her son Benny were resting. However, due to the tremendous amount of rocky soil and the weather, it was impossible at this time, and she was interred in the new section.

¹⁹ Burial society.

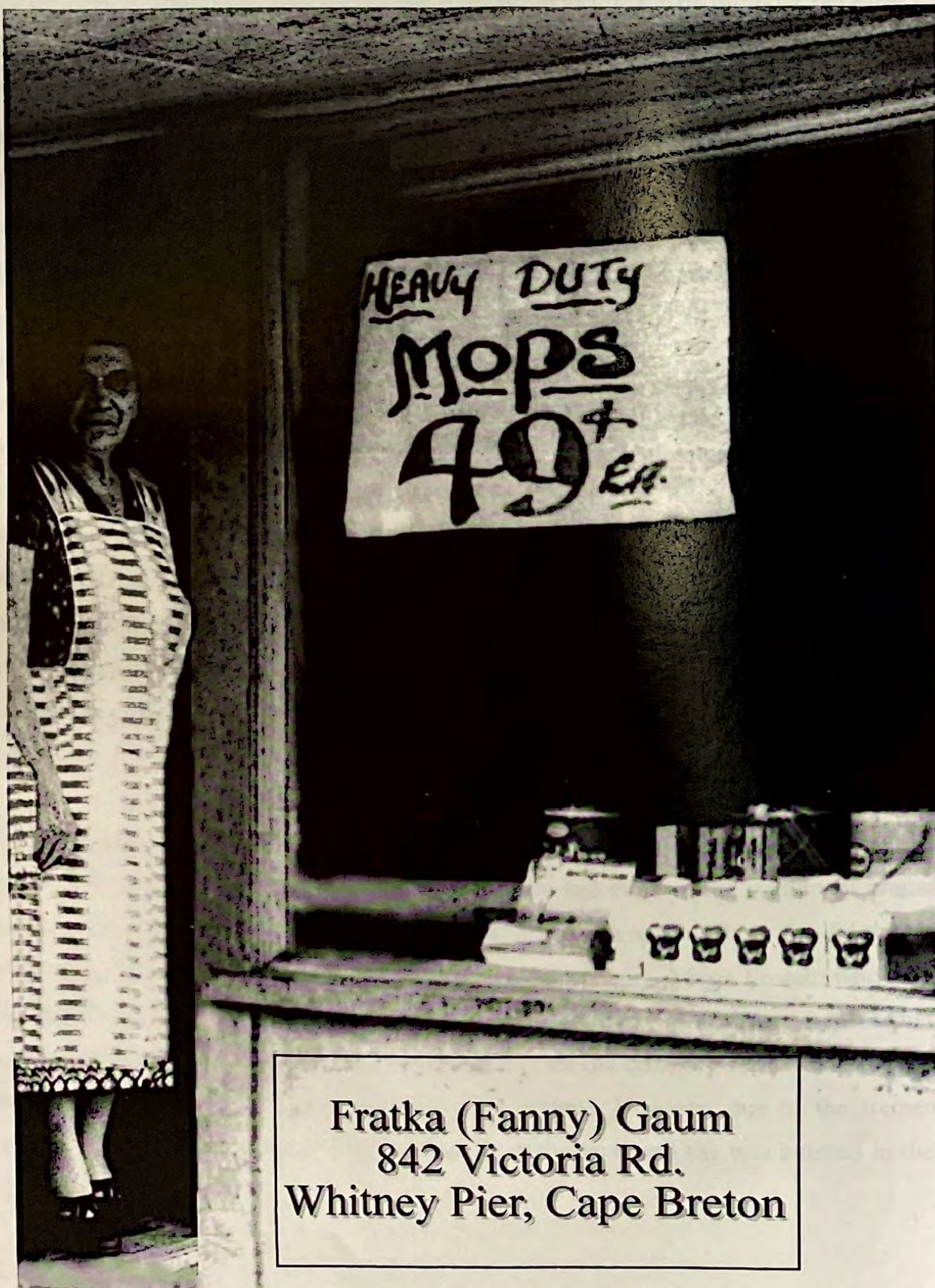
With her passing, an era, a way of life, had ended. From Kozhanhorodok, Byelorussia to Sydney, Cape Breton Island, a lifetime had passed never to be seen again. In 1975, only two surviving sisters remained from the entire Gam (Gaum) family, Beilka Konick and Chava (Eva) Perlin.

Following the funeral services, the procession left the funeral home in Sydney. I recall that as it approached Whitney Pier, it veered off Victoria Rd. and went up Mt. Pleasant St. where the old Pier shul stood. The procession stopped in front of the shul and the front door of the building was then opened. After a few moments the hearse then proceeded on its way. This custom has great significance. Fratka was a devout Jew, and her entire life revolved around her religion. She was a shul-goer and a strong believer in God. The hearse stopped in front of the shul as a sign of respect, to acknowledge the fact that Fratka Gaum was a religious woman in her lifetime and the shul and prayer were part of her life. And now, even in the shadow of death, the strong ties to Judaism and God—her ties, would not be forgotten.

The hearse then made its final trip along Victoria Road, passing her old house and the store at number 842 that was now boarded up and abandoned, a mere shadow of the love and the life that once existed behind the old doors and windows. This was all gone now, her husband Shaiya and her son Benny gone as well. And now she was gone. But I can still see her in my mind, standing in the front door of her store with her long apron on, smiling and ready to greet you and to make you feel at home. There is a sign in her window and it says **"Mops..49 cents each."**

What a bargain, what a business woman, what a wonderful human being.

The hearse continued its way up to Langan Road, to the Jewish Cemetery and to her final resting place.



Fratka (Fanny) Gaum
842 Victoria Rd.
Whitney Pier, Cape Breton

Yitzchok Latucha
(Isaac Goldstein)
Circa 1840 - 1928





YITZCHOK LATUCHA (ISAAC GOLDSTEIN)

Born: Circa: 1855
Place: Kozhanhorodok, Byelorussia (Belarus)
Died: Circa: 1928
Place: Boston, Massachusetts
Hebrew Name: Yitzchok Bar Yeshaiya
Yiddish Name: Itzik
English Name: Isaac
Family Name: Latucha (changed to Goldstein)
Parents: Father: Yeshaiya Latucha; Mother: unknown
Wife: Simcha Rochel
Children: Shaiya Latucha (Sam Gaum)
Lebe Latucha (Louie Goldstein)
Gershon Latucha (Harry Goldstein)
Bendit Latucha (Benny Goldstein)
Shloima Getzel Latucha (Paul Goldstein)
Eidel Latucha (Ida Liefman)
Esther Chiah Latucha Heckman

Yitzchok was a wine and spirits merchant by trade, and he made and sold his products in the small village of Kozhanhorodok. His customers were Jews and non-Jews alike who lived in the small shtetl. It was quite common for Jews to be given the right legally to set up taverns for the sale of alcoholic beverages. The person was called a szynkarz. It is my belief that Yitzchok was given this right, possibly by one of the wealthy Belarusian land owners. My father, Maurice, confirmed this on numerous occasions but always referred to his grandfather as simply a wine merchant. He was a stocky, husky man with a long beard and he probably left Belarus before the 1920s to come to the United States. His children, Louie, Benny, and Harry sent for him, and he settled in Boston. His wife Simcha did not accompany him, and it seems likely that she died and was buried in Kozhanhorodok before or shortly after he left for the United States. He must have landed on Ellis Island in New York, which was the most common port of entry for Eastern European immigrants. Yitzchok and his wife Simcha had seven children--five sons and two daughters. His oldest daughter Ida married Isaac Liefman (later changed to Lipman) and they lived in New York. Esther Chiah was the youngest daughter who remained in Kozhanhorodok and was the only sibling that did not immigrate to Canada or the United



"Yitzchok, get up," Simcha shouts, "I smell a Goy in the house!"

States. She married and had five children, two daughters and three sons. Their names were Leah, Simcha, Mottel, Kopel, and Herschel. In 1941, when the Nazis pushed through Poland and Belarus, all of the Jews in Kozhanhorodok were rounded up and marched outside of the village. They were herded together with other Jews from surrounding villages and finally were forced by the Nazis to dig trenches. They were all systematically murdered and their bodies were dumped into the trenches which then became their graves.

Paul married and lived in New York. Louie, Benny, and Harry lived in Boston, and Shaiya (Sam) married and lived in Sydney, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia.

Yitzchok's wife Simcha raised her seven children and also helped in the spirits and wine business. It must have been very difficult attending to both, but the tavern was the only means of making a living and it was important and necessary in order to survive.

Simcha was very hard of hearing even as a young woman but her sense of smell was extremely acute.

One evening when all was quiet and everyone was in bed, Simcha awoke and began to holler and scream.

"Yitzchok, get up. There is a goy (gentile) in the house."

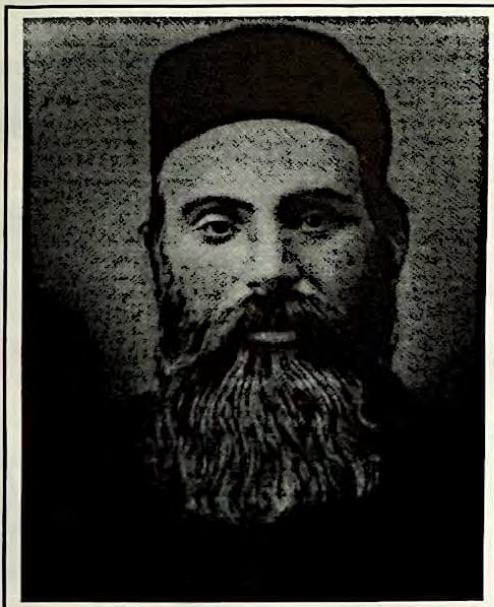
She had not heard anything unusual, but she smelled something out of the ordinary. In his book "Belorussia, The Making of a Nation," Nicholas Vicar describes the Belarusian peasant in this way: "He has the odour of human sweat, mixed with the smell of the barnyard animal, and it is truly stifling."

Maybe this is what permeated the Latucha household that night and abruptly ended Simcha's restful sleep.

"Yitzchok, get up. I smell a goy in the house."

Yitzchok grumbled, reluctantly rolled out of bed and went to investigate. Lo and behold Simcha was right. She couldn't hear very well but she detected the smell of the non-Jewish farming peasant. He found two young men who had broken into the house to steal Yitzchok Latucha's alcohol and wine. They ran out before they could help themselves to the tasty brew and were never seen again.

My grandfather, Shaiya, went to visit his father and brothers in Boston around 1920. Yitzchok was still alive at this time, but passed away about 1928. My middle name is Irving, named in memory of this great-grandfather.



Yitzchok Latucha (Goldstein)



Simcha Rochel Latucha



Sam Gaum



Harry Goldstein



Louie Goldstein



Benny Goldstein



Paul Goldstein

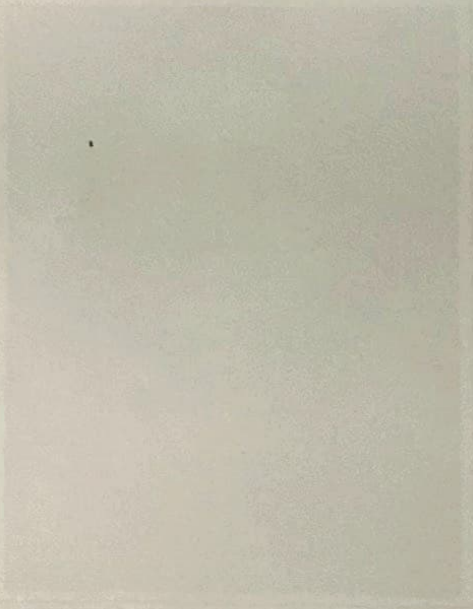


Eidel Leifman



Esther Chiah Heckman

The Latucha Family



Yitzchok I. Asch (Goldstein)



Sam Gamm



Henry Goldstein



Sam Gamm



Paul Goldstein



Isaac Chas. Goldstein



Isaac Chas. Goldstein



Isaac Chas. Goldstein

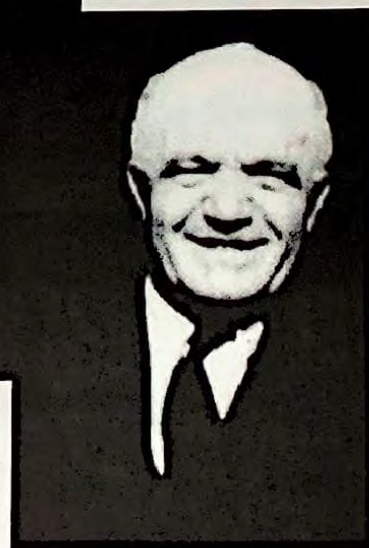


Isaac Chas. Goldstein

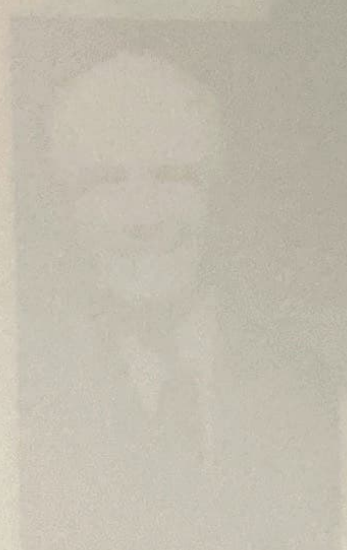
The Latucha Family

Shaiya (Sam) Gaum

1877 - 1945



George (Sam) Green
1877 - 1945



SHAIYA LATUCHA (SHAIYA "SAM" GAUM)

Born: 1877
Place: Kozhanhorodok, Byelorussia (Belarus)
Died: March 28, 1945 (68 years old)
Place: Sydney, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia:
Hebrew Name: Yeshaiya (Yeshaiyahu) Bar Yitzchok
Yiddish Name: Shaiya
English Name: Sam
Family Name: Latucha (changed to Gaum)
Parents: Yitzchok and Simcha Latucha
Wife: Fratka Gam
Children: Benny and Maurice

My grandfather Shaiya arrived in Canada on March 23, 1910, aboard the **S.S. Carthaginian**. The steamship had set sail from Liverpool, England on March 12, 1910, and after eleven days finally docked at the port of Halifax in Nova Scotia. He had a letter addressed to his brother-in-law, Pasach (Philip) Gaum in Sydney. When asked by the purser of the steamship line what his name was, he obediently told him, "Shaiya." He probably added Latucha as well, but I'm sure he was not understood. When Shaiya showed him the letter, the purser asked "Is this your brother?" He apparently said, "Yes," not fully understanding the question. His name was then duly recorded as Shaiya Gaum. He later chose Sam as his English name. The family name Latucha was never used again. In the late 20s, Shaiya's son, Boruch Bendit (Benny), wanted to change the name back to Latucha, but Shaiya discouraged it. The reason he gave was that changing one's name at this time, might be perceived by others as being done for illegal purposes. It was never discussed again, and Shaiya's children and descendants continue to use the name Gaum to this day. Shaiya's occupation was listed as "shoemaker" on the steamship's passenger list. In later years he became a meat cutter and had a certificate that verified he was trained to "traiba" a cow for kosher consumption. Traiba is the process of de-veining the hind quarter of the animal. This was rather unique and there were very few with this distinction in the Maritime Provinces.

It is interesting to note here how creative, inventive, and intelligent these immigrants were, given the fact that they did not speak, read or write English, the language of their newly adopted

country. For several years, Shaiya earned a living as a peddler. He sold caps, coats, and shoes by travelling to various parts of Cape Breton, in all kinds of weather and during every season.

The following is the method Shaiya used to fit a potential customer with a proper sized cap: He carried several samples of large sized caps. When he placed the cap on the customer's head, it was usually too big. He then placed his fingers between the cap and the customer's head. Some took one finger to fill the gap, while others took two or three fingers to make the cap fit properly. He would then write in Yiddish; Mr. Jones, farmer, South Bar, cap plus two fingers. He would then purchase a cap corresponding to this diameter, and when he visited the area again he presented the farmer with his new cap that fit like a glove (or fingers). Who needed to know size 7 1/4 in those days!

Shaiya had a wonderful sense of humour and loved to tell his own original stories and jokes. Try to picture Shaiya sitting down, surrounded by relatives and friends intently listening to every word. When he delivers the punch line everyone laughs. Beilka Konick is not only laughing, but tears are running down her face and she is shrieking, "Stop, stop, Shaiya." She is crippled with arthritis and literally falls off the chair onto the floor still laughing uncontrollably. He actually had them rolling in the aisles.

As a boy I would hear many of the Sydney natives speak of him long after he had passed away by remarking, "as Shaiya Gaum used to say," and they would still laugh and remember him and his wonderful humour.

He also had a bad temper, and I recall several stories about how it would erupt. The year was 1920, and one evening my father and his brother were in the store at 842 Victoria Road, in Whitney Pier. It was late, and Shaiya was behind the counter having put in a long day of waiting on customers.

After school Maurice and Benny would help out in the store waiting on the trade. The silence of the evening was broken by a drunkard who approached the counter. He asked Shaiya for a pound of tomatoes. Shaiya carefully weighed the tomatoes, put them in a bag, and placed them on the counter.

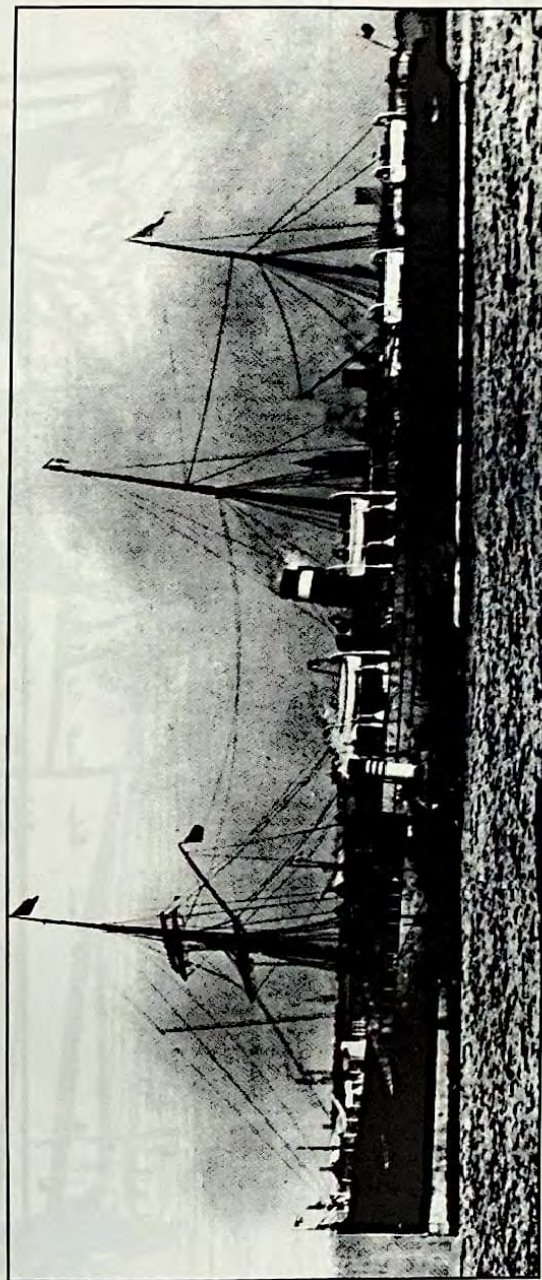
"How much?" asked the drunk.

"Ten cents," replied Shaiya.

"That's too damn much," said the drunk, as he pounded the bag with his fist.

"Squash," went the tomatoes.

S.S. CARTHAGINIAN



On March 12, 1910, The S.S. Carthaginian set sail from Liverpool, England and arrived in Canada at the Port of Halifax on March 23, 1910. Among the passengers was a young man from Kozhanhorodok, Belarus, whose name was Shaiya Latucha. He was recorded on the ship's manifest as Shaiya Gaum. This was my paternal grandfather who would later adopt the English name Sam. He then travelled by train to Sydney, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia and settled in Whitney Pier. Six months later, he was joined by his wife Fratka, and his two sons, Bendit and Menasha.

MANIFEST

INSTRUCTIONS TO PASSENGERS. Each passenger should be given a card showing the number of his seat and the date of his departure, which should be kept by the passenger agent at the time of landing.

NAME	AGE	SEX	DATE OF BIRTH	DATE OF DEPARTURE	DATE OF ARRIVAL
10. Opatowicz	13.571	805	12.12.1910	12.12.1910	12.12.1910

SUMMARY

NAME	AGE	SEX	DATE OF BIRTH	DATE OF DEPARTURE	DATE OF ARRIVAL
10. Opatowicz	13.571	805	12.12.1910	12.12.1910	12.12.1910

This space to be filled in by Immigration Agent at Port of Landing.

10. Opatowicz
13.571
805
12.12.1910
12.12.1910
12.12.1910

10. Opatowicz
13.571
805
12.12.1910
12.12.1910
12.12.1910

This is a copy of the official Manifest of the S.S. Carthaginian, March 12, 1910. My grandfather Shaiya Latucha, one of the 498 passengers, is listed as Shaiya Gaum, verifying the story as to the time of his name change. His occupation is shown as shoemaker, but he never practiced this trade in Canada. He had twenty five dollars with him at the time and he travelled in steerage. His religious denomination and race of people was listed as "Jewish" and his destination was "Sydney, C.B." His country of birth was "Russia." (Belarus was Russian occupied at this time.)

NAME OF VESSEL	DATE OF DEPARTURE	DATE OF ARRIVAL	NAME OF PASSENGER	AGE	SEX	DATE OF BIRTH	DATE OF DEPARTURE	DATE OF ARRIVAL
10. Opatowicz	13.571	805	12.12.1910	12.12.1910	12.12.1910	12.12.1910	12.12.1910	12.12.1910

10. Opatowicz	13.571	805	12.12.1910	12.12.1910	12.12.1910
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The purser from the S. S. Carthaginian asks, "What is your name?"

The passenger answers, "Shaiya Latucha"



Shaiya runs after the drunk as his two sons Benny and Maurice drag him away

Shaiya's face became as crimson as his damaged produce. Maurice and Benny looked at each other and knew what was about to unfold. They quickly went into action and took the drunk by the arms and began to head him for the door to get him outside. Maurice and Benny managed to manoeuvre him to the door when Shaiya's fist came down on the man's back, just between the shoulder blades.

"Bam." The man went down like a sack of potatoes. Maurice and Benny simultaneously picked him up by the arms and literally dragged him into the street. They shouted to the man, "Get Up. Run for your life."

"Bam." Shaiya's fist came down again like a hammer. He was only five-foot-five and weighed approximately one hundred and sixty-five pounds, but he had tremendous strength.

The man fell to the sidewalk. Again they picked him up, and this time they ran with him as fast as they could go, down Victoria Road, away from Shaiya. His two sons knew that if they didn't, he would probably beat this man so badly he might kill him. No one did that to Shaiya Latucha and got away with it.

He wasn't afraid to defend himself and would tell stories about the Poles coming into Kozhanhorodok at night to cause trouble. Shaiya and his friends would be ready for them with sticks and fists. "Bam," on the head with the stick. Shaiya said they tried to torment the Jews but didn't come back too often.

The year was 1943. My grandmother Fratka had baked her delicious challah and bagels. Her bagels were real bagels and not the bread rings we see today. She made the dough and put them in hot water before putting them in the oven. While they were still hot, she put them in a large twenty pound brown paper bag from the store, gave them to Shaiya and said, "Take them over to Sarah."

Sarah was my mother, and we lived outside of Whitney Pier on the "town side" of Sydney. Shaiya would get on the bus that stopped across the street from the store. He was sixty-seven years old and had a serious heart condition at the time. He did not drive, and the bus was his sole means of transportation unless someone else drove him by car. (He bought a car in the 20s, a Model T Ford, drove it once, hit the side of a building, and never got behind a steering wheel again.) The bus stopped about one and a half miles from our house on 40 Tain Street. With the bags under his arms, he would walk to our house, not an easy task for one who's heart was failing. He didn't complain and was happy

to see his daughter-in-law and two grandsons. When I look at his picture that was taken after one of his trips, I can see he was not well. He made this trip at least once a week without fail and was always happy to do it.

This was his gentle loving side, but his temper would flair up from time to time. My mother witnessed an episode when she was newly married that she still speaks of today. On one particular occasion, Shaiya was walking from the store to the living quarters which were in the back of the building. It was a narrow corridor, and he was carrying a large carton. There was a screen door separating the kitchen from the corridor. As he walked through, the screen door closed rapidly and hit him with considerable force. He put the carton down, grabbed the screen door with his two hands and proceeded to rip it off its hinges. When he looked up, he saw his daughter-in-law Sarah staring at him, half in disbelief and half in fright.

"Shaiya, you'll scare the girl," Fratka cried.

Shaiya started to laugh and so did Sarah, but the screen door was never replaced and it never hit Shaiya again.

I have often heard another story about my grandfather that seems to illustrate his good sense of humour.

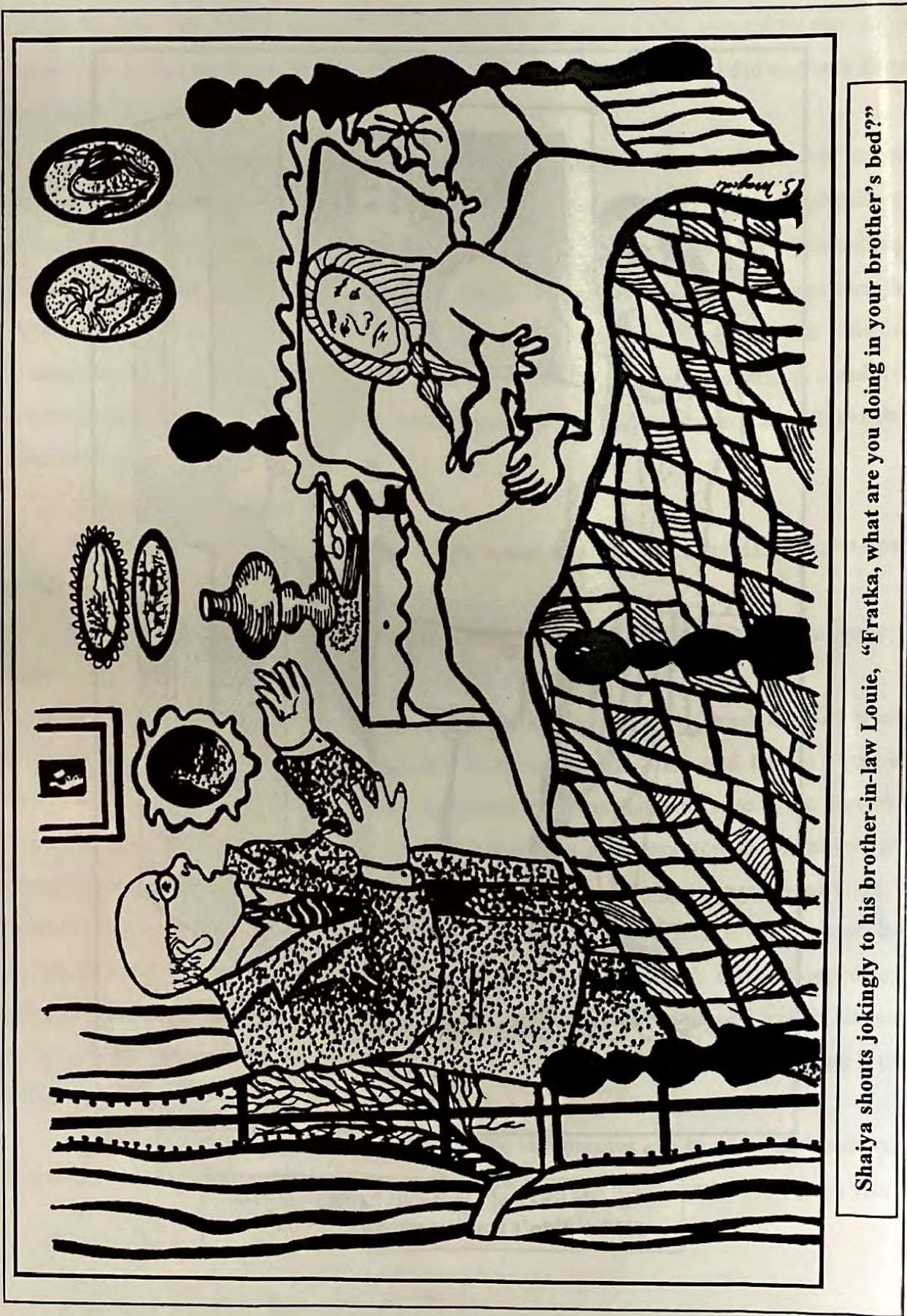
Louie Gaum was not feeling well and was sick in bed with a bad cold. Shaiya decided to visit his brother-in-law and left the house, saying goodbye to his wife Fratka. He told her he would be home shortly. When he arrived at Louie's house, he climbed the steps that led to the living quarters. As a boy, I remember climbing those steps. It was a tremendous endurance test as there were approximately 30 steps and they were very steep. No wonder the old-timers were in such good shape. I vividly remember a sky light at the top of the stairs as you reached the landing. The hall was dark but the light filtered in through the large glass opening. Shaiya walked to Louie's room, stopped, and looked in. There was Louie in bed with a towel that resembled a babushka²⁰ wrapped around his head and tucked tightly under his chin. Just his face was visible as he looked up to see Shaiya standing in the doorway staring at him.

"Fratka!" exclaimed Shaiya, "I just left you at home two minutes ago to come and visit your brother. As soon as I get here, I see you lying in his bed. What are you doing here, and where is your

²⁰ Ladies kerchief.



**"Uncle Shaiya!" exclaims Sadie Goldstein,
"Why didn't you put some clothes on?"**



Shaiya shouts jokingly to his brother-in-law Louie, "Fratka, what are you doing in your brother's bed?"

brother Louie?"

Louie began to laugh uncontrollably, as he knew what Shaiya meant. If you put Fratka and her brother Louie side by side it was as if you were looking at a mirror image. The only difference was that Fratka had more hair. This story was retold on many occasions and is still enjoyed by many of our relatives today.

My father Maurice related another story about Shaiya that is equally funny. When she was a young woman, Sadie Goldstein Wasserman came to visit her Uncle Shaiya and his family in Sydney. Sadie's father, Harry, was Shaiya's brother. Shaiya paid for her trip and looked forward to seeing her. Even though they were separated by many miles and in two different countries, there appears to have been a very strong family bond and connection that existed at this time.

Sadie had a date one evening and was out rather late. When she returned, the door was locked and she had no key. She had to knock on the door, until Shaiya came down to let her in. However, he was dressed only in his gatkies (underwear).

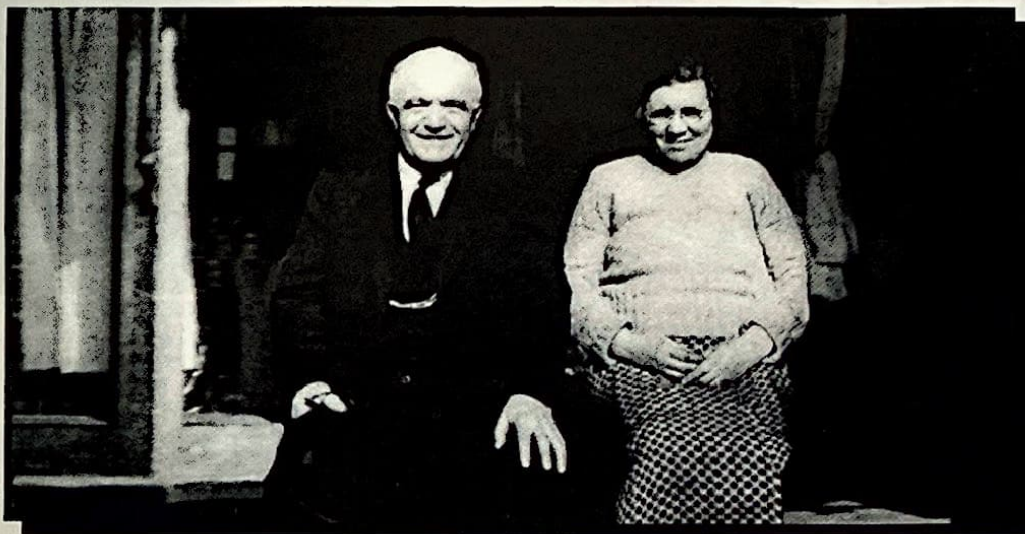
"Oh uncle!" exclaimed Sadie, "why didn't you put some clothes on?"

She was understandably embarrassed in front of her date.

"I'm sorry for the trouble," Shaiya replied. "The next time you come home from a date at 2:00 a.m. and knock on the door, I'll get up, put on my top hat, dress in my tuxedo and tails, and announce your arrival."

It was 1945, and Shaiya was sixty-eight years old. His health had deteriorated, and from the stories I have heard, he was probably suffering from congestive heart failure. Despite this, he was preparing a trip to Boston to visit his family. He had several brothers and their families living there. His brothers, Louie, Benny, and Harry, were all anxious to see him again, and Shaiya was taking along his son Maurice. He also had a sister Adel and a brother Paul in New York. His father Yitzchok, who had lived in Boston, had passed away by this time. Shaiya had his passport renewed and had his passport pictures taken. Unfortunately, these were to be the last photos taken of him. Shortly before their departure he became ill. Although his heart was filled with love, and faith in his God, his religion, and his family, it could no longer support his body. His breathing became laboured, and there was a severe pain in his chest. He was admitted to hospital, treated, and then eventually sent home. He was nursed by his wife Fratka for a short period. One week before Passover, as Fratka was in the midst of

preparing for this festive Jewish holiday, Shaiya Latucha--Sam Gaum, from the little Belarusian shtetl of Kozhanhorodok, passed away on March 28, 1945. He never lived to see his third grandson, son of his youngest boy Maurice, nor his first great-grandson, grandson of his oldest boy Benny. His grandson, Dr. Sanford (Shaiya) Gaum and his great-grandson, Rabbi Shaya (Stephen) Richmond are his namesakes. He was a good man and will always be remembered by his family.



Shaiya (Sam) Gaum Fratka (Fanny) Gaum

And Their Sons



Benny Maurice

The author of this book, Mrs. J. H. Gamm, from the Little Belvedere, who
 was, among other things, a very good friend of the late Mrs. Gamm, and
 was the mother of the late Mr. Gamm, and the mother of her son Benny.



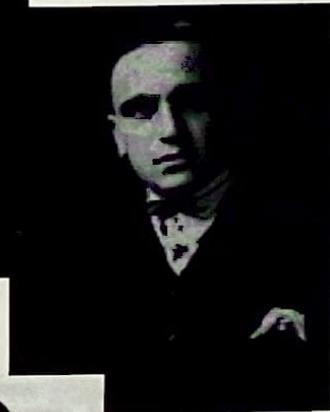
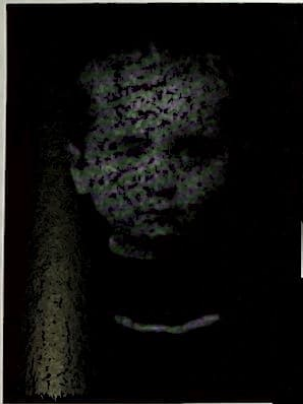
Mrs. J. H. Gamm (left) and Mr. J. H. Gamm (right)

And Their Son

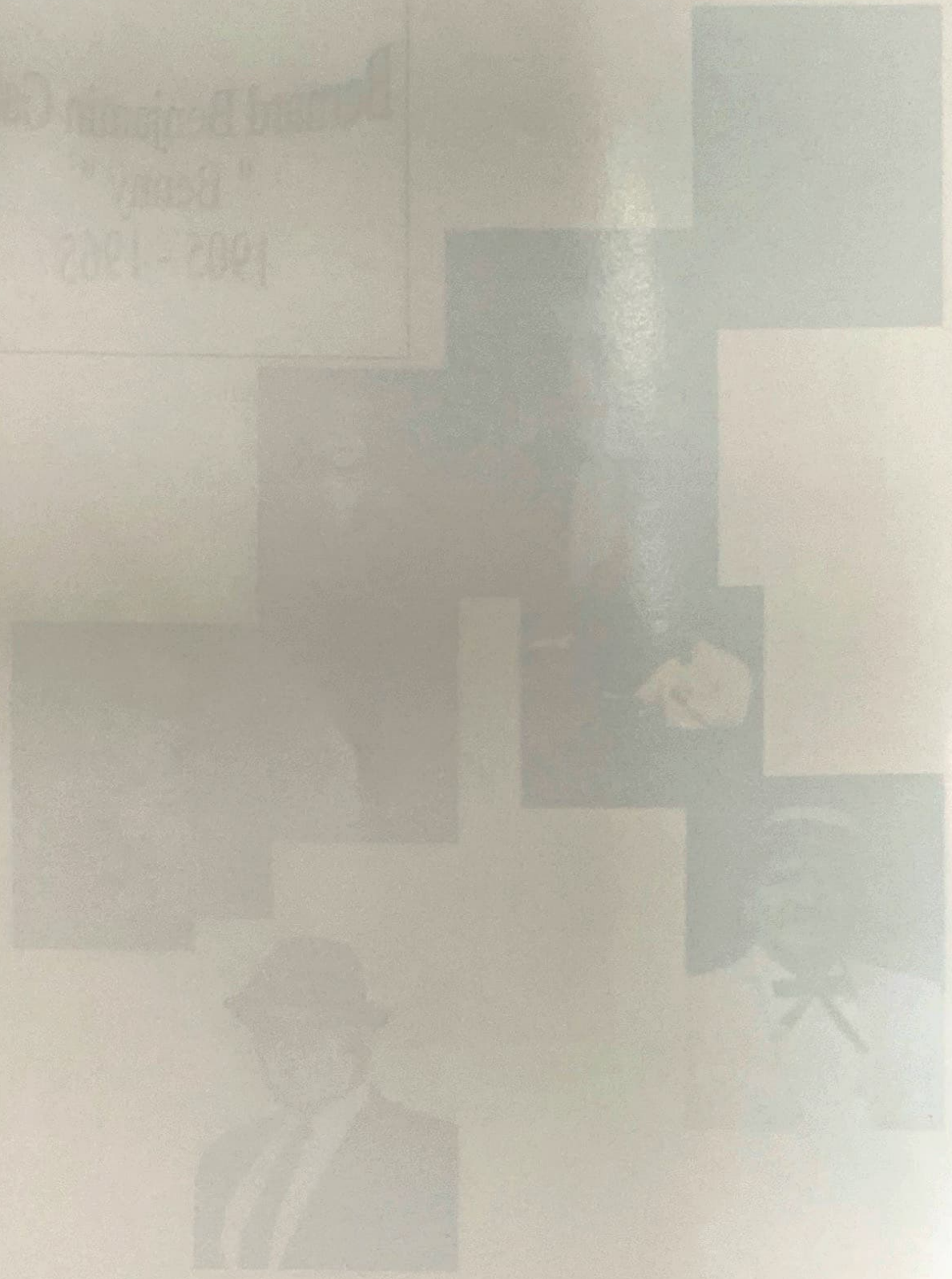


Benny

Bernard Benjamin Gaum
" Benny "
1905 - 1965



Edward Benjamin Grant
"Ben"
1903 - 1982



BERNARD BENJAMIN "BENNY" GAUM

Born: 1905
Place: Kozhanhorodok, Byelorussia (Belarus)
Died: November 21, 1965 (59 years old)
Place: Sydney, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia
Hebrew Name: Boruch Bendit Ben Yeshaiya
Yiddish Name: Bendit
English Name: Bernard Benjamin, "Benny"
Family Name: Latucha (changed to Gaum)
Parents: Shaiya (Sam) and Fratka (Fanny) Gaum
Wife: Sylvia Wasserman
Children: Eleanor Gaum Richmond
Shelly Gaum Brown

Benny was the oldest son of Shaiya and Fratka Gaum. In 1910, accompanied by his mother and younger brother Maurice, they left Kozhanhorodok and came to Sydney, Cape Breton. His father, Shaiya, had made the trip several months before. As I grew up in Sydney, I was fortunate in being able to see him quite often, and his story is an account of my personal observations of him and other events that were related to me about him over the years.

He was a kind, good-hearted man, who always felt for the underdog and did not hesitate to provide those in need with food or money. He was a very intelligent man and a tremendously good businessman. He conducted business and operated his stores in a very different fashion than his brother Maurice. They were both successful in business but were totally opposite in their business philosophies.

Benny owned several stores and always did things on a bigger scale than his brother. He would observe different approaches to the grocery business while visiting his daughters in the United States, and he would bring the ideas back home with him. Self-serving supermarkets was a concept he helped introduce to the business world in Nova Scotia. Large food displays with eye-catching signs were part of these modern ideas. Stacks of fruits and vegetables piled high, were new concepts in the 1950s. His chain of stores had lively names...**You-Get-Mor, Better Buy Stores, E-Con-O-Me and Lucky Groceteria.** His brother, Maurice, had one store, **The Little Red Store**, in Reserve Mines and the **Community Wholesale Grocers**, in the Pier.

This is a copy of an add placed in the Sydney Post Record, on December 30, 1958. It was written and designed by Benny Gaum for his grocery stores, the U-Get-Mor Groceteria and Better Buy Stores in New Waterford, Cape Breton. This was done on a weekly basis and one that Benny never missed.

U-Get-Mor

Groceteria Ltd.
Former Ave. (Opp to Exeter) Tel. 201

FRESH MADE

SAUSAGES

3 LBS. 59¢

Swift's Premium Hickless

PICNICS

LB. 39¢

FACTORY PACKED FOR CLEANLINESS

WHITE SUGAR

10 LB. BAG 75¢

(With 15¢ order or over)

It's The Best - Ceylon Orange Pekoe

TEA 1 lb. 69¢

SAVE 10¢ PER LB.

MADE WITHOUT EXTRA WEAR

TEA BAGS 100 Count 89¢

(MADE IN CANADA)

MILK 7 tins 99¢

(MADE IN CANADA)

BISCUITS pkg. 69¢

(MADE IN CANADA)

PEARS 3 tins 99¢

(MADE IN CANADA)

BACON 1/2 lb. 29¢

(MADE IN CANADA)

LADIES' NYLONS

Seamless... 400 Needle

Sizes 10 and 101 Only

PAIR - 79¢

Sunkist No. 1 Grade

New Crop - Full of Juice

ORANGES 3 doz. 99¢

SWIFT'S

Butterball Turkeys

Geese, Ducks,

Capers, Chickens

AT ALL OUR STORES

Better Buy

STORES LTD.

King St. (Formerly U-Get-Mor No. 1) PHONE 201

CANADA PACKERS TULIP

MARGARINE

19¢

MAPLE LEAF

Cream of West

FLOUR

25 LB. BAG 1.59

CANDY

1 LB. CELLO

19¢

MADE IN CANADA

SWEET BISCUITS

3-lb. box 99¢

Cocoa, Chocolate Muffins, Jams, etc.

Canada Packers, Inc.

Shortening 3-lb tin 79¢

HAM

2 lbs. 99¢

Skinless! Pre-jerked!

We Sell As Advertised - We Do

Not Make Excuses About Being

Sold Out.

FRESH MILK-FED

LEG ROAST PORK

LB. 49¢

Center cut - 1 lb. 59¢

Phone Us
 We
 Deliver

MIXED NUTS

lb. 33¢

While It Lasts

FRESH EGGS

Grade "A" Medium

2 Dozen

98¢

(10 each)

CLYDE BROS.

Peaches

(10 each)

5 tins 99¢

(10 each)

Royal Arms

TOILET TISSUE

15 Roll

99¢

(10 each)

CLUB

PEARS

Delicious Eating

6 1/2 doz. 99¢

(10 each)

CLUB

POTATOES

10 lbs. 99¢

(10 each)

LETUCE

10 lbs. 99¢

(10 each)

CELERY

10 lbs. 99¢

(10 each)

POTATOES

10 lbs. 99¢

(10 each)

CARROTS

10 lbs. 99¢

(10 each)

NEW BEETS

10 lbs. 99¢

(10 each)

GREEN CABBAGE

10 lbs. 99¢

(10 each)

CAULIFLOWER

10 lbs. 99¢

(10 each)

MIXED NUTS

10 lbs. 99¢

(10 each)

CHOCOLATES

10 lbs. 99¢

(10 each)

APPLES

10 lbs. 99¢

(10 each)

ORANGES

10 lbs. 99¢

(10 each)

BANANAS

10 lbs. 99¢

(10 each)

PEARS, etc.

10 lbs. 99¢

(10 each)

and last - but

not least - A

Very Happy New

Year To All

One day, Dad wrote up an order from the Wholesale for one of Benny's stores. He wrote on the top of the page, B.B. I was only a kid and I said to my father, "I know what that means, Dad. That means Better Buy stores."

"No," Dad said. "B.B. is Brother Benny."

My father was always a kibbitzer.

Benny believed in giving credit and had hundreds of accounts, good and bad. He had a way of assessing these results and wasn't too concerned with losses. His philosophy was that in business, losses were to be expected. It was the final financial figures that you ended up with that was important. Despite the fact that some of his accounts were never to be collected, he usually received something of value from the customer (or at least he thought so). One day our family went to visit him at his home in New Waterford. His wife Sylvia was berating him for some of the things he received as compensation. She went to the closet and opened it.

"Look at this," she said, "this is what he gets paid."

Inside the closet were old shoes, fishing rods, clothing, and best of all a rifle. He was afraid of guns and wouldn't even touch the barrel. It just sat there for months, propped up against the wall in the closet. Finally the collection became so enormous, Benny decided to open up a store next to his mother's in the Pier and called it "Ye Old Antique Shop." Here all the articles sat collecting dust. The shoes, the fishing rod, the clothing, and best of all, the rifle.

In the mid 50s, he went into the coat hanger business with Dr. Abe Gaum, his cousin and a Mr. Rahey from North Sydney. What a calamity! They rented space in part of Dad's warehouse and set up an old machine that looked like it was made at about the time the Gaum Family came to Canada. When it did work, the hangers would come out perfect around the edges but would have no hooks. When they solved the problem of the hooks, the edges would remain open. The business venture was finally abandoned without producing one perfect coat hanger!

It was in the 40s, and Benny suspected that one of the men working for him in the New Waterford Better Buy store was stealing. The suspect was a young teenager who was pilfering cases of canned goods and selling them. He set a trap for this young fellow and caught him in the act. Benny confronted him and showed him the proof. The young culprit knew the situation was critical and the police were about to be notified. The youth was crying and pleading. Benny took pity on him and did

not report the incident. He liked the boy despite his dishonest act but warned him that if it ever happened again he would certainly spend time in penitentiary. The youth changed his ways, completed high school, and went on to university where he eventually received a degree in medicine. He then specialized in psychiatry, and he established a tremendous reputation when he later moved to the United States. On frequent trips to the Maritimes to visit his family, he made one stop first. This was to see Benny Gaum, whom he never forgot and to whom he owed much of his success and fortune.

Benny had a soft heart, and one of his staff told him that a lady in New Waterford, a former customer, was now destitute. She was a widow with several children. Benny put together an order of groceries from the store, loaded it in his car, and delivered it to the woman personally. He didn't advertise this fact to anyone, but stories of his kindness and goodness began to circulate. He was very much like his mother Frataka in this way.

He liked to whistle, and whenever you saw him he would be whistling his loud and piercing sounds. He never whistled any particular tune, he just whistled. We teased him about this when we were kids, and we would always say to him, "Uncle Benny, what tune are you whistling?"

He would look at us and say, "I don't know boys, just whistling." Then he would laugh and continue without skipping a beat. He was a happy man and it showed.

I recall my father telling me on many occasions about the tremendous writing and speaking abilities his brother had. I remember write-ups he placed in the Sydney Post Record, as part of the weekly ads for his stores. His vocabulary was first class, and he wrote and spoke in a professional fashion. He was an accomplished speaker, and during the 50s and 60s was invited to speak to many groups and associations. I was also aware of the fact that he wrote speeches for many local politicians. One day I read several campaign speeches in the Sydney Post Record by both the local Liberal and P.C. candidates. I told my father that although both were different, there was something similar about the writing style. "They should be similar," my father said. "Your Uncle Benny wrote them both."

Uncle Benny always thought that a boy should have a dog as a pet. He had numerous dogs throughout his life and loved all animals. He always had access to mongrels. One in particular that I remember fondly was a cross between a spaniel and a miniature collie. Uncle Benny had him delivered to our house by his wife Sylvia and his daughter Shelly. We called her Pal. Dad was not pleased, probably because he knew that as young boys we would not look after the dog as we should. In the

end Dad was probably right, but we loved the dog and looked after her as best as we could. Dad always said the poor animal saw more meal times than meals. But she was a happy dog and faithful to the end. She was killed by a car, and we all cried and felt badly for months. Uncle Benny witnessed our anguish and did it again! He presented us with another dog to cheer us up. Dad grumbled but said nothing. He was proud of his brother Benny and I suspect that he felt that this was the proper route to go. It was either dogs or girlfriends and this appeared to be the lesser of two evils at this time.

His love for boxing stayed with him all of his life, and in the late 40s and 50s he was responsible for promoting many local boxing matches. He promoted one boxing match between Maritime Welterweight champ Joe Pyle, and Tommy (Gun) Spencer. In later years, when Tommy (Gun) Spencer was elected to The Boxing Hall of Fame, he was interviewed by one of the local papers. He told the interviewer that throughout his boxing career there were two people who influenced his life tremendously. One was Benny Gaum, and the other was his father. He said that in fact, Benny Gaum was just like a father to him and remembered him fondly at this time.

In later years, Benny did not publicize his involvement in the boxing game, but he remained true to the sport throughout his life. I can still see him now with myself and my brothers, saying, "Come on boys, chest out, stomach in," and he would take his typical pugilistic stance, crouched forward, fists up, a big roar of laughter would come right from his heart.

From a very young age Benny suffered from high blood pressure and accompanied by his cousin Dr. Abe Gaum, had major surgery performed in the States in the 1930s. It was one of the first procedures of its kind done for this medical condition. It involved surgery on the autonomic nervous system to alleviate the hypertension or high blood pressure. It appeared to work for awhile, but as he grew older, the high blood pressure returned. The medication administered to treat high blood pressure in the 50s and 60s was not as sophisticated as it is today, and his situation grew worse. His heart suffered tremendous damage, and in 1965, following a severe heart attack, my uncle Benny passed away. He was 59 years old.

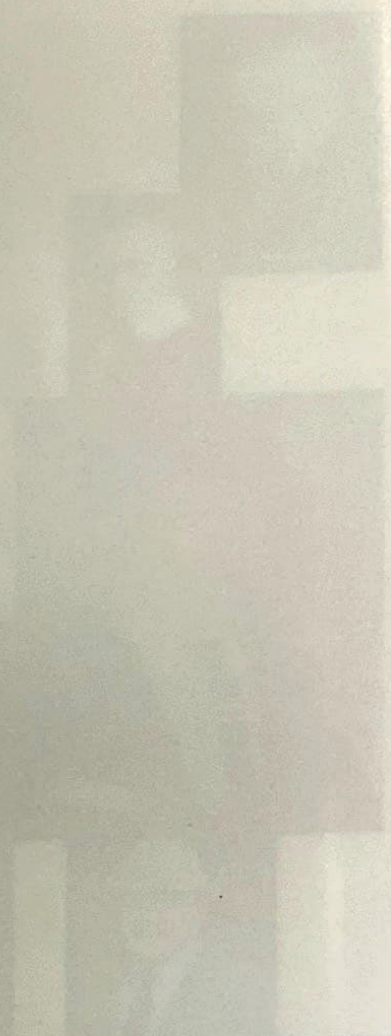
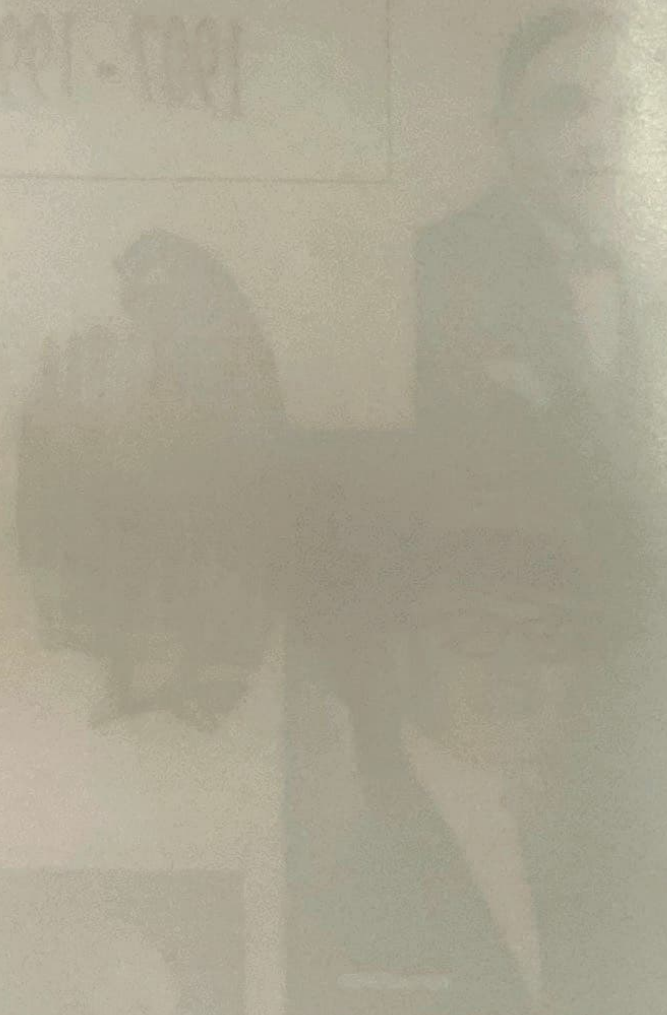
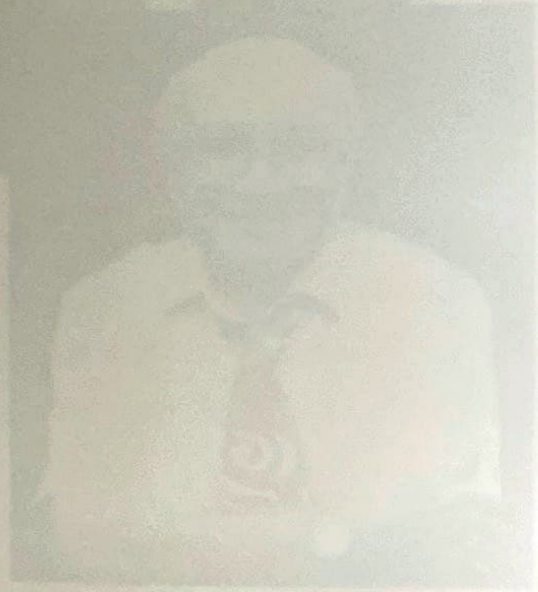
In 1969, when our daughter Miriam was born, Hope and I gave her the middle name Beth after him. In 1975, in his memory, our third child was named Benjamin Gaum, after this kind and gentle man.

Maurice Louis Gaum

1907 - 1990



Member List
1991-1992



MAURICE LOUIS GAUM

Born: 1907
Place: Kozhanhorodok, Byelorussia (Belarus)
Died: July 21, 1990 (83 years old)
Place: Toronto, Ontario
Hebrew Name: Menasha Lazer Ben Yeshaiya
Yiddish Name: Menasha
English Name: Maurice Louis
Family Name: Latucha (changed to Gaum)
Parents: Shaiya (Sam) and Fratka (Fanny) Gaum
Wife: Sarah Marshall Gaum
Children: Lawrence Irving Gaum Born Sept. 2, 1938
Errol Franklin Gaum Born Aug. 15, 1942
Sanford Thomas Gaum Born Aug. 19, 1945
Jack Allan Gaum Born April 4, 1947

When he was born in Kozhanhorodok, Belarus, he was named Menasha Lazer Latucha after two of his deceased relatives. In the Jewish tradition, a child was always named after a loved one who had departed. It is my opinion that Menasha was the name of his grandfather Yitzchok Latucha's brother. After he immigrated to Canada in 1910 with his mother Fratka and his brother Benny, his English name became Maurice Louis Gaum. His friends and relatives called him Maurice. My mother called him "Moe" and my brothers and I called him "Dad." His brother Benny would joke with us and ask us "Where's your Old Man?"

Despite the fact that it has been several years since my father passed away, whenever I think of him I picture him as he was when he was a vibrant young man. Always a big smile and fully dressed at all times with a shirt, tie, and hat. His shoes were always polished, and he sometimes judged a person by the condition of their shoes. If they were dirty or not shined, he considered the person lazy. He always smelled clean and was immaculate in his grooming. I can still smell the Mennen Skin Bracer after shave lotion that he wore. He didn't dab it on, he poured it on from the bottle and splashed it over his face! We would kid him about the under arm deodorant he used called "Odorono." It came in one size, one colour, and one smell. It was a sticky white cream in a small four ounce bottle that he happened to sell in his grocery store. He would scoop it out and paste it under his arms. The container

lasted about a week. It was a good thing that he owned the store and the merchandise. Even though he was a merchant and did hard physical work, his hands and his finger nails were always scrubbed clean.

He had a tremendous sense of humour that he inherited from his father Shaiya. When he told a joke and he came to the punch line he would laugh the loudest. He was always a very articulate person with a strong command of the English language. He was an educated and well read person and was always abreast of the world news and current events.

He was not an outwardly affectionate person as I remember him. He loved his family but was not one to display it with hugs and kisses as his brother Benny did. He showed his love in the pride he displayed when his sons did well in school and university. He was not a physical person but you could always feel his love and caring. He was however, a very sentimental person and had a very soft heart. If any of us were leaving for university, I have witnessed him, on numerous occasions, breaking down and crying. He was not only proud of his wife and children, he was also proud of his only brother Benny and his mother and father. As I grew up, I remember him talking about his father Shaiya and the wonderful sense of humour he had and the things that he did and accomplished. He would never approach his mother and kiss her or touch her and show his love for her as I have witnessed his brother Benny doing on many occasions. He loved her very much but his makeup was of a completely different nature.

He also had and displayed a bad temper at times. Through the years I saw him loose control of his temper when things upset him. On one occasion, I observed a particularly heated argument between him and his brother Benny. We were in Grandma's house on a Friday night and the Shabbos (Sabbath) candles were on the table in the kitchen. During the argument, to emphasize his anger, he pounded on the table with a tea cup until it shattered. Grandma forced herself between them trying to diffuse the situation. It was over as fast as it began. He didn't love his brother any less, but that was his nature and it only lessened as he grew older and mellowed with age. This was one aspect of his personality of which there were many facets. This was my father as I remember him, and taking everything into consideration, he was an individual who will be remembered by his four sons with fondness and with love.

He was a strict and disciplined person, having grown up himself in a similar environment. His father was also a man from the old school and his word was law, and this was how my father and his brother Benny were raised.

He believed in getting plenty of sleep. Early to bed and early to rise was an old adage he and his mother adhered to. However, his father Shaiya loved to stay up till three or four o'clock in the morning reading and then sleeping late in the morning. My father believed that plenty of sleep prepared one with a sound mind and body for the next working day. As we grew older, even when attending high school, as nine o'clock struck, all radios and television sets ceased to function. Even if the old time favourite "Dragnet" with Jack Webb was on. We went to bed whether we liked it or not. Try telling a teenager today to go to bed at nine o'clock!

He could be very sarcastic at times as well as funny and had several expressions he would repeat. Many were in Yiddish. One of them I remember was something along these lines; "You can't make a beautiful challah²¹ from a piece of dirt." The Yiddish sounded like "meken nit machen fun dreck a cailech (a fancy challah)." Another meaning loosely translated would be, "You can't make a Rhode scholar from a jerk."

My brother Jack tells me that another Yiddish expression Dad used and taught him, was as follows: If someone was engaged in a conversation with my father and they happened to say "if," as in "if I had this," or "if I had that," my father would answer in Yiddish.

"Ober mein bobba vot hobben feir redder vot tse zeine a vogen."

Translated, it meant "If my grandmother had four wheels, she would have been a wagon."

If my father was in a very sarcastic mood, he would use the following expression: "Ober mein bobba vot hobben batesem vortz tse zeine mein zadah."

Translated, it meant, "If my grandmother had the proper anatomical parts she would have been my grandfather."

Jack also reminds me that Dad had some very interesting quotations that he would use from time to time, and these are ones that we remember best:

1. If a job is worth doing, it's worth doing well.
2. They're living in the lap of luxury.

²¹ Bread.

3. Penny wise and pound foolish.

He was born in Kozhanhorodok, Belarus, in 1907, and he was three years old when he came to Canada in 1910 with his mother and brother. His father Shaiya had made the trip several months prior to their arrival. With the exception of a few years that he, his brother and his parents lived in Boston, he resided for most of his life in Sydney, Cape Breton. In the 1980s, when he became ill with Alzheimer's disease, he was forced to move to Toronto so that we would be able to look after and care for him. He didn't like Toronto, and he always insisted that he would return to his home in Cape Breton.

Sydney, Cape Breton Island, was where he grew up with his family, which included his mother, father, brother, uncles and aunts. Life was very difficult at first when they arrived in Sydney in 1910. He could not speak English, but he did speak Yiddish and some Polish and Belarusian. His mother Fratka would take a handful of ground beef, enough to feed a small child, and by adding various ingredients such as flour and bread, would make meat balls that fed four people and were fit for a king. However, on some days there was very little food and on other days there was none.

His father Shaiya was a saver, and with his frugality and hard work they eventually acquired a thriving business in Whitney Pier called "Gaum's Popular Store." There were two main sections to the store. The one on the left, as you viewed it from Victoria Road, was the variety and grocery section. The section on the right was Shaiya's meat market. He was a meat cutter, and he taught my father the trade as well. My father never liked the term "butcher" and said that this referred to the person who slaughtered the animal and not the one who professionally cut and prepared the meat.

During the few years that my father and his family lived in Boston, which was during the first World War of 1914 - 1918, the school children had what was referred to as "Victory Gardens." They had small plots and would grow various vegetables in them. Dad said he grew carrots, and one in particular was growing extremely large. Every day he would go down to the garden and push away the earth from the top to take a look at it. He said it was as big as a fist, and he was very excited because in a few weeks a committee would judge the vegetables to award a prize. He knew he had a winner and couldn't wait for the judging day to arrive. This was the day he would pick the carrot and put it on display. The day arrived, and dad went to the garden ready to pick the prize winner. He bent down, as he usually did, and was about to expose the carrot when to his dismay all he saw was a very large hole in the ground. Someone had stolen his prize!.

I have often heard my Uncle Benny tell the story of a racing competition that Dad was involved in at a time when he was about ten or eleven years old. According to Uncle Benny, Dad was a good runner and was expected to win this race. It took place on Victoria Road in the 1920s, when the road was not paved but was covered with a layer of ash or coal, no doubt from the coke ovens. The race was on and Dad was in the lead, several lengths ahead of his competitors. It appeared as if he would hit the finish line first, when all of a sudden Dad's sneaker fell off. Undaunted, Dad continued to run, but the ash and cinders were too much for his feet and he had to stop and unfortunately lost the race. This event must have been a significant milestone in their lives, because uncle Benny would repeat this story on many occasions.

In his early teens, Dad went to Dalhousie University to begin his studies in medicine. His interests lay elsewhere, and he told me he really wanted to study horticulture. His pursuit of medicine was largely due to his parents. They desperately wanted to see one of their children enter this profession. He studied at Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia, but did not like the sciences, and after his first year decided not to return. He eventually opened a grocery store next to his parents at 836 Victoria Road and he called it "The Little Red Store." In later years he opened a branch in Reserve Mines between Sydney and Glace Bay. He also established his wholesale grocery on Victoria Road and called it "The Community Wholesale Grocers." He was a good businessman and ran everything strictly by the book. He was meticulous in his purchasing practices and knew the art of buying as well as selling his products.

On one occasion when Dad was working in the Little Red Store in Reserve Mines, a native Indian approached him and offered to play three tunes on his violin for 25 cents. My dad agreed and asked him his name. The Indian told him Joe Marshall. Dad, ever the kibbitzer, said: "Here's 50 cents. I'm sure you're related to my wife's family in Glace Bay and I don't want them to think I'm cheap." Even Dad's manager, Duncan Gillis laughed at that one.

It was 1936, and the Maritime Jewish Community was very closely knit. Families from Glace Bay and Sydney mingled side by side at various social functions.

Dad was attending one of the dances when he saw a beautiful young woman. She was very popular, dancing every dance as the evening progressed. He had been to several functions in the past

but had not seen this woman before. He asked a young man who was sitting next to him if he knew who she was.

"Yes," the man replied. "Her name is Sarah, and she is my sister."

The young man was Sam Marshall, and his sister would one day become my mother.

My father wasted no time in asking Sarah to dance. A date soon followed and in a few months he proposed. Sarah accepted and the rest is history. It was truly a whirlwind romance.

The wedding took place in Glace Bay on March 1, 1936. It was a black tie affair. My mother wore a long, beautiful white gown, and my dad wore a top hat and tails. When he looked at himself in the wedding picture in later years, he always remarked that he looked like the singer and entertainer, Ted Lewis, who popularized the song "Me and My Shadow." The wedding was also written up in the Sydney Post Record, accompanied by their photo. This was the first time that the local newspapers had ever carried such an event.

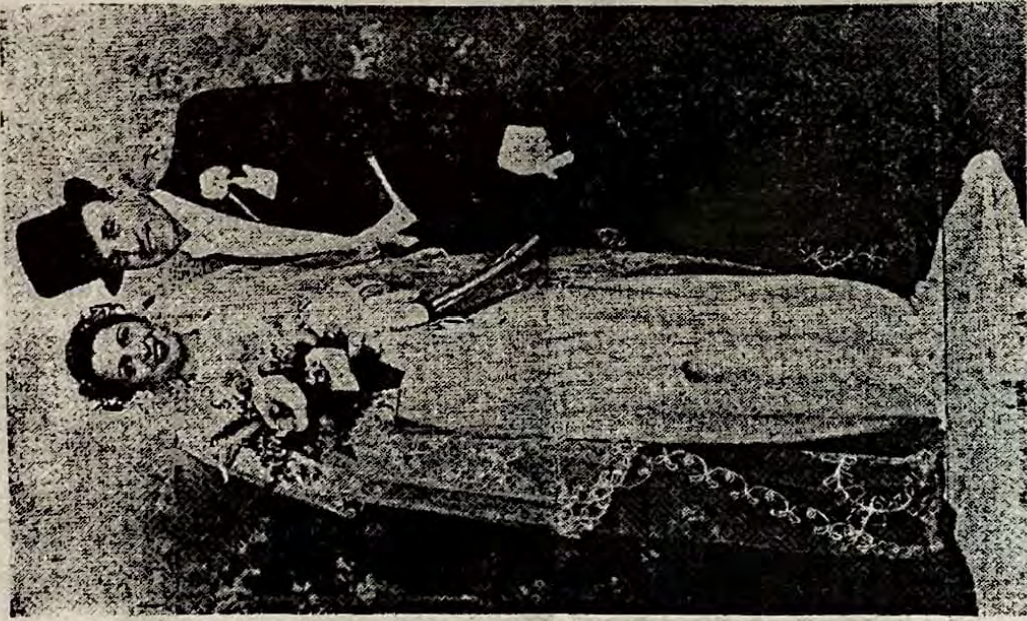
The honeymoon was a trip to Bermuda, the first time my mother had ever travelled or left Cape Breton Island. It was also a business trip for Dad as he was looking into an import-export venture at the time. My father was no fool. He is probably the only person to have ever written his honeymoon off as a business expense.

In the early 60s when he retired after 40 years in business, his reputation as an astute buyer was known by salesmen and other business acquaintances alike, and he was offered a position with one prestigious company as their buyer. He declined, but he did work for his brother Benny in the Sydney Mines store, which was called the "Lucky Groceteria." He worked here for a few years until approximately 1964, when he gave up the grocery business for good. He still got a kick out of shopping in the various supermarkets both in Sydney and when he came to visit in Toronto. When I would accompany him on some of these shopping expeditions, he would say to me, "Look at the price of this article. That's no bargain...expensive as hell."

It was in the early 20s, and Benny and Maurice were two young boys helping their mother and father in the store. Business was good at 842 Victoria Road where Shaiya and Fratka ran "Gaum's Popular Store." The busiest time was Christmas, and Dad and Uncle Benny were both behind the counter for the big Christmas rush. The store was packed with customers. There wasn't room to move. There wasn't even a place to stand. People were buying one article after another; groceries,

THE ROYAL PRINT & LITHO LIMITED, HALIFAX, N.S.

Married In Glace Bay



MR. AND MRS. MAURICE L. GAUM

A wedding of much interest to a wide circle of friends in Cape Breton was solemnized at the Talmud Torah Building on March 1st when Miss Sarah Marshall, daughter of Mrs. Rose Marshall and the late Mr. Louis Marshall of Glace Bay, became the bride of Mr. Maurice L. Gaum of Whitney Pier. Mr. and Mrs. Gaum have left on a several week's honeymoon to New York and Bermuda.

The marriage of Maurice L. Gaum and his bride Sarah Marshall took place in Glace Bay, Cape Breton, on March 1, 1936.

The picture and the accompanying article were published in the Sydney Post Record. This was the first time that a photograph of a local wedding was ever printed.

The copies of the newspaper were completely sold out!

GAUM-MARSHALL

The marriage of Miss Sarah Marshall, daughter of the late Louis Marshall and Mrs. Marshall of Brookside street, to Mr. Maurice L. Gaum, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Gaum of Sydney, took place on Sunday evening in the Talmud Torah Hall on Prince street. Rabbi Welschblatt was assisted in performing the ceremony by Rabbi Karshenblatt of Glace Bay and Rabbi Bronstein of Sydney.

Effectively decorated in white to represent a lovely winter scene, the gently falling snowflakes being contrasted at intervals by gay touches of color, the hall was an attractive setting for the wedding.

Most impressive was the procession of the bridal party as they wended their way into the hall to the strains of wedding music from Wagner's "Lohengrin", played by the Lighter Orchestra. Leading the procession were the officiating clergymen, followed by the groomsmen, Dr. A. Gaum, a cousin of the groom, the bridegroom with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Gaum; the sponsors of the bridegroom, Mr. and Mrs. Benny Gaum; the maid of honor, Miss Rita Marshall, sister of the bride; the bridesmaids, Miss Libby Gaum and Miss Fanny Marshall; the sponsors of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Ike Marshall of Halifax; the bride with her mother and brother, Mrs. I. Marshall and Mr. Sam Marshall; the little page boy, Master Arnold Feder of Sydney; and the flower girls, Evelyn Moraff, Eleanor Gaum and Shirley Perlin, dainty in their frocks of pastel hues. Mr. Albie Gaum of Sydney and Mr. Hymie Clipin were the ushers.

White crepe satin was chosen by the lovely bride for her wedding gown, made on graceful lines with long train, and featuring the Queen Anne pleated collar. Her full length veil of exquisite lace fell from a halo of tiny orange blossoms, and she carried a sheaf of Calla lilies.

Miss Rita Marshall, maid of honor for her sister, wore an attractive gown of corn color silk net, which with the gowns of the bridesmaids, Miss Libby Gaum in maize chiffon and Miss Fanny Marshall in shell pink moire, added a pleasing colorful note to the ensemble. All three attendants carried bouquets of roses to match their gowns.

Mrs. L. Marshall, mother of the bride, was attired in a gown of black chiffon; Mrs. S. Gaum, the groom's mother was also gowned in black chiffon; Mrs. Benny Gaum wore black net, and Mrs. Ike Marshall's gown was of purple transparent velvet.

Many friends were present at the reception which followed the ceremony. The bride's table was lovely with flowers and silver tapers and was centered by the large wedding cake with its artistic decorations, silver horseshoe for good luck, and its tiny bride and groom. During the latter part of the evening, dancing was enjoyed to the excellent music of the Lighter Orchestra.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaum left on Monday morning for New York whence they will sail to spend a month in Bermuda. For travelling, the bride wore a smart swagger outfit of brown, with hat and accessories in corresponding tone. On their return, Mr. and Mrs. Gaum will reside in Sydney.

Out of town guests at the wedding included Mr. and Mrs. I. Lefman of New York and Mr. and Mrs. Ike Marshall of Halifax.

cups, saucers, men's caps, tobacco and candy. Gliddens Paint by the gallon was going like hot cakes. When the customer made his purchase and left the store, they would be wishing Merry Christmas, Happy New Year to all. Dad would respond, "Yes, Merry Christmas, and many more. Thank you for shopping at our store."

Uncle Benny would wish them "Happy New Year and come again." Finally when the crowd began to dissipate and to thin out, they slowly began to realize that they had been greeting each other. Uncle Benny was hollering, "Merry Christmas," and on the other side of the store dad was responding, "Same to you and many more." They related this story for many years when they reminisced about the old days and always had a hearty laugh over it.

In the 1920s, groceries were delivered by horse and wagon, referred to as the "team." The name "Teamsters Union," was derived from this name, and large trucks were only used in later years for transporting supplies. In Cape Breton, when the family ran the grocery business, there were no set business hours--no nine to five as we know it today. There were no labour laws existing either. You worked, and when the last customer went home, you closed the store. Dad told me that the Pier store and the Red Store in Reserve Mines were the first to organize work days and business hours. This was innovative for the area and certainly something new for Cape Breton and Nova Scotia. In later years other stores and businesses followed this practice as well, especially when unions began to appear.

When I think of Dad and his years in business during the 1950s, I marvel at his innovative style and the progressive steps he took in merchandising groceries back then. If one lives in Ontario today, the name "Loblaws" and their former president Dave Nichols are certainly familiar household words. Everyone seems to constantly compliment Nichols for his tremendous business sense and how he introduced the "Presidents Choice" brands to the company. They may be right but I know something they don't know....

Dad introduced his own brands 40 years ago in Cape Breton, about the time Dave Nichols was 5 years old.

Dad would purchase tea in bulk and have it shipped from England to Sydney. It would come in large wooden containers about four feet square, and he would deliver it from "Community Wholesale Grocers" to the "Little Red Store" in Reserve Mines. His staff would then fill one-pound bags that he had made especially for the tea. The bags were bright canary yellow and the tea was called "Cup-O-

Cheer," a name he originated. On the bottom of the bag, the following words were printed: "*Packed Expressly for Community Wholesale Grocers, 836 Victoria Rd., Sydney N.S.*"

He was very active in the Home and School Association when we were youngsters attending the lower grades. He was liked and admired by the principal of Colby School, Miss Beatrice Greenwell. Dad thought highly of her as well and appreciated the fact that she was a strict disciplinarian. Students got away with absolutely nothing as long as they attended her school. On one occasion he volunteered his services for an auction that took place at the school to raise money for various activities. He was the auctioneer and things were going great, when someone from the audience hollered to him, "Hey Maurice, how much for your tie?" He was wearing a beautiful bright red woollen tie at the time. Without skipping a beat, he undid the tie, took it off his neck, held it up and said, "Five dollars, who will give me five dollars?" The tie was sold in no time, and this is probably one of the only times that Dad ever appeared in public not fully dressed.

He was a member of the Odd Fellows Fraternity and Lodge in Sydney, and in the 70s received his life membership for his many years of service.

Dad had a tremendously good sense of humour and loved to tell stories and jokes, just like his father Shaiya. Many times his humour was used to cover up his soft heartedness, or whenever a sad situation arose. On one particular occasion, we were visiting the cemetery on Lingan Road and the resting places of his father and brother. I recall that I was inside the cemetery gate, and dad had returned and was outside in the parking lot. It was a cold winter day, and the winds were enough to chill one to the bone. I was standing next to my grandfather Shaiya's grave, and I happened to look out over the small fence and caught my father's eye. I knew the sadness that was going through his mind, thinking of the old days when both his father and his brother were alive. However, he did not break down, but used his humour to soften, so to speak, the situation. He stared back at me, paused and said in a very strong voice, "Boy, is it ever cold here, wonder why they don't turn up the thermostat and give us more heat."

This was my father, joking on the outside, but in this particular case and at this particular time, crying on the inside.

My father became ill and started to fail as the 1980s approached. Gradual signs of Alzheimer's disease began to appear from time to time and eventually became more and more noticeable. At first

he forgot names. Then as time went on, confusion became more and more evident. Our family finally decided that he could no longer stay in Sydney, and despite the fact that he did not want to leave Cape Breton Island, we made the move and brought him and Mum to Toronto. It was not long before we realized that he would have to be admitted to a nursing home, as his health was deteriorating rapidly. In a matter of a few years this strong, vibrant man, who spent the better part of his life looking after and supporting his family, was now being nursed and attended to by his wife and sons. During the final months of his life, names and faces meant nothing to him. Except for brief moments, he was probably not aware of his surroundings. Despite this, when I would mention the names Fratka, Shaiya, Benny, and Whitney Pier to him, he would look at me intently and begin to cry. I truly believe that in some lucid moments, even at this stage of deterioration, he still remembered names and events from his past. However, on July 20th, 1990, his suffering finally ended and Maurice Louis Gaum passed way.

Rabbi Daniel Gottlieb, who was to officiate at the funeral services, asked me questions about Dad and his background. I gave him a copy of a letter that Dad had sent my brother Jack when he was in law school. Rabbi Gottlieb took the letter and read it to himself and then placed it down on the table, looked at me and said, "You don't have to tell me anything else about him. I now know who Maurice Gaum was. A loving, caring man who lived for his family."

The following is the contents of that letter:

June 18, 1971

Dear Son:-

When I received your father's day card and read the words that you had added below - I have to confess - I broke down and cried (from happiness). Cried for many reasons. Cried because my boys matured to the state of manhood and have made me feel so proud. Cried because we all have had such a good home life - appreciated by all, even when I displayed a strict discipline at times. Cried because I felt that I have accomplished some of the things I have aimed at for the comfort and pleasure of the family. Cried because the good Lord has blessed us with healthy physical and mental faculties. Cried for many, many other good reason (which I hope to relate to you some day).

-God bless you Son

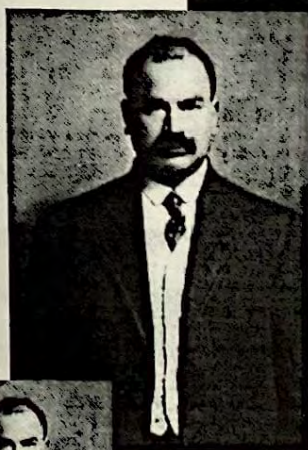
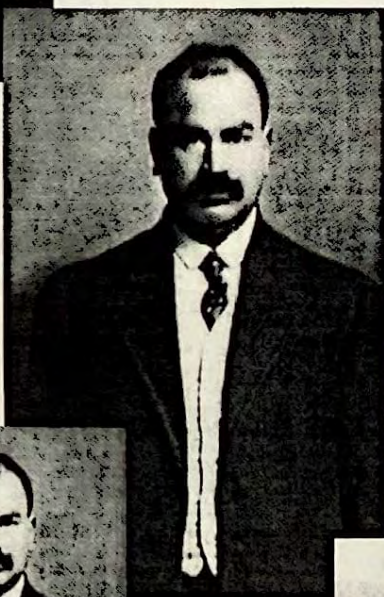
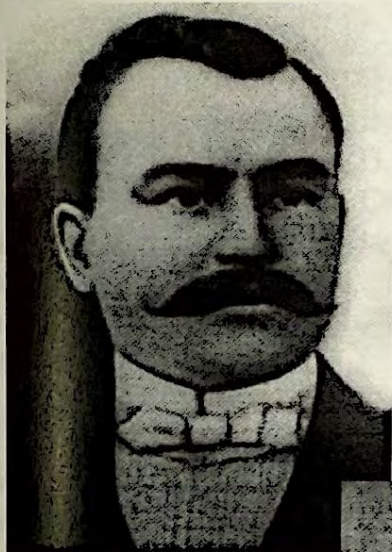
Love, As Always,

DAD

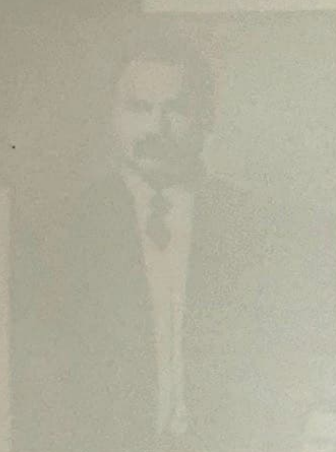
Some of these beautiful words were inscribed on his headstone as a lasting memorial to a man who enjoyed his life and his family and truly loved where he lived...his beloved Cape Breton Island.

Louis Marshall

1868 - 1933



Louis Marshall
1868-1933



ARYA LEIB MEISEL (LOUIS MARSHALL)

Born:	1868																								
Place:	Timkovitz, Byelorussia (Belarus)																								
Died:	December 23, 1933																								
Place:	Glace Bay, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia																								
Hebrew Name:	Arya Leib Bar Zelig																								
Yiddish Name:	Leib																								
English Name:	Louis																								
First Wife:	Sara Lipkus																								
Second Wife:	Riva (Rose) Morafchick																								
Family Name:	Meisel changed to Marshall																								
Parents:	Zelig and Sarah Meisel																								
Children:	<table> <tr> <th></th><th><u>Date Of Birth:</u></th></tr> <tr> <td>Sam Marshall...</td><td>1911</td></tr> <tr> <td>Reta Marshall Kolonel.....</td><td>1913</td></tr> <tr> <td>Sarah Marshall Gaum.....</td><td>1914</td></tr> <tr> <td>Fanny Marshall Dubinsky.....</td><td>1916</td></tr> <tr> <td>Joe Marshall</td><td>1917</td></tr> <tr> <td>Tommy Marshall</td><td>1919</td></tr> <tr> <td>Jack Marshall... ..</td><td>1921</td></tr> <tr> <td>Arthur Marshall.....</td><td>1922</td></tr> <tr> <td>Max Marshall</td><td>1924</td></tr> <tr> <td>Ettie Marshall Zweigman</td><td>1926</td></tr> <tr> <td>Ellie Marshall... ..</td><td>1927</td></tr> </table>		<u>Date Of Birth:</u>	Sam Marshall...	1911	Reta Marshall Kolonel.....	1913	Sarah Marshall Gaum.....	1914	Fanny Marshall Dubinsky.....	1916	Joe Marshall	1917	Tommy Marshall	1919	Jack Marshall... ..	1921	Arthur Marshall.....	1922	Max Marshall	1924	Ettie Marshall Zweigman	1926	Ellie Marshall... ..	1927
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Arya Leib Meisel was born in Timkovitz, Belarus. When he immigrated to Glace Bay, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, he was known by his adopted English name Louis Marshall. He came to Canada around 1899, just before the turn of the 20th Century and settled in the mining town of Glace Bay. He was accompanied by his wife, Sara Lipkus, and their two year old son, Ike. She died in 1909. Louis was a very outgoing, friendly, gregarious person with a lot of personality that he displayed unendingly. This was in direct contrast to the shy reserved nature of his second wife, Riva Morafchick. Louis was a tailor by trade and apparently a very good one. He eventually opened a clothing store on Commercial Street in Glace Bay and the business is still running to this day as the "S and E Marshall Company" under the management and ownership of Louis' youngest son Ellie.

He loved music, and opera was his favourite. He loved to imitate the popular tenor, Enrico Caruso and would walk around the house singing at the top of his voice. He enjoyed his daughter Reta's musical talents and her ability to play the violin. He made sure that she took proper violin lessons and was extremely proud when she was to perform in a recital at the Savoy Theatre. He attended the performance accompanied by his wife Riva and his daughter Sarah. He was proud of all of his children, and he loved them very much. They were equally important to him and this also included his son Ike. The family was together on one particular occasion, and during a discussion, my mother Sarah referred to Ike as her "stepbrother." Louis looked sternly at Sarah and said, "No. He is your brother, and don't refer to him in any other way."

There's no doubt that he loved his son Ike, but he was not pleased with his behaviour or the path that his life was taking. His wife Riva was a shy woman and spent most of her day cooking and caring for her young children. Ike was already a teenager, and although he liked her, he never established a true mother-son relationship with her. This left him with little maternal guidance. For most of the time Ike was on his own. Louis saw that Ike was not ambitious. He did not finish school, and he wasn't particularly fussy about making a living. Louis would constantly berate him, and there would be hollering and condemnation in the late night hours when Ike would finally return home. It was in the 1920's and prohibition was at its peak. Ike was dating non-Jewish girls at this time--something that was not accepted or tolerated by his father Louis. He was also involved in rum running or selling of illegal liquor. Ike always had an endless supply, and he eventually became an alcoholic. Because of the life style he chose, Ike was a disappointment to his father. Despite this, his father still tried to provide for him, and at one point when he was about twenty-six years old, Louis opened up a dairy store for Ike to run. He didn't do a very good job, and most of the time he was never around to bother with the business. My mother Sarah, who was eleven years old at this time, recalls that one day Ike left her in charge of the store. On this occasion she sold cream for the price of milk, a quart for the price of a pint, and in general a disaster ensued. It didn't bother Ike at all. He was too busy selling and drinking liquor.

Despite his faults, my mother remembers that her brother Ike truly loved his brothers and sisters and spent a great deal of time with them. He had a camera and was always taking pictures of them. One of the surviving photographs of six of the children clearly illustrates Ike's painstaking efforts

to compose a beautiful family portrait. (See "Our Family Album," Family Page: 4, photo #19) I think this depicts Ike's closeness to his siblings.

It was Armistice Day, 1918, the end of World War I, and Sarah, Sam, and Reta, were part of the Victory parade. They travelled along Commercial Street with Ike in his specially decorated car. They all wore costumes to celebrate this happy, momentous occasion.

Reta was a brilliant student and once participated in a spelling match at school. Ike was very proud of her and attended the competition along with my mother. Reta didn't win first prize this time but she did come in second.

Ike made it a habit to take everyone for a ride in the country on Sunday. They would all pile into his car, cucumber sandwiches packed and would have a wonderful time. My mother recalled that whenever she smelled and ate cucumbers, she remembered with nostalgia, those happy days that occurred from time to time.

Louis, not wanting the same circumstances to befall his second son Sam, was extremely strict. My mother recalled that one evening when Sam was about sixteen years old, he had stayed out until about 11p.m. and Papa (as they called Louis) was ready to beat him with a rope. My mother frantically called Ike and told him what misfortune was about to befall her brother. Ike laughed, calmed her down, and said, "Sarah, he won't beat him. Don't worry."

He didn't beat him, and I am inclined to believe from my assessment of the story, that my grandfather was not a disciplinarian. He loved his children and didn't often punish them. Maybe that's why Ike turned out the way he did. Insufficient maternal guidance because his biological mother was dead, and a father who found it difficult to discipline his son. We will never know for certain. It's just the stories that we can tell.

Ike continued to sell bootleg liquor during prohibition, and on one occasion detective Dan Nicholson came to the house, made a search and found liquor that Ike had hidden. It must have been a never-ending struggle for Louis to keep his son Ike out of jail. In the early 30s, Louis had a long talk with a young Jewish boy from Sydney and tried to encourage him to get serious with a young Jewish girl from Glace Bay. The girl was Bessie Green, and the young man began to date her. One thing led to another, and she invited him to her home for dinner and to meet her parents. The Greens served herring for dinner, and the young man was mortified. Herring--nothing else. He thought of what his

mother would serve if the tables were reversed. His mother was such an excellent cook. Her tables would have been loaded with delicious cooking and baking. He was turned off, and the relationship soured. Little did Louie suspect, nor did he ever know that three years after his death this same young man from Sydney, Maurice Gaum, would fall in love and marry his own daughter Sarah. If it wasn't for my grandma Fratka's cooking and baking, and the Greens' herring, who knows where I'd be today. You certainly wouldn't be reading this book, I can tell you that much.

Fanny Dubinsky, Louis' daughter, always told the story of the occasion when her father took all of the children out on a Sunday afternoon for a drive. It was a beautiful day, and Louis very carefully backed the car out of the garage which also served as the barn and the chicken coop. He didn't want to run over any of the animals that shared their lodging with the family car every night. Carefully he pulled out onto Brookside Street and then onto Commercial Street. First one pedestrian turned and starred at the car as it passed, then another. Finally a crowd of people began pointing and staring. Why were they staring? Louis and the kids couldn't understand. It wasn't any special car just a plain old Model T. Louis opened the window and poked his head out. What was all the fuss about?

"Hey, Mr. Marshall," yelled one of the bystanders, "what are the three chickens doing on the roof of your car?"

It was a Sunday drive that Aunt Fanny and the rest of the family would never forget.

My mother remembered her father as a very outgoing person, very personable and very friendly. He was always willing to help people and was a very giving and caring person. When his son Ike married Sarah Valinsky, she had a son Saul, a first grandson for Louis. He was very proud, and he immediately purchased a new carriage and wheeled it all the way up Commercial Street to Chapel Hill where Ike and Sarah lived.

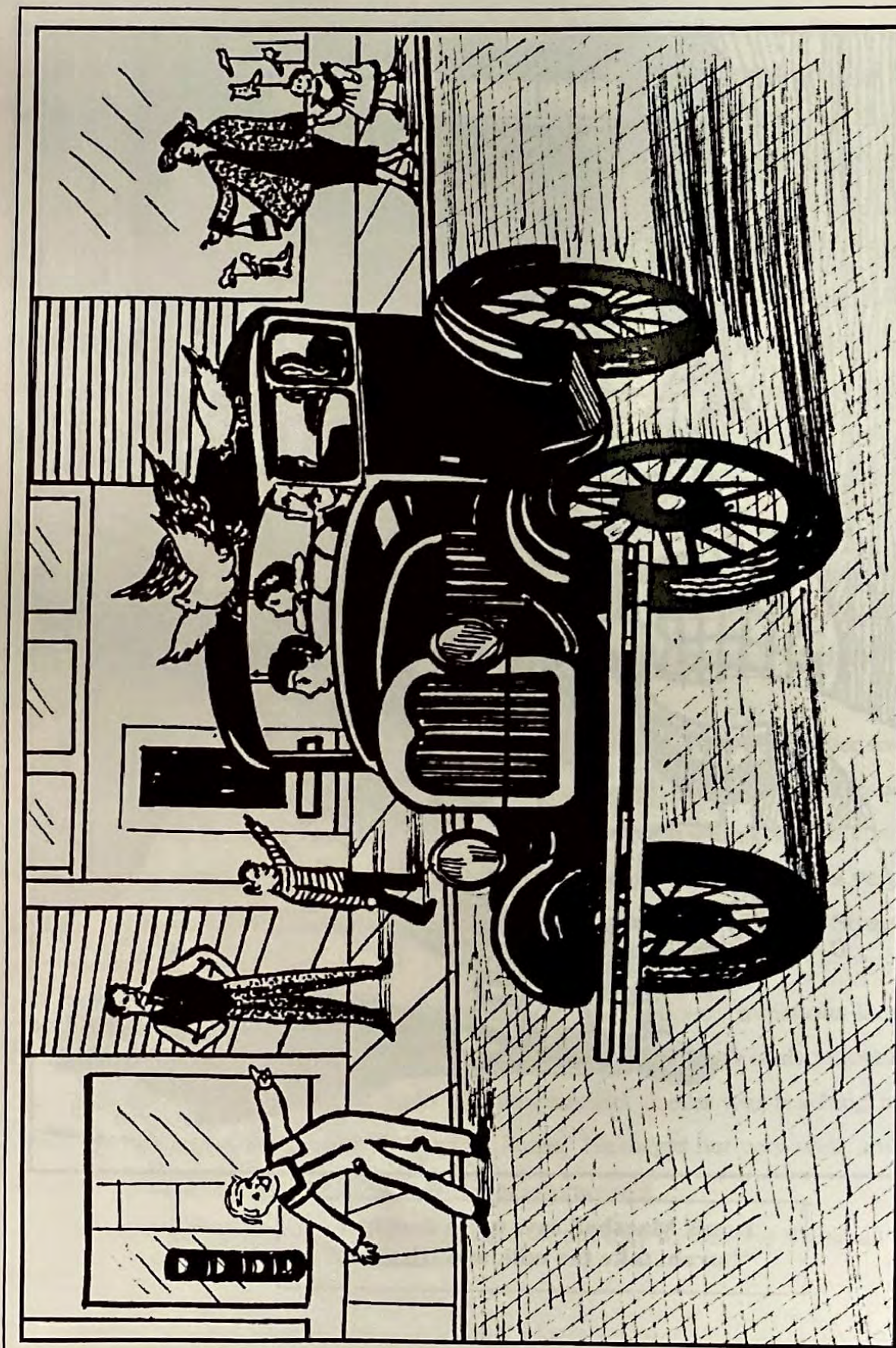
My mother often told me that her father had a distinct and very infectious laugh and that her brother Ellie not only reminds her of her father physically but that his laugh is also identical.

The year was about 1925, and Sarah was ten years old. Louis was teaching her how to milk the cow that they kept in the barn at the back of the house. He taught her very well, and it appears that she was the only child who had developed this skill or to practise it.

"Sarah," said her father, "when you milk the cow, put only so much in the small bucket at a time."



Louis Marshall says to his daughter,
"Sarah, take the milk and Gissarois"



“Hey, Mr. Marshall,” the people shout, “what are the chickens doing on the roof of the car?”

Sarah nodded her head in agreement. Louis meticulously milked the cow as Sarah watched. "She'll learn fast," he said to himself.

He filled the small bucket with milk and then handed it to his daughter. "Sarah," Louis said in Yiddish, "Gissarois."

In Yiddish this means "spill," or "pour it out."

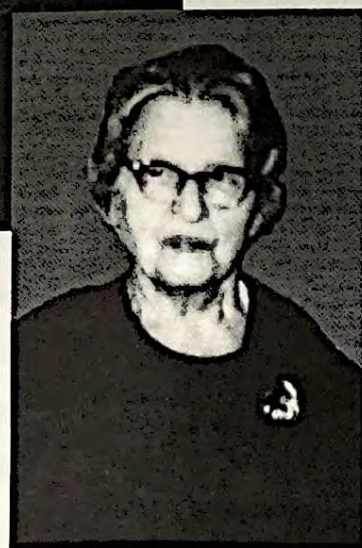
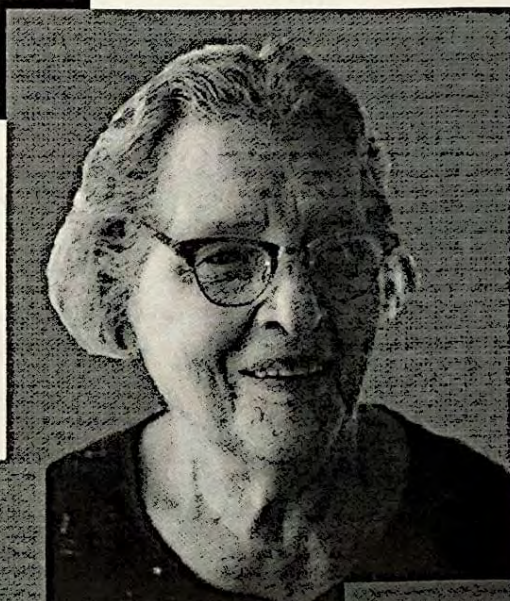
He waited for Sarah to walk over to the larger container by the door to empty the milk out. Sarah very carefully walked towards the barn door as Louis watched her open it. Then to his amazement she stepped back and "whoosh." She did what he had told her. "Gissarois." She "spilled" the milk out into the barn yard!

After a lengthy illness, Louis passed away on December 23, 1933. His grandchildren, Larry Gaum, Laurie Kolonel, and Leslie Zweigman would be named after him and in his memory.

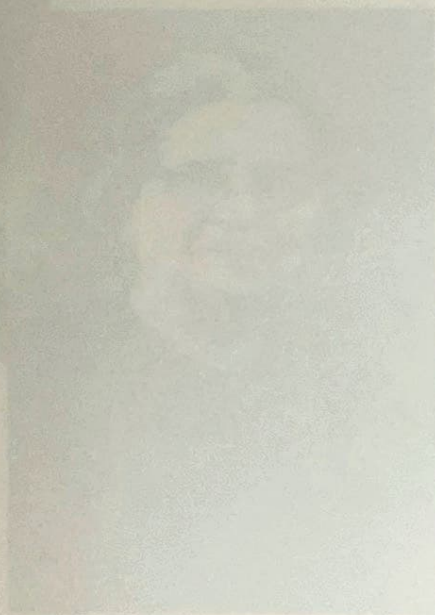


Riva (Rose) Marshall

1887 - 1975



Rev. (Mrs) Marshall
1887-1888



RIVA "ROSE" MARSHALL

Born: April 15, 1887
Place: Krasna Volya, Byelorussia (Belarus)
Died: September 3, 1975
Place: Glace Bay, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia
Hebrew Name: Riva (Rivkah) Bas Aaron v' Roshka
Yiddish Name: Riva
English Name: Rose
Maiden Name: Morafchick (Moravchik)
Married Name: Marshall
Parents: Aaron Moravchik and Roshka (Roshee) Hareg
Husband: Louis Marshall
Children:

	<u>Date Of Birth:</u>
Sam Marshall.....	1911
Reta Marshall Kolonel.....	1913
Sarah Marshall Gaum	1914
Fanny Marshall Dubinsky	1916
Joe Marshall	1917
Tommy Marshall	1919
Jack Marshall.....	1921
Arthur Marshall	1922
Max Marshall	1924
Ettie Marshall Zweigman	1926
Ellie Marshall.....	1927

I remember my maternal grandmother as a very beautiful woman. Even in her late 80s her skin was smooth and soft and she barely had a wrinkle. She was a heavy-set woman but rather tall for a female. She was the youngest child of six children (three sons and three daughters) born to Aaron and Roshka Morafchick, in Krasna Volya. In the late 1800s, this tiny village in Belarus was under Russian domination. Her older sisters and brothers were married and raising families when Riva was in her late teens and early 20s. Her mother passed away when she was 16 years old, and she remained living with her aging father Aaron. Krasna Volya as seen on old Polish and German maps appears to be the last small village at the end of a very rough road. The area is surrounded by a lot of swamps and muddy terrain (Blottas). She spoke about seeing lots of snakes in the swampy areas around her home. On occasion she did see a snake or two that had found its way into their small house which had earthen

floors. When my cousin, Leslie Zweigman was still in university studying Russian history, he recalls talking with her on one occasion as she spoke about life in Belarus. She was an educated woman, which was rare for young Jewish females at this time. She spoke of pogroms and uprisings that took place in the larger centres outside of her small shtetl. She was well read and knew what was happening with reference to world events in other areas of Russia and in other countries. Uprisings were taking place in Russia, Ukraine, and Poland, especially around 1905 as the Russian Revolution was just around the corner. Life was hard and the peasants were poor. Living conditions were bad, and in all of Russia poverty was at its highest in Belarus. Riva was a teacher and taught Hebrew and Yiddish to young children. She also sold small articles of clothing from her house in order to make ends meet. According to her son Elliot, she spoke, read, and wrote Russian as well. She, no doubt, was also familiar with Belarusian, which in itself was a distinct language. I remember her accent and it sounded more Russian than my Grandma Fratka. Fratka's accent sounded much more Polish or Ukrainian. Maybe it was because Riva was formally educated and Fratka was not. Another reason for the difference may have been the fact that Fratka's home was closer to the Polish and Ukrainian borders. Riva was born further north, not as close to the Ukraine or Poland, and closer to Russia.

The Morafchick family were educated people. They were involved in commerce, and several of them had civil service positions. Riva's father Aaron was a merchant and a court interpreter who served as a civil servant in a municipal or county office. He recorded and translated documents, as he no doubt wrote and spoke the Russian and Belarusian languages. Belarusian was based on the Slavic root and is very similar to the Polish and Ukrainian language. If one spoke it, they could also understand the other Slavic languages. Her father Aaron would leave home to go to work in Luninets. Riva often spoke of this larger town and used it as a landmark, so to speak, when describing where her shtetl of Krasna Volya was located. It seems that Luninets was a municipal or county office where official documents were kept. In a document given to me by cousin Eva Konick Pascoe, pertaining to her brother Louie's birth date and circumcision, the official county office is listed as Luninets. It was here that documents for Kozhanhorodok were kept. On the weekends Aaron would travel the twelve miles back to his home and his daughter Riva. Aaron's wife Roshka had passed away in 1903, when Riva was sixteen years old. Riva was the youngest and only child still at home. She looked after the home with the help of a housekeeper. It is interesting to note that it was a mere twelve miles from Krasna

Volya to Kozhanhorodok, where the Gaum family lived. Riva and Fratka did not know then that they would be related by the marriage of their children some twenty-six years in the future. They would also be separated by a mere twelve miles even in Canada--the approximate distance from Sydney to Glace Bay.

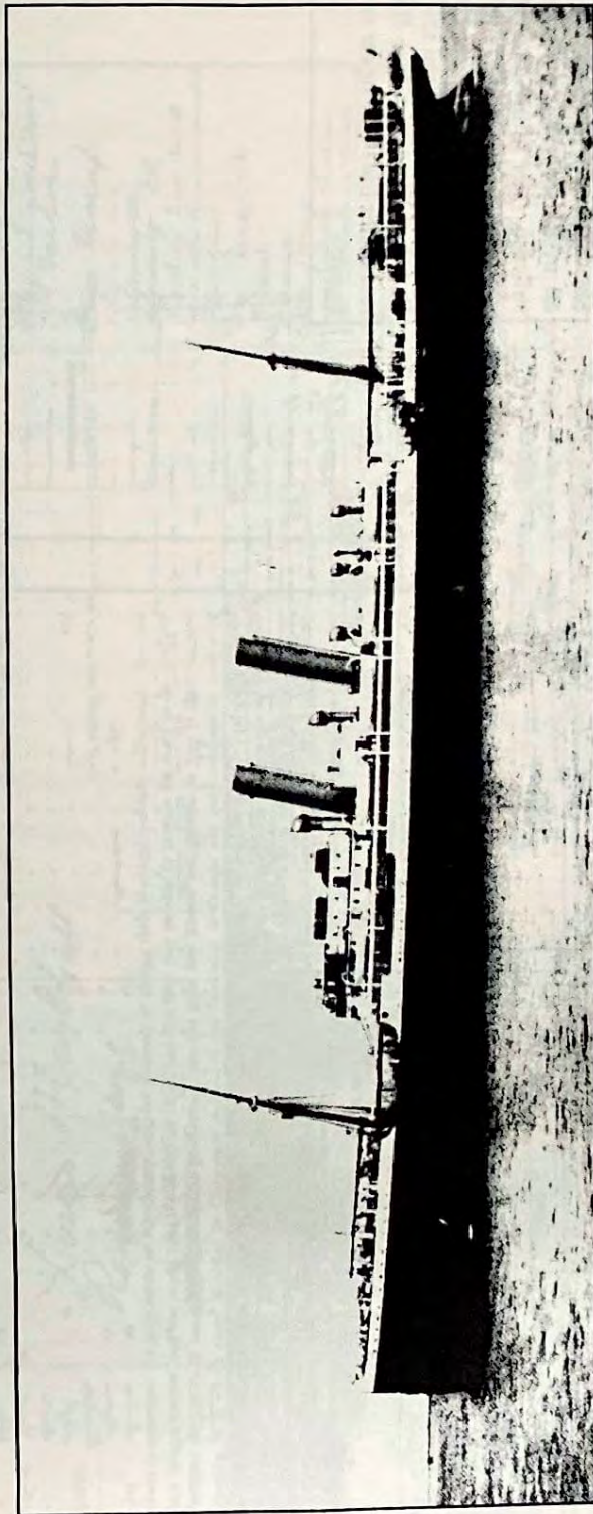
It was 1910 and Riva was leaving her home in Belarus and the small shtetl of Krasna Volya. She would leave behind her aging father Aaron and would never see him again. She was twenty-two years old and would be travelling with her nephew Hymie Morafchick (Moraff), the son of her brother Herschel. Hymie was about sixteen years old at the time and was not much younger than his aunt Riva. As the story is told, Hymie apparently got himself into some trouble with the government authorities because of a political demonstration he was involved in at his school. Rather than risk the chance of him ending up in jail, his parents asked Riva if she would take Hymie with her. She agreed, and they set out by horse and wagon for Luninets. From here they took a train to Warsaw, Poland and eventually arrived in Hamburg, Germany. On September 2, 1910, aboard the steamship **S.S. Prinz Adalbert**, they sailed across the Atlantic to the Port of Quebec, arriving on September 16. By train they travelled from Quebec to Sydney, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, where she was met by a cousin, Perel (Pearl) Moraff Gaum, the wife of Fratka Gaum's brother Louie. Riva stayed with Pearl for almost two months and was then introduced to a widower, Louis Marshall, from Glace Bay. Louis' young wife Sarah Lipkus had passed away, leaving him and his thirteen-year-old-son Ike. This widower was to become my maternal grandfather. Louis was born in the small shtetl of Timkovitz which is a small village 63 miles southwest of the city of Minsk in Belarus. Although Timkovitz is only 53 miles northwest of Krasna Volya, Louis and Riva never knew each other until they met in Canada.

Riva and Louis were married in Glace Bay, on November 6, 1910. On September 6, 1911, their first son Sam was born. She gave birth to ten more children. The youngest, Elliot, named after her uncle Elie Morafchick (Moraff), remained with her until the day she passed away. Her husband Louis was a tailor and a clothing merchant. In his early years in Glace Bay, he would travel far and wide to sell his wares. He travelled to Newfoundland, which in the 1900s was a British Colony. On occasion he would take his son Ike with him to sell the clothing. There were duties to be paid when clothing was brought into Newfoundland. On one particular trip in which his son accompanied him, Ike inadvertently slipped and fell while getting off the boat. When he tried to get up he couldn't and a



Riva Morafchick says good-bye to her father Aaron as her nephew Hymie waits by the wagon

S.S. PRINZ ADALBERT



On September 2, 1910, The S.S. Prinz Adalbert set sail from Hamburg, Germany, and arrived in Canada at the Port of Quebec on September 16, 1910. There was a total of 193 passengers. My grandmother Rose Marshall and her nephew Hymie Moraff were among them. They had come from Krasna Volya, Belarus, to seek a new life in a strange land. Rose was 22 years old and was listed as Rivke Muravczik. Hymie was 18 years old and listed as Nachemie Muravczik. From Quebec, they travelled by train to Sydney, Cape Breton, and on this tiny Island they spent the rest of their lives. They never returned to the land of their birth.

MANIFEST

SHIP'S NAME	MASTERS NAME	DATE OF DEPARTURE	DATE OF ARRIVAL	WHEEL HOUSE
PRINZ ADALBERT	M. Dargatz	5/16/19	12/15/19	Quartz

THIS VESSEL IS TO BE INSPECTED BY THE IMMIGRATION AGENT AT PORT OF LANDING

SS. PRINZ ADALBERT

Master: M. Dargatz

First Officer: M. Dargatz

Second Officer: M. Dargatz

Third Officer: M. Dargatz

Fourth Officer: M. Dargatz

Fifth Officer: M. Dargatz

Sixth Officer: M. Dargatz

Seventh Officer: M. Dargatz

Eighth Officer: M. Dargatz

Ninth Officer: M. Dargatz

Tenth Officer: M. Dargatz

Eleventh Officer: M. Dargatz

Twelfth Officer: M. Dargatz

Thirteenth Officer: M. Dargatz

Fourteenth Officer: M. Dargatz

Fifteenth Officer: M. Dargatz

Sixteenth Officer: M. Dargatz

Seventeenth Officer: M. Dargatz

Eighteenth Officer: M. Dargatz

Nineteenth Officer: M. Dargatz

Twentieth Officer: M. Dargatz

Twenty-first Officer: M. Dargatz

Twenty-second Officer: M. Dargatz

Twenty-third Officer: M. Dargatz

Twenty-fourth Officer: M. Dargatz

Twenty-fifth Officer: M. Dargatz

Twenty-sixth Officer: M. Dargatz

Twenty-seventh Officer: M. Dargatz

Twenty-eighth Officer: M. Dargatz

Twenty-ninth Officer: M. Dargatz

Thirtieth Officer: M. Dargatz

Thirty-first Officer: M. Dargatz

Thirty-second Officer: M. Dargatz

Thirty-third Officer: M. Dargatz

Thirty-fourth Officer: M. Dargatz

Thirty-fifth Officer: M. Dargatz

Thirty-sixth Officer: M. Dargatz

Thirty-seventh Officer: M. Dargatz

Thirty-eighth Officer: M. Dargatz

Thirty-ninth Officer: M. Dargatz

Fortieth Officer: M. Dargatz

Forty-first Officer: M. Dargatz

Forty-second Officer: M. Dargatz

Forty-third Officer: M. Dargatz

Forty-fourth Officer: M. Dargatz

Forty-fifth Officer: M. Dargatz

Forty-sixth Officer: M. Dargatz

Forty-seventh Officer: M. Dargatz

Forty-eighth Officer: M. Dargatz

Forty-ninth Officer: M. Dargatz

Fiftieth Officer: M. Dargatz

This is a copy of the official Manifest of the S.S. Prinz Adalbert, September 2, 1910. My grandmother Riva (Rose) Marshall was one of the 193 passengers. She was listed as "Rivke Muravczik," 22 years old, maid servant (domestic). At this time she was accompanied by her nephew Hymie Moraff, son of her brother Herschel. She carried fifty dollars in a purse and all of her worldly possessions in a suitcase. Her religious denomination was listed as "Hebrew" and her destination "Sydney." Less than two months after her arrival she was married and lived in Glace Bay for the rest of her life. She never saw Belarus again.

NAME	AGE	SEX	RELATIONSHIP	STATUS
1915	19	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1916	18	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1917	17	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1918	16	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1919	15	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1920	14	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1921	13	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1922	12	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1923	11	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1924	10	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1925	9	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1926	8	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1927	7	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1928	6	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1929	5	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1930	4	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1931	3	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1932	2	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1933	1	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1934	0	F	Daughter	DETAINED

NAME	AGE	SEX	RELATIONSHIP	STATUS
1935	19	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1936	18	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1937	17	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1938	16	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1939	15	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1940	14	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1941	13	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1942	12	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1943	11	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1944	10	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1945	9	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1946	8	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1947	7	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1948	6	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1949	5	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1950	4	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1951	3	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1952	2	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1953	1	F	Daughter	DETAINED
1954	0	F	Daughter	DETAINED

St. 25544

Province of Nova Scotia,
MARRIAGE REGISTER.

L. J. Fraser
Lieutenant Governor

BY HIS HONOUR

The Honourable Duncan Cameron Fraser,
Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia,

Louis Marshall
Rosie Moray

Married

have determined to enter into the holy estate of Matrimony, and are desirous of having their Marriage solemnized; in order that such their honest desires may the more speedily have due effect, and that they may be able to procure the same to be lawfully solemnized without publication of banns, if so being, for good cause, gift and grant this Licence and faculty, as well to them the said parties contracting, as to all or every Minister or Clergyman resident in the Dominion of Canada and duly ordained or appointed according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church or Denominations to which he belongs, to solemnize and perform the same within the Province of Nova Scotia; Provided always, that by reason of any Absent, Consequence, Prior Marriage, or any other lawful cause, there be no legal impediment in this behalf; otherwise if any fraud shall appear to have been committed at the time of granting this Licence, either by false suggestions, or concealment of the truth, that then this Licence shall be null and void to all intents and purposes whatsoever.

Given under my hand and Seal at Arns, at Halifax.

By his Honour's Command.

J. J. Marshall
Deputy Provincial Secretary.

Given this *thirteenth* day
of *November* 1910.

Quincy Marshall
Minister of Marriage License at *Arns*
in the County of *Gloucester*

Province of Nova Scotia.

MARRIAGE REGISTER.

Date of Marriage	<i>November the 6th 1910</i>
Name of Bridegroom	<i>Gloucester</i>
Name of Bride	<i>Rosie Moray</i>
Place of Residence of Bridegroom	<i>Arns</i>
Place of Residence of Bride	<i>Arns</i>
Occupation of Bridegroom	<i>Gloucester</i>
Occupation of Bride	<i>Gloucester</i>
Place of Marriage	<i>Arns</i>
Name of Minister	<i>Gloucester</i>
Name of Witnesses	<i>Gloucester</i>
Name of Officiant	<i>Gloucester</i>
Name of Registrar	<i>Gloucester</i>
Name of Minister	<i>Gloucester</i>
Name of Witnesses	<i>Gloucester</i>
Name of Officiant	<i>Gloucester</i>
Name of Registrar	<i>Gloucester</i>

I hereby Certify, That the within named persons,
Louis Marshall of *Gloucester* and *Rosie Moray* of *Arns* were married under the within License, at *Arns* on the *Sixth* day of *November* 1910, according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the *Hebrew* *Customs*.

By me, *Louis Marshall*,
In presence of
S. Gam of *Gloucester* in the
County of *Arns*,
M. Moray of *Gloucester* in the
County of *Arns*.

Marriage Licence and Register of Louis Marshall/Rose Morafchick

The marriage of my maternal grandparents took place in Glace Bay, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia on November 6, 1910. My grandmother was listed as "Rosie Moroff" even though her parents' family name was written as Moravchik. In less than two months she became "Canadianized."

Another interesting note to the documents is that one of the witnesses is listed as S.Gam. This was my paternal grandfather Shaiya (Sam) Gaum, who spelled his name without the "u."

panic situation took place. Why? Ike was wearing about ten suits to avoid the duty and was so top heavy he couldn't move his arms or legs. His father Louis managed to get him to his feet just before someone from the British customs became suspicious. It was a close call but all went well. On another trip Louis was gone for two weeks and they had no word of his whereabouts. The family thought he was missing or dead and never to be seen again. One day he just walked into the house and told them how financially successful the trip was. There was money to spend, and there would be food for the large family. Years later when the tailor-made suits gave way to the machine-made product, Louis opened a clothing store on Commercial Street in Glace Bay. He rented space for the store in the Markadonis Building. However, Louis and Riva owned the Black Diamond Pharmacy Building which was also on Commercial Street. They rented the main floor to the pharmacy and lived upstairs with their children. Louis always told Riva that whatever was to happen, no matter how bad things became financially, she was never to sell this building or the land. She never did, and when he died in 1933, the clothing store was moved to the Black Diamond Building. In the 1950s this structure was torn down and replaced with a new building where Marshall's Clothing Store continued to operate. Because of Riva, the building and store have remained in the Marshall Family to this very day. "Marshall's Clothing Store" was their life-line. It clothed and fed them through good and bad times. When the 1930s rolled around, Louis became ill and was eventually bedridden. His illness and slow deterioration was due to an oesophageal constriction. Some members of the family believe that it was more than a constriction of the oesophagus and that he was suffering from throat cancer.²² As well as looking after her large brood, Riva nursed her husband day and night. During the final years of his life, he could not take food by mouth and it was her duty to feed him through an artificial opening in his stomach. Sam, at twenty years old, now had to become head of the household. He gave up school and worked in the store. He was to remain a clothing merchant for the rest of his life and would never leave Glace Bay. Louis passed away on December 23, 1933, at the age of sixty-five years, leaving Riva a widow with ten children. The house the family lived in was 70 Brookside Street. Riva and her son Sam, along with others members of the family, kept the clothing store going and managed to make a living and to support the family. The store gave them the income for food, clothing, and education. Times were

²² It may have been some variant of Chron's Disease.

very difficult and there weren't many luxuries. Riva was a survivor, emotionally strong, raising all of her children and maintaining the business as well.

I remember her as a beautiful, intelligent woman who taught herself to read and to write English. On many occasions I would watch her reading the local newspaper. Slow and meticulously her finger would follow along underlining every word as she read aloud. She kept abreast of all current events and knew what was happening in every part of the world. I recall that she had a tremendous memory and knew the dates of birth of all of her children and grandchildren. When the Second World War broke out, her sons Tommy and Jack volunteered for service. Jack served with the Royal Canadian Army joining the North Shore New Brunswick Regiment. Tommy was a pilot officer in the Royal Canadian Air Force and was killed in a plane crash in Belleville, Ontario, while serving as an instructor at the Trenton Air Force Base. Riva was to lose three other children during her life-time as well. Her son Joe died when he was five years old. Arthur, who was named after her father Aaron, died in 1951, and her son Sam died in 1961.

My grandma Riva had some interesting expressions which came about as the result of her transliterating one language from another. One such expression was "Ott Mind you." Loosely translated it meant something like "well you don't say," or "seriously, is that a fact?" Ellie's wife Helen, after hearing this expression on numerous occasions, asked her husband why his mother kept saying "Auto Manager" every time someone spoke to her.

When her son Jack was living in Newfoundland and they spoke on the phone, he would say to her, "Ma, when are you coming to visit us?"

Riva knew that she would not be making trips to Newfoundland, as it was too difficult for her to travel at that time. However, she was very careful not to insult anyone or to hurt anyone's feelings, so she would always answer "Soon dear, soon."

My grandma Riva always had great faith in me as her first grandson. There were times during my younger school years when I would procrastinate, not study, and do poorly in my work. Naturally my parents would berate me, but Grandma would always say, "Leave him alone. He's a good boy. He'll be O.K. and he'll do well."

Thank you Grandma. I never forgot.

She remained in her house on 70 Brookside Street with her youngest son Ellie and his family. He cared for her and saw to her comforts as she grew older. On September 3, 1975, at the age of eighty-eight, she passed away.

The Marshall Family



Ellie
Born, 1927



Sam
Born, 1911



Ettie
Born, 1926



Reta
Born, 1913



Max
Born, 1924



Sarah
Born, 1914



Arthur
Born, 1922

Louis and Rose Marshall and Children



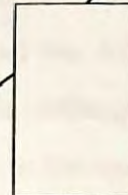
Jack
Born, 1921



Tommy
Born, 1919



Fanny
Born, 1916



Joe
Born, 1917



IKE MARSHALL

Born: Circa: 1897
Place: Timkovitz, Byelorussia (Belarus)
Died: 1966
Place: Halifax, Nova Scotia
Hebrew Name: Yitzchok Bar Arya Leib
Parents: Louis Marshall and Sarah Lipkus
Wife: Sarah Valinsky
Children: Saul Marshall

Ike was a half brother to Louis and Riva Marshall's children. In his later years Ike lived with his wife and son in Halifax, Nova Scotia. When my mother Sarah went to visit him in the hospital, he was very ill and had lost a lot of weight. She barely recognized him. During her visit, as she spoke to him, she observed that on his hand he was wearing "Papa's" ring. This was Louis Marshall's ring that he wore in his life time. She hadn't seen it since her father died in 1933, yet she recognized this distinct piece of jewellery. When she left his bedside she knew that she would not see him again. He died shortly after, in 1966. His son Saul died in the early 1980s.

SAM MARSHALL

Born: 1911
Place: Glace Bay, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia
Died: 1961
Place: Glace Bay, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia
Hebrew Name: Zelig Bar Arya Leib
Parents: Louis and Riva (Rose) Marshall
Wife: Sylvia Lerman
Children: Lorraine Marshall

Sam was named after his paternal grandfather Zelig. He was the oldest son of Louis and Rose. By occupation Sam was a retail clothing merchant and one of the proprietors of "Marshall's Clothing Store" on Commercial Street in Glace Bay. Sam married late in life and had one daughter, Lorraine, who lives in Toronto and works for the CBC Radio. As well as running his clothing store, he played the clarinet in one of the local bands in Glace Bay. He died of cancer in 1961 at the age of 50.

RETA MARSHALL KOLONEL

Born: 1913
Place: Glace Bay, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia
Hebrew Name: Roshka Bas Arya Leib v' Rivka
Parents: Louis and Riva (Rose) Marshall
Husband: Arthur Kolonel
Children: Inez Kolonel Rudman
Laurie Kolonel
Marty Kolonel

Reta is the oldest daughter and was named after her maternal grandmother Roshka. She was a brilliant student in school and in music. She plays violin, and in her younger years, before the talking motion pictures, performed in a group with several musicians, to create the musical "sound track" at the Russell Theatre in Glace Bay. Her husband Art passed away in 1982. Reta lives in Ottawa and in Florida.

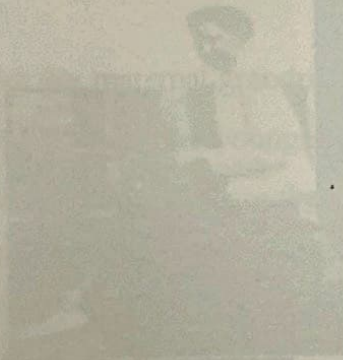
Sarah Marshall Gaum

1914 - 1995

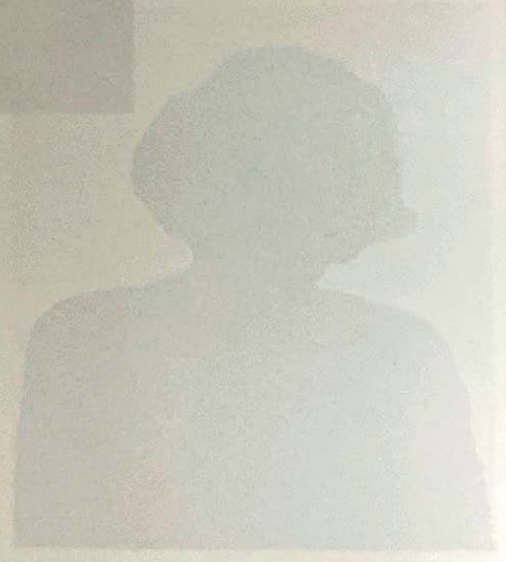


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1914-1915



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a time in Obrows and



SARAH MARSHALL GAUM

Born: March 2, 1914
Place: Glace Bay, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia
Died: November 25, 1995
Place: Toronto, Ontario
Hebrew Name: Sorah Bas Arya Leib v' Rivka
Parents: Louis and Riva (Rose) Marshall
Husband: Maurice Louis Gaum
Children: Lawrence Irving Gaum Born Sept. 2, 1938
Errol Franklin Gaum Born Aug, 15, 1942
Sanford Thomas Gaum Born Aug, 19, 1945
Jack Allan Gaum Born April 4, 1947

Sarah was named after her paternal grandmother Sarah Meisel. She was, without any doubt, the most beautiful of all the Marshall sisters. She was a quiet, shy person who resembled her mother Riva more than any of the other siblings. At 22 years old, she fell in love with Maurice Gaum and a few months later, on March 1, 1936, they were married in Glace Bay, Cape Breton. They remained together for 54 years, until her husband passed away in 1990.

Her entire life revolved around her husband and her "boys." She was not a party goer and did not like to travel. She joined Hope and me on a trip to Switzerland and France in 1975, and although she found it interesting, she was happy to return home. She was content to stay at home and look after her family. She was a worrier just like her mother, and constantly reminded her boys to be careful when going to school, to be extra careful when returning from school, and sat up nights when we were out with friends at parties and dates. She would sit for hours in an upstairs room overlooking Tain Street, on quiet, warm summer evenings, when we were out enjoying vacation time. The window would be opened wide, and she would look intently towards the street, listening for our voices and our presence. Only after she heard us and knew we were safe at home, would she then retire to bed and sleep.

She always encouraged her sons to try harder and do well in school. She took a special interest in our accomplishments and followed our progress through the lower grades up to University. When we wrote exams, she mentally wrote them with us and worried afterwards until our marks confirmed that we had passed. Although she only had high school education, Sarah, by virtue of her devotion and

concern for her four sons' education, emotionally earned three dental degrees and a law degree to boot.

"Sarah and her house were the central core of our family," her brother Ellie would say. "When we came from Glace Bay, her house was the meeting place where all the family gathered," he would remind us. Ellie's observations were correct, and sometimes both grandmothers as well as other family members would gather at 42 Tain Street and it was wonderful to have everyone around. She worked hard around her house, cleaning, cooking and forever watching over her "boys." She was physically strong and as well as attending to the interior of the house she would also cut the grass and trim the hedges, alongside her husband Maurice.

I always remember her as being very frugal and she learned at a very young age, the value of a dollar and how difficult it was to earn a living. She grew up in very difficult times, lived through the depression years and saw a considerable amount of poverty and hardship as a young girl. She grew up in Glace Bay, the third oldest in a family of 11 children. She spoke to me on numerous occasions about her sick father and how her mother struggled to raise her children with very little money to pay the bills. "I saw my mother beg for a sack of flour on a few occasions, so she could bake bread for her children," she would repeat to me many times. "Those were tough times and I hope you never have to experience them," she would recall sadly. There were times when she would disapprove of the way her sons were raising their families. "You're spoiling them," she would scold, "they have to learn the meaning of hard work and the value of a dollar." She saw and perceived these things from a different era and she never changed. She was right of course, and as I reflect on these things today, I know what she meant. She came from an era when young men and women took things more seriously than my generation and my children's generation. She saw the end of the Great War (1914-1918), and was part of a parade down Commercial Street in Glace Bay that celebrated this momentous occasion. She saw the beginning of a second war in 1939 and watched her brother Jack march off to fight with thousands of other young Canadians, some barely 18 years old. She worried about him as he served overseas, as she worried about all of her siblings. When word came that her brother was killed, she immediately assumed it was him. It was her brother Tommy however, who died in 1942, while in the service of his country's Air Force. "I never worried too much about poor Tommy, because he was here in Canada," she told me. "But young boys were dying all over the world and I realized after he died, how dangerous his flying was." "He loved it," she said, "it was his life, and his death as well."

As a young girl, Sarah finished grade 10 and would like to have completed high school and gone on to university, but these were the depression years and her wishes were not possible. She understood and appreciated the value of a good education, but, the poor economic times would make it mandatory for her and her sister Reta to work in a small branch store in St. Peters, Cape Breton. She was only 15 years old when they lived alone and ran this clothing store in a tiny rural French village, in order to raise some funds to send back to their parents in Glace Bay. In the evening, when the store was closed, they would go back to their small room and sometimes they would treat themselves to an orange, or if things were really good, a chocolate bar. I recall Mom would refer to it as a "nut bar," even if it didn't have any nuts. A French family that lived close by were very nice to both girls and would invite them to their house for dinner, on several occasions. "They were lovely people," my mother recalled. Many years later, on a motor trip to Halifax, I recall Mom asking Dad to stop in St. Peters as we drove through, so she could visit with this family. I went with her and although the mother had passed away, she reminisced about the old days with one of the daughters. My mother was shy and it must have been very difficult for her emotionally, to make this visit. She knew it was the proper thing to do and that was all that was necessary.

Despite her limited formal education, she was well-read and kept up to date on current events. She loved to read and would encourage her sons to read as well. In the 50's she took a public speaking course and was first in her class. She was very proud of this and so was her family. During the final exercise she was chosen class valedictorian and to this day I remember the contents of the speech she made. It was on old age and the elderly population, and she spoke of respecting and learning from them and treating them with kindness and consideration.

Sarah loved and played the piano, having taken lessons when she was a small girl. I can recall her sitting down to play in the evening when she had a spare moment, which was rare. She read music very well and could play any sheet in front of her. One of her favourite songs from the 1930s was "When I grow too old to dream," from the movie "The night is young." She loved the music and lyrics and often played it on the piano. She bought the music sheet when she was still single, and recently, following her passing, I found the music sheet in her piano stool, with "Sarah Marshall" written on it.

When people ask me how I know details of family life that took place long before I was born, I admit to them that it was stories I would listen to, especially those told to me by my mother. She

would recall in abundant detail, stories about her parents and siblings. Happy and funny stories and sad ones as well. She talked about her brothers and sisters her entire life. She was not one however to pick up a phone and call them at the spur of the moment. She couldn't do this, as it was not her nature. She missed several family functions over the years and she had her reasons for not being able to attend. One time in a discussion with her I brought the subject up. "We may not see or talk to each other that often, but my brothers and sisters know that I love them very much," was her reply. It always gave her pleasure to tell people that in her family she had three sisters. After her sister Fanny passed away, she was very sad and told me one day that she realized she would never be able to say those words again.

During a visit in the 1980s to their son Sanford in California, her husband Maurice suffered a heart attack. He had already been diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease several years before, and the combination of both placed a tremendous amount of stress and strain on all of us, but more so on Mom. She stayed by his side in the hospital day and night, and as she did all of her life, worried day and night. After two weeks in hospital, Dad was discharged and we took him back to Sanford's apartment. That same night, Mom had her first heart attack. There is no doubt in my mind nor in the mind of the cardiologist that treated them both, that the stress she was under at the time, contributed a great deal to her illness. Because she was strong physically, she survived the ordeal and they returned to Sydney. Although still concerned about her husband and boys she now began to focus and concentrate more on her own health. As the years passed, she became obsessed with it. Finally, because of her husband's deteriorating health and not being able to look after him, we encouraged them to move to Toronto. She did very well in Toronto, and joined her family on numerous, happy occasions. We included her in everything, especially events that related to the grandchildren such as birthdays, our B'nai Mitzvah, school functions, weekends at the cottage, trips on our boat and many wonderful events that I am happy to recall today. As she got older however, she became weaker and her diabetes, coupled with her weakening heart, began to take its toll.

During the last few years of her life, she realized that her time was limited and she would talk about it to me on several occasions. "I want to be around to enjoy my grandchildren and their accomplishments, but I don't know if I'll be around much longer," she would look at me and say. "Sure you will Ma," I would respond, but I knew her health and physical stamina were deteriorating with

each passing day. There were hospital admissions from time to time, but she was surprisingly strong and a real fighter. She wanted to live and she would always rally and bounce back. Even in her 80's, when she dressed up to go out, she was beautiful and didn't appear to be sick at all. But she was, and in the fall of 1995, she took a turn for the worse, and was admitted to hospital for the last time

As she lay in bed, weakened by her illness and the surgery she had to endure, she looked into my eyes and as she raised her hands in almost a pleading gesture, she spoke softly to me, as she always did, and said, "I guess this is it."

Her four boys and everyone tried for two months to open every door, to pull every string, to provide the best possible medical treatment available to her, but to no avail. On November 25, 1995 on Shabbos morning, at 9:15 a.m., Sarah Marshall Gaum, her body weakened by her illness so that no strength remained, passed away.

Her boys will never forget her.

When I grow too old to dream,

I'll have you to remember.

When I grow too old to dream,

your love will live in my heart-

So kiss me, my sweet-

And so let us part-

When I grow too old to dream,

That kiss will live in my heart.

.....Hammerstein & Romberg

FANNY MARSHALL DUBINSKY

Born: 1916
Place: Glace Bay, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia
Died: 1991
Place: Sydney, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia
Hebrew Name: Fagel Bas Arya Leib v' Rivka
Parents: Louis and Riva (Rose) Marshall
Husband: Sam Dubinsky
Children: Jerry Dubinsky
Enie Dubinsky Lieff
Arlene Dubinsky

Fanny was named after her maternal great-grandmother Fagel. She was the sister with the lovely outgoing personality. She was always happy, even when times were tough for her. She was the one that remembered the car ride on a particular Sunday with her father Louis when the chickens came along as well. Fanny lived in Sydney, Cape Breton, with her husband and three children.

JOSEPH MARSHALL

Born: 1917
Place: Glace Bay, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia
Died: 1922
Place: Glace Bay, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia
Hebrew Name: Yoseph Bar Arya Leib
Parents: Louis and Riva (Rose) Marshall

Joseph was named after his father's brother Joe who died in Glace Bay about 1917. At five years old Joseph took sick and developed a severe respiratory infection (probably diphtheria) which was a very common childhood disease in 1922. The family doctor told his mother Riva that it would be best if he was admitted to hospital. Riva had a foreboding and was reluctant to do so. However, she listened to the doctor who insisted he be taken immediately. Several days later Joseph died. Over the passing years Riva always spoke of him and said if she had nursed him at home she would have kept him alive. Knowing my grandmother's intelligence and capability, and also being aware of the pockets of incompetence that exist in many hospitals, I don't doubt she may have been right. However, this was 1922, and the practice of medicine was not as sophisticated as it is today. Had there been

antibiotics to treat him, Joseph might still be alive today. However, this was not the case, and Riva lost her fifth born child.

TOMMY MARSHALL

Born: 1919
Place: Glace Bay, Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia
Died: 1943
Place: Belleville, Ontario
Hebrew Name: Tanna Bar Arya Leib
Parents: Louis and Riva (Rose) Marshall

Tommy was the sixth child and the third son in the Marshall Family. He was a handsome young man who died in the prime of his life while serving his country during the Second World War. Pilot Officer Tommy Marshall, R.C.A.F. was killed at twenty-four years old while stationed at Trenton Air Force Base in Trenton, Ontario. He was a pilot instructor but had requested active duty overseas on numerous occasions. On December 27, 1942, while flying with a young air force recruit named F.J. Lee, his plane hit the hydro lines (high tension wires) over Belleville, Ontario, and crashed. Tommy was killed instantly and the passenger died several days later. Due to the seriousness of his injuries, the passenger was not able to give any account of how the accident took place. Several years before he enlisted in the R.C.A.F., Tommy was a member of the Cape Breton Flying Club and was affectionately called "Junior" by the other members. He was well liked and respected by all.

In May of 1995, after a formal request to the National Archives of Canada, I received copies from his service records which contained details of the accident. The following are portions from Pilot Officer Tommy Marshall's files:

ENLISTMENT: Moncton, N.B. July 5, 1940, **Rank:** AC2 (Airman second class)

Promotion: F/Sgt. August 19, 1940

P/O June 19, 1942

OFFICIAL ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE CASUALTY NOTIFICATION

Number: C12590 (R64791) **Rank:** Pilot Officer **Trade:** Pilot (Gen List) **Unit** 1 FIS TRENTON

Service: R.C.A.F. **Religion:** Jewish **Nationality:** Canadian **Name:** MARSHALL, THOMAS

Marital Status: Single

Next of kin: Mrs. Rose Marshall (mother)

71 Brookside St.

Glace Bay N.S.

Casualty Details: "Killed" 27-Dec.- 42 as a result of a flying accident. (North Half Lot Fourteen Concession Two Township of Thurlow) (Local Flying Practice).

R.C.A.F. OFFICER OR AIRMAN - REPORT ON ACCIDENTAL OR SELF - INFLICTED INJURIES OR IMMEDIATE DEATH THEREFROM

Date and Time of Accident	1530 hours (3:30 P.M.) 27/12/42
Place of Accident	3 1/2 miles N.E. Belleville, Ontario
Type and R.C.A.F. # of Aircraft	2916 Harvard Trainer
Name Of Pilot	Thomas Marshall
Number in aircraft	Two
Crash occurred while	Forced Landing
Weather	2 tenths Stratocumulus at 5,000 ft. 8 tenths alto stratus at 6,500 ft. Wind S.E. 22mph. Visibility 12 m.

Number of Flying Hours of person reported on:

Duel 151:30 Solo 1550:20

Description Of Injuries

Multiple Fractures
Brain Laceration
Multiple Contusions

INVESTIGATING OFFICERS REPORT

The investigation was held on December 28, 1942, R.C.A.F. Station, Trenton, Ontario

The investigating officer was Squadron Leader D.M. Maw A.F.C.

Commanding Officer for Command Unit #1 F.I.S. Trenton: J.G. Stephenson W/C

Witnesses: F/L Knight, J.F. F/L Mather, W.B.

F/L Brodsky, B.K. F/L Gibson, L.M.

I have examined the following aircraft, engine and Pilot's flying Log Book and have ascertained that they are properly maintained and up to date and all in order.

The aircraft was broken into several pieces after impact with the ground.

I have been unable to obtain the evidence of the following material witnesses for following reasons:

Marshall, P/O #1 F.I.S. Dead, *Pilot of aircraft.*

Lee, AC1 R.C.A.F. Trenton Too seriously injured. *Passenger*

The circumstances of the accident were as follows:

Harvard A/C 2916 became uncontrollable after having its rudder and fin torn off by high tension cables. It flew for half a mile and struck the ground.

The cause of the accident was in my opinion:

Striking high tension cables whilst low flying below the minimum height of 250 feet as laid down in C.A.P. 1, Vol. 1, Sec. 14, Para. 1, which states how this sequence is to be practised.

Following are my recommendations for prevention of repetition of this type of accident.

Moving the low flying area to a place where the terrain and obstructions are more suitable for this practice. High tension cables should not run closer than 5 or 10 miles from the boundary.

Signed: D.M. Maw, Investigating Officer

Author's Note: The investigation was unable to determine why P/O Tommy Marshall was flying below 250 feet. This will always remain unanswered. It is possible however, that had the recommendations been implemented before the flight, the accident might not have taken place, and the loss of two lives could have been averted.

JACK MARSHALL

Born:	1921
Place:	Glace Bay, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia
Hebrew Name:	Yakov Bar Arya Leib
Parents:	Louis and Riva (Rose) Marshall
First Wife:	Sylvia Rothman
Second Wife:	Evelyn White
Children:	Tommy Marshall Beverly Marshall Arlaine Marshall Welsh

Jack was named after his maternal great-grandfather Yankel. He volunteered as a private during the Second World War with the North Shore New Brunswick Regiment and saw active duty for four and a half years. He took part in the landing on Normandy Beach in France, on D-Day. He was commissioned as a lieutenant and retired as a captain in 1946. He joined the militia on moving to Newfoundland, and from 1950 served with the Royal Newfoundland Regiment as company commander. He was appointed commanding officer in 1959. By 1965 he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel and then to colonel. He was the Conservative M.P. for Humber-St. George-St. Barbs district in Newfoundland from 1968 to 1978. In 1978 he was appointed Senator by the then Prime Minister, Pierre Elliot Trudeau and served in the Senate until he retired in 1994. He married his first wife Sylvia while in London, England during the war. Sylvia passed away in 1975. Jack remarried and is living with his second wife Evelyn in Ottawa. In 1996, Jack received one of the country's highest awards, the Order of Canada, for his many years of service and devotion.



PRIME MINISTER • PREMIER MINISTRE

Ottawa, Ontario
K1A 0A2

December 14, 1994

Dear Senator Marshall:

I am pleased to offer congratulations and best wishes on your retirement from the Senate of Canada.

For some twenty six years - first as a member of Parliament and then as Senator - you have served the people of Newfoundland and Canada with great skill and dedication. Although we were not always on the same side of issues during our time together in the House of Commons, I never failed to be impressed by your sense of fair play and your ability as a parliamentarian.

I wish you and your family all the best in the future.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Jean Chrétien".

The Honourable Jack Marshall
Room 804, Victoria Building
Senate of Canada
Ottawa, Ontario
K1A 0A4

ARTHUR MARSHALL

Born: 1922
Place: Glace Bay, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia
Hebrew Name: Aaron Bar Arya Leib
Died: 1951
Place: Glace Bay, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia
Parents: Louis and Riva (Rose) Marshall

He was named after his maternal grandfather Aaron. I remember him as a good natured, loving person. He was a very refined, quiet man and would have made an excellent physician, but unfortunately did not complete his first year of medical school. He received his degree in psychology from the University of Toronto and would have practised, but the nephritis he suffered from worsened, which led to his death at the age of twenty-nine. Arthur was very close to his mother. When he came home from university during breaks, he would get down on his hands and knees and scrub the floors and clean the house for her. Riva's heart was broken when she received the news that her father Aaron had died in 1922. When she lost her son Arthur, named after her father, we can only guess as to the sorrow that she suffered.

MAX MARSHALL

Born: 1924
Place: Glace Bay, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia
Hebrew Name: Mordecai Bar Arya Leib
Parents: Louis and Riva (Rose) Marshall
Wife: Birdie Gordon
Children: Ted Marshall
Doug Marshall
Johnathan Marshall (who passed away in 1993)
Elizabeth Marshall Heaney

When Max was about three years old, his father, who was a tailor, made him a beautiful hand-made suit. My mother recalled that she took him for a walk along Commercial St. and was so proud of him because he was such a beautiful child. In later years, as a mature adult, Max recalls that while growing up, he wasn't the angel he appeared to be at three years old. "Why didn't you take me out and

drown me," he would remind his siblings, half in jest and half in earnest. I guess he was thinking of the time he hung Albie Prossen and Murray Goldman by their thumbs in the Glace Bay Talmud Torah. Max was a good student, however, and graduated as an electrical engineer from Nova Scotia Tech. He runs a successful company in Montreal today along with his children.

ETTIE MARSHALL ZWEIGMAN

Born: 1926
Place: Glace Bay, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia
Hebrew Name: Esther Bas Arya Leib v' Rivka
Parents: Louis and Riva (Rose) Marshall
Husband: Morris Zweigman
Children: Leslie Zweigman
Artie Zweigman

Ettie who is the youngest sister, graduated and became an R.N. before meeting and marrying her husband Moe. They have lived in Halifax, Glace Bay, Montreal and Newfoundland, and now officially retired, reside in Toronto. Ettie is an excellent cook, loves the music of Al Jolson, and has a good sense of humour. She reminisces at times and recalls how she babysat for me on many occasions. She is a very kind person and spends several hours a week volunteering her time at Baycrest Nursing Home with the elderly. Ettie loved her sister Sarah, and with her husband Moe, spent many happy hours together, until Sarah's passing.

ELLIOT (ELLIE) MARSHALL

Born: 1927
Place: Glace Bay, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia
Hebrew Name: Eliyahu Bar Arya Leib
Parents: Louis and Riva (Rose) Marshall
Wife: Helen Marmorosh
Children: Susan Marshall Ilacqua
Cheryll Marshall Cohen

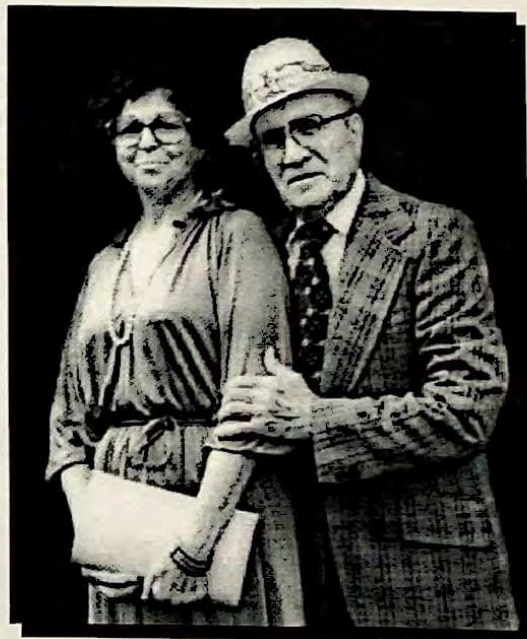
The baby of the family was born in 1927. He was named after his grandfather Aaron's brother Eli. By his own admission, Ellie was not fussy about school and didn't try very hard. That may be so, but I remember him as an outgoing, happy person who was an excellent athlete. He excelled in playing

basketball, baseball, and football, and as a boy I was very proud of him. Growing up, it was this uncle that I tried to emulate, especially his prowess with the members of the opposite sex. He is quite musical and an excellent drummer who played professionally in a small band in Glace Bay. The band leader Rolly Eustace must still regret not having signed Ellie up with a lifetime contract. Maybe it was a blessing in disguise that school work was not for him, because he eventually became one of the most successful clothing merchants in the Maritime Provinces. He owns S & E Marshall Company on Commercial Street in Glace Bay, carrying on a tradition that began with his father and mother many years ago. He is also a devout and religious Jew and still serves the Glace Bay Jewish Community as the President of the local schul. He has very strong emotional ties to Judaism and speaks out against the Holocaust and any mention of anti-semitism. Of the eleven siblings, Ellie was the one that looked after his aging mother until she passed away in 1975.

Maurice and Sarah Gaum and Family



Sarah and Maurice
1935



Sarah and Maurice
1979



Larry, Hope and children:
Miriam, Alicia, Ben and Paula



Errol, Barbara and children:
Syma and Byron



Sanford



Jack, Ingrid and children:
Spencer and Collin

Maurice and Sarah Gann and Family



Sarah and Maurice
1901



Sarah and Maurice
1901



Sarah and Maurice
1901



Sarah and Maurice
1901



Sarah and Maurice
1901



Sarah and Maurice
1901

LAWRENCE IRVING GAUM

Born: September 2, 1938
Place: Sydney, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia
Hebrew Name: Arya Leib Ben Menasha Lazer
Parents: Maurice and Sarah Gaum
Wife: Hope Liebling
Children: Miriam Beth Gaum July 20, 1969
Alicia Suzanne Gaum June 3, 1971
Benjamin Nathan Gaum Jan. 3, 1975
Paula Michelle Gaum Jan. 3, 1975
Degrees: Doctor of Dental Surgery (D.D.S) 1961,
Completion of Anaesthesia, Oral and Maxillofacial Surgery, in 1968.
Hobbies: Photography, Boating, Genealogy, Computers

The author is named after his maternal grandfather Louis and his paternal great-grandfather Yitzchok.

ERROL FRANKLYN GAUM

Born: August 15, 1942
Place: Sydney, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia
Hebrew Name: Aaron Moishe Ben Menasha Lazer
Parents: Maurice and Sarah Gaum
Wife: Barbara Goldfarb
Children: Syma Gaum March 23, 1972
Byron Gaum October 9, 1974
Degrees: Doctor of Dental Surgery (D.D.S.) 1967
Specialist in Paedodontics

When my brother Errol was born, I was only four years old. I recall however, my mother asking me if I would like a baby brother. I don't remember what I said, but as long as I was my mother and father's main focus of attention, I probably said "yes."

It was not to be. The new baby, named after his great-grandfather Aaron Morafchick, took most of my mother's time. When she fed him, she would laugh and use her favourite expression "Tattala, Tattala". It is an endearing Yiddish term, and although literally translated it means "father," it could also mean "my loved one, my precious child, my life."

As I stood close by watching the exchange, I recall saying to my mother, "Who who?"

My mother, realizing that I was still only a child and possibly jealous, responded by saying, "You dear, you". I was happy again and went about my business, but always listening.

Errol was a good baby and a good boy growing up. I always considered myself much older than him, especially when I reached my teens. When I was 16 years of age, Errol wasn't even Bar Mitzvah.

As the years flew by, the four years between us made no difference and I was proud when he followed my lead by going into the profession of Dentistry. He graduated with his D.D.S. in 1967, and then pursued his studies in paedodontics.

Growing up, he was active in the cubs, becoming a "sixer," and receiving all of his merit badges that filled one whole sleeve on his sweater. He also played clarinet in the Sydney Academy High School band.

We had our quarrels and disagreements, but my memories of growing up with him are pleasant ones. Today, he is a father and husband and is successful in his profession as well as in real estate. He recently built a professional building in Halifax that houses his practice and those of other medical and dental colleagues.

SANFORD THOMAS GAUM

Born:	August 19, 1945
Place:	Sydney, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia
Hebrew Name:	Yeshayahu Tanna Ben Menasha Lazer
Degrees:	Doctor of Dental Surgery (D.D.S) 1970 Specialist in Anaesthesia, Oral and Maxillofacial Surgery

Sanford was born shortly after his grandfather Shaiya passed away. My mother was pregnant when the funeral took place and according to Jewish customs, was not permitted to enter the cemetery. The child she was carrying would be named after him and his late uncle Tommy Marshall.

Growing up, whenever Errol and I misbehaved, we always managed to stir Dad's anger and we would receive the occasional strap over the backside. Sanford did not, and even as youngsters we recognized this.

"How come Sanford never gets a beating Dad?", we would ask.

"He will if he doesn't behave!" he would reply.

"He will if he doesn't behave!" he would reply.

But he never did. It was only in later years that I began to realize why this was so, and it was quite simple. This was my dad's Shaiya, his father, that he loved and missed. He couldn't punish Sanford and never did.

Sanford didn't fare too well in his younger years. He wasn't putting on weight and special diets had to be found in which foods would agree with him. Now his problem is that all foods agree with him.

As he grew up, I was already in college as my years living at home full time ended when I was 17 years old. He was only 11 at the time. He had a beautiful voice as a boy, and was trained by Rabbi Israel Kenner of Temple Sons of Israel in Sydney to perform and lead the Friday and Saturday Sabbath services.

After finishing Dentistry, I was happy to learn that Sanford wanted to specialize in Oral Surgery as well. While still in his residency in Oral Surgery, Sanford volunteered to help with the identification of numerous bodies following one of the worst airplane disasters in the U.S. He took charge when other members of the dental profession failed in their task, and through his efforts, human remains were identified and laid to rest. He was given a citation for his outstanding endeavours by the air lines. When he finished Oral Surgery, he practised with myself and my late partner Elliott Siegel for several years and then moved to California.

He practised for a short time there and finally retired from Oral Surgery to concentrate full time on real estate and film production.

Today he says that the only teeth he looks at are his own, when he brushes them every morning and night. (He has inherited Shaiya and Maurice's humour.)

JACK ALLAN GAUM

Born: April 4, 1947
Place: Sydney, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia
Hebrew Name: Yaakov Ben Menasha Lazer
Parents: Maurice and Sarah Gaum
Wife: Ingrid Jarvis
Children: Spencer Maurice Gaum Jan. 22, 1991
Collin Andrew Gaum Dec. 18, 1993
Degrees: L.L.B. (Law) 1970

Named after his paternal great grandfather Yankel, the baby of the family was the fourth son of Maurice and Sarah.

"God bless him," my mother said when he was born. "When I saw him for the first time, he wasn't that good looking a baby, but he was healthy and a good eater."

Jack was the only one of his friends who could 'crunch up' an entire roll of life savers in 30 seconds (he still holds the record in Sydney). Of the four boys, Jack is the one that resembles dad the most. Sometimes when I see him I am startled by the resemblance.

Jack came to visit me in Corner Brook, Nfld. when I practised dentistry in the early 60s and was convinced then that this profession wasn't for him.

He has had a distinguished civil service career in the Federal Justice Department, Revenue Department and Transport Canada, and is now director of terminals at the Pearson International airport.

He is married to my lovely sister-in-law, Dr. Ingrid Jarvis, and has two sons that he loves very much. His oldest, Spencer Maurice, is named after our dad, Maurice.

LEIBE LATUCHA

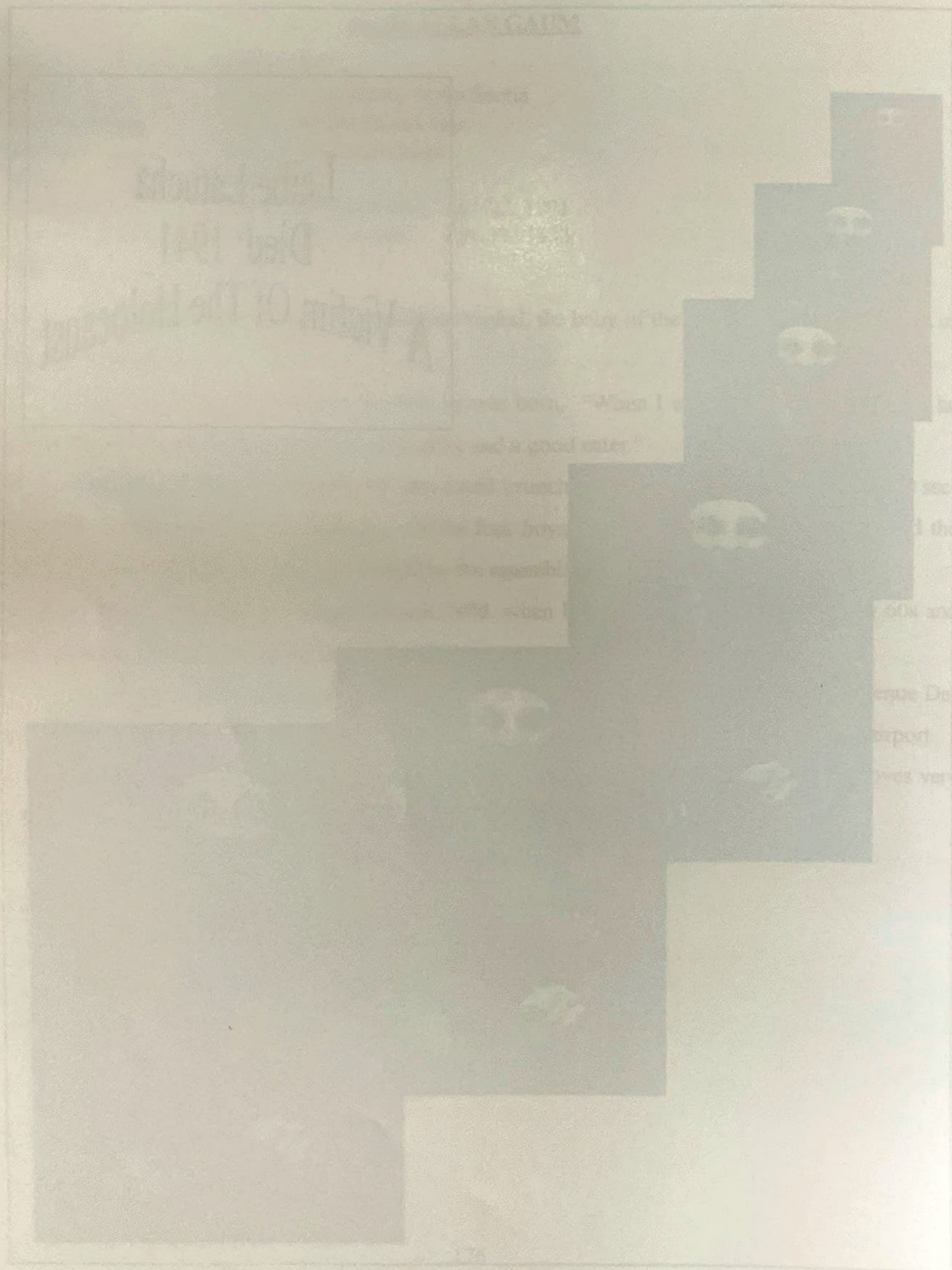
(From the Yiddish book of Leibes und Leibes)

Leibe Latucha

Died: 1941

A Victim Of The Holocaust





LEIBE LATUCHA

(From the Yiskor book of Luninets and Kozhanhorodok)

This is the story of a first cousin of my grandfather Shaiya Latucha (Sam Gaum). He was also born and lived in Kozhanhorodok. He died when the Nazis ordered all of the Jewish inhabitants from the village. They were marched out and forced to dig their own graves, then systematically shot and buried in the very graves they prepared. Leibe Latucha was one of the innocent people murdered. The account is written in Yiddish, and this is not an exact translation. It is my recollection of the story from the Yiskor Book that was read and translated to me by a friend of cousins Elliot and Etta Gaum.

Leibe Latucha was a very religious and observant man. He was extremely orthodox and followed his religion without wavering. He observed all of the rules and regulations, the holidays, the dietary laws, and everything that God, in his mind, had commanded. His picture, as seen in the Yiskor book, shows him to be of a rather small stature. He was by no means wealthy and was of peasant stock as were most of the people in the village. From conversations I have had with Dr. Albert Latucha, I have learned that the Latucha family were hard working people. They were not men of culture or formally educated. It is doubtful they received any schooling in the Russian or Polish educational system at that time. They drove horse and wagon, raised animals, and lived as rural farm people in their small shtetlach. There is no doubt that they were of a poor class, eking out a living from the land. They were also rough and tough peasants and seemed to have a reputation for being physically strong and rambunctious. If they possessed any education at all other than being self-taught, it was of a religious nature.

Leibe Latucha was not just a religious man, but he genuinely enjoyed practising and participating in his faith. When he prayed, he did it with all of his heart and soul. His face would light up, his eyes would sparkle, as he immersed himself in prayer. It was a genuine feeling for his faith, his people, and his God that he possessed and displayed to all. He especially enjoyed the Sabbath. It was a day and time he looked forward to. When he prayed in the great synagogue in Kozhanhorodok, people remarked how much pleasure they received just by looking at his face. It was said that Leibe was the one that ushered in the Sabbath and observed it better than anyone else. It made no difference to him

how poor he was or how humble his home. He considered himself lucky and fortunate, especially being alive to celebrate the Sabbath.

One particular Sabbath, as the story goes, Leibe was busy preparing for his departure to Shul, looking forward to the ritual of prayer and all of the enjoyment that was associated with it, especially the food his wife would always prepare. In his household the custom was for his wife to prepare a delicious kishka²³ every Sabbath. This, combined with his day of rest and prayer, was absolutely the most wonderful thing he could experience. However, on this particular Sabbath, his wife was experiencing a bit of a dilemma. It appears that she was unable to acquire the ingredients for the kishka in order to prepare it. It is possible that in difficult economic times it was not always readily available. There is the possibility that they could not afford the luxury of a kishka at this time. Her dilemma was the disappointment her husband Leibe would experience when he discovered the absence of one of his favourite dishes, and especially on Sabbath. "What to do?" she thought.

Leibe soon discovered his favourite kishka was not prepared, and in disappointment he began to question his wife. She didn't have the heart to tell him the truth--there was none because they couldn't afford it. This would ruin his Sabbath and all of his joy and happiness if she told him the truth. She must have been a very resourceful and intelligent woman, because when he asked her why she did not prepare the kishka, she came up with quite an explanation. Her reply was; the kishka she bought was so big and so large she didn't have a pot large enough to cook it in. Leibe was disappointed on one hand but happy with the explanation. It appears as if he still celebrated the Sabbath as usual with joy and happiness in his heart.

In August, 1941, when the Nazis liquidated the small shtetl of Kozhanhorodok and systematically murdered all of the Jewish inhabitants, Leibe Latucha was one of them. Thus ended the life of a good and observant Jew who enjoyed with zest and gusto his weekly Sabbath participation. He was probably in his sixties at the time of his death. He was my grandfather Shaiya's first cousin. Shaiya's father and Labe's father were brothers.



²³ A traditional Jewish meal, small intestines stuffed with delicious ingredients.

GROWING UP JEWISH IN A SMALL TOWN:

By: Elliot Marshall

Ever since I was a small boy, I had this special feeling of being a Jew. To this very day I have felt a powerful bond with my people and with Israel, my country. I will attempt to tell my story in the form of a catalogue of events. As I relate this story, I feel as if I'm looking back in history through a window, so to speak, on a community that has changed so much over the last 50 to 60 years. My story is deeply rooted because of my strong feelings for family and community.

The 1930s

I was the youngest of eleven children of Louis and Rose Marshall. My father died in 1933, and I remember reciting Kadish at six years of age with my brothers, which was a most traumatic experience.

1940: My Bar Mitzvah.

I was influenced very much by my teacher, Rabbi Kirchenblatt. He is living in Toronto today, and I still keep in touch with him. I was a very good student in Hebrew school, much better than I was in the public school.

1940s to 1950s:

As a teenager I heard stories about the plight of the Jews in Europe. As time went on and I learned more about the Holocaust, I found myself gravely affected, deeply moved and emotionally upset by it. The Holocaust had the most influence on my life with regard to how I perceived the world and its people, which continues to this day.

My mother had a tremendous influence on my life, as we were very close. We were together all of my life until she passed away at 88 years old.

I recall when my brother Tommy, a Pilot Officer in the R.C.A.F was killed in a plane crash in Trenton, Ontario, during the war. My brother Jack, who is now a Senator, served overseas in the infantry and took part in the D-Day invasion of Normandy.

Belonging to an ethnic minority and participating in sports was advantageous for two very important reasons; 1) it helped to fight anti-semitism in the sense that the Christian boys held a great respect for athletic ability, especially a contact sport such as football. 2) for us it was an image builder,

and it certainly kept us out of trouble. We played English Rugby Football, and I remember the year 1943-44, when eight out of the thirteen players were Jewish. On the High Holidays practice was cancelled because the team went to synagogue. From a population of approximately 800 Jews (110 families), there were 79 boys in the armed forces during the Second World War. This represented about 20 per cent participation from our small community. The overall participation in Canada was about 8 per cent.

In 1947 I attended Mount Allison University in Sackville, New Brunswick, which welcomed and treated Jewish students very well. In 1950, I returned home and went into the retail clothing business with my brother Sam and my mother.

The Glace Bay Jewish Community

Pre: Second World War

Shortly before the Second World War, there were approximately 110 Jewish families in Glace Bay. This was a very active and flourishing community. It had an orthodox synagogue, a Rabbi, and a Talmud Torah with about 75 pupils. Hebrew school was also taught by the Rabbi. There were two kosher butcher shops, an active Zionist organization, Young Judea, and Israel clubs. There was a Lady's Aid Society and Hadassa Agency and also a very large and active theatre group called the Habimma Players. We had a true mixture of many types from Poland, Lithuania, Byelorussia, who all seemed to have the same story of running from the pogroms and the tough Russian Army. In our community there appeared to be two contrasting types of individuals. One was the rough, tough, illiterate with very little, if any, formal education. They were, however, well versed in religious and prayer procedures. The others were the scholars and academics. Some were students and graduates of the European Yeshivas. In some way they blended into a harmonious community and maintained their orthodox religious practices. In 1907, they built a synagogue, hired a Rabbi, and brought in a kosher butcher from Europe to maintain the orthodox ritual laws. They made a living as peddlers, travelling into the countryside of Cape Breton. The majority of them spoke very little English, if any, and consequently learned Gaelic before they learned the English language. There were three men who worked in the coal mines as well. It was the mines that brought a thriving economy to the area. Peddling turned

to the opening of small businesses, clothing and grocery, which gradually grew, in some cases, to larger establishments and larger businesses over the years. As the years went by, even during the hard economic times of the 1920s and 30s, the original immigrants understood and emphasized the importance of both a Hebrew and secular education to their children.

1950 to 1970:

My brother Sam was sixteen years older than myself and was like a father to me. We built a new store, and I went into business as a junior partner. In the late 1950s, due to a large exodus of my generation to Montreal and Toronto to establish new lives, the community began to shrink. Those of us who stayed kept the Jewish community vibrant and as closely knit as possible. As a single boy, I lived at home with my mother and brother. It was a very good life, perhaps too good at times. I ran around with the Christian crowd but always felt guilty and there was a void in my life. I always knew I would not marry outside of my faith. I guess the Jewish values were built into my system. Fortunately I was able to travel a lot going on business and pleasure trips to Montreal and Toronto. On one of these particular trips I met a lovely Jewish girl who changed and turned my whole life around. Helen was from Montreal, born in Vienna, and had escaped as a baby during the war, with her parents, to Shanghai, China.

1970 to 1990s:

The community was now around fifty-five families. There was a Rabbi-Cantor, but there were obvious signs that the community was now on a downswing. The youth continued to leave and a hard core of remnants of the vibrant community was left to keep things going.

In 1980, the decline continued. There were no kids left in Hebrew school and the Hebrew school teacher left the community. We were now on our own to do it ourselves, so to speak. The president of the shul could read the Torah and we continued with our Shabbos and holiday services. We kept the shul open and still managed to survive. Thus the synagogue is the link and the central pivotal point of our Jewish life in a small community. Gradually I took on the duties of the president, and I am trying to keep the flock, mostly elderly members, together for as long as I can. I fear that in two or three more years we will be history. Our main objective now is to build up a cemetery fund to assure perpetual care. The "Or Tormid"²⁴ will be eternal for our shul somewhere in Israel. We are a

²⁴ The eternal light in the synagogue

determined group, made up of a hard core, and we will function until the lights are turned off and the doors of the shul, congregation "Sons of Israel," are closed forever.

Do I regret not having moved with the others years ago to the bigger Jewish centres where more advanced Jewish culture, study, libraries, and a vast Jewish environment existed? My answer has been and will remain, no. When I look back over my life and review my involvement and contribution to the Jewish community in which I lived and always belonged, I am quite content and have no regrets. It is a question as to what my involvement would have been had I moved years ago. Would I have strayed away from my Jewish way of life? I will never know. But one thing I do know--is what I did do and accomplish. I stayed in Glace Bay with my mother and family and lived an honourable good Jewish life. I made a contribution to my Jewish community and to Israel. I served on the executive of our shul for thirty years and contributed in keeping the ties of the community together. I also had the great distinction of being chairman of the United Israel Fund and the Jewish National Fund for thirty-five years. I believe my life has been fulfilled and I did my share and made my contribution to Judaism, and there is a great feeling of fulfilment in that.



MY MEMORIES OF GRANDMA GAUM'S PLACE

By: Jack Gaum

As a young boy of eight or nine, I went to grandma Gaum's place with Dad. While Dad worked next door in the warehouse, I would keep Grandma company in her store. I could do little things to help her with customers. Sometimes I would reach up to the higher shelves with the mechanical gripper (I don't know its commercial name) to get a can or box. I would also help Grandma cut a length of linoleum. We never marked the exact length. Instead we were sure to give the customer a little more material, and then we would cut along the design in the linoleum. Of course at this age Grandma did the cutting, but later on I graduated to "cutter" while Grandma held the remainder of the roll.

As noon approached, Grandma would go into the kitchen to make lunch for herself, Dad and me. It's funny but I only ever remember Grandma eating bread and potatoes. This is probably why she lived to a grand age--high on carbohydrates, low on fat and cholesterol. Before she went into the kitchen, Grandma would tell me to watch for customers and come and get her when they came in. (Later on I would serve customers and only call Grandma when a customer wanted something I was unable to find).

Often times when Grandma went into the kitchen, I would survey the premises with which I was entrusted. There were two entrances to Gaum's store. The entrance closest to the fire station was the main entrance. As one entered, the showcase holding the cash register was on the left. Behind the showcase were shelves up to the ceiling. On the shelves at waist level were 12" x 12" boxes of Ganong's and Moirs "penny candy." All of my favourites were there: jawbreakers, spearmint leaves, cherries, honeymoons, licorice cigars, sticks of gum. Further up the wall the shelves held cigarettes, cigarette tobacco and papers, cigars etc. Finally, at the top stood cans and boxes (soup, cereal) that had to be brought down with the gripper on the end of a long stick.

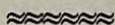
At the end of the showcase, a visitor could find the ice cream dispenser. It was silver metal with black doors although I must admit that I forget if it had two or four doors. However, I do remember that inside one found the most delicious ice cream: chocolate, strawberry, vanilla and neapolitan.

Running perpendicular to the ice cream machine was the pop cooler. It had two large doors which when opened exposed dozens of bottles of pop being chilled in a tub full of cool water. My favourites were always among them--Iron Brew, Nesbitt's Orange, Frosty Root Beer, Cream Soda, never just plain Coke or Pepsi.

Finally, across from the showcase, at the main entrance and facing the street, was a magazine case with a number of shelves displaying many of my favourite comics: Casper the Ghost, Archie, Jughead and Superman.

The wonderful aromas of Grandma's cooking slowly made their way into the store and engulfed me with a tremendous sense of security, love and warmth. Often times I would be sitting at the base of the magazine shelf reading a new comic book. (With the fresh delivery of new comics, I don't recall ever having to re-read an issue). I might be finishing a penny candy while washing it down with a cool "pop" (never called soft drink or a soda). As I looked over and contemplated whether another candy might spoil my appetite for lunch, I couldn't help but think-- "Gee have I got it made." It never dawned on me that there was more to life or that one day I would probably have to be doing what my father was doing.

It's a good thing too! It would have broken that magic feeling that my grandmother and parents and all other good things in life would always be there to keep me safe and happy. No child should be deprived of that special feeling--no matter how fleeting. Thank God for childhood innocence!



Notes On The Latucha Family From: Dr. Albert Latucha

Please refer to the numbers marked (L#)
on the family tree.

- (L#1) Yeshiah and his sons were known as the "B'nai Ha Gershonim," or the sons of Gershon. In the old west they may have been referred to as the "Gershon Boys." Menashe was the oldest, Avrom Yael was the youngest.
- (L#2) Moshe Leb and his brother Menasha delivered the mail in Kozhanhorodok.
- (L#3) Avrom Yael was a "Goyisher Schneider" (a peasant's tailor). He travelled all week in the surrounding countryside and made clothing for the peasants using their homespun fabrics. On weekends, he would return to Kozhanhorodok.
- (L#4) Shloimah Lazer der Shmid (Blacksmith), also served as "Der Tillim Vecker" in Kozhanhorodok. He would sleep in the Synagogue Friday night and get up early to wake the Jewish inhabitants for the morning prayers.
- (L#5) Chaiya, wife of Avrom Yael, was the daughter of Bashka die Klezmerte (Musician). She had a considerable amount of status in Kozhanhorodok and surrounding areas.
- (L#6, #7) Wolf and Rachel, mother and father of Menasha Latucha, were killed by the Nazis in Kozhanhorodok, along with:
- (L#8, #9, #10) Menasha, his wife Gisha, and his sister Sarah.
- (L#11) Itka (Ida) Chermug Dolenko, was the only member of the Latucha family to escape and survive the Nazi occupation of Kozhanhorodok. She moved to Melbourne, Australia, and lives there today.
- (L#12) Boruch Poprovsky, first husband of Rachel Latucha (L#19) died in Jamaica N.Y. during the polio epidemic of 1917. He had changed his name to Benjamin Friedman.
- (L#13) Morte Nissel Chermug lived in Palestine in the 20s. Unfortunately, he returned to Poland, where he perished during the Second War.
- (L#14, #15, #16) Rochedel and Yussel had no children, but raised Shaiya and Minuche's daughter Gittel.
- (L#17) Leon Sapoznikow, Gittel's husband, survived by being in the Polish Army. He moved to England
- (L#18) Zelig drowned in Kozhanhorodok, while still a small boy.
- (L#19, #20) Rachel's son Alter Pogosti, from her second marriage, perished in the Lachva ghetto .

The Maritime Jewish Community

By: Hope Gaum

The following excerpts are from a research paper written in 1988 by Hope Gaum. The information reflects the past, present and future status of the Maritime Jewish Community.

PERIODS	Number of Jews	Generations
Before 1880	Almost none	_____
1880-1940	Grew to 5,000	1st and 2nd
1940 to present	Gradual decline	2nd, 3rd & 4th
Future	unknown	New Immigrants

Generational Patterns Of Mobility

1st Generation Immigrants. The large number came because they were fleeing from the pogroms of Eastern Europe (Russia and Poland). They arrived in the Maritimes, speaking no English, with little money or education, and a limited occupational structure. Most began their struggle to fit into the new society by peddling, and from there went on to open businesses with living quarters above or behind the stores. Once the Synagogues were built, they became centres of Jewish community, cultural and social life, as well as the religious base of the community. The first generation had strong ties to traditional Judaism and the majority were Orthodox.

2nd Generation They worked hard, and enjoyed more financial security, social mobility and greater integration into the broader community. Family life still revolved around the Synagogue, but moved away from strict Orthodox observance.

3rd and 4th Generation By the 3rd generation, there is a high degree of financial success and social integration into the broader community. Parents are encouraging the youth to go away to University to live a fuller Jewish and secular life, and to meet Jewish marriage partners. There are greater professional and financial opportunities in the larger centres. There are numerous social and cultural attractions, and there are a variety of Jewish religious options. Jewish maritime parents are content with their lives, but do not see their childrens' futures in the Maritimes.

Maritime Jewish Identity

Regional Identity

1. Small communities separated geographically, but united by common heritage, history and experience.
2. Shared pride in the hundred year old Jewish community.
3. Enjoy small town values.
4. Well-integrated into the broader, non Jewish community.

Jewish Identity (religious, community, outsiders, nationhood, universalism)

1. As in more traditional times, the various dimensions of Jewish identity, are more all-encompassing, and interrelated. The Jewish community retains a more traditional religious life style. There are still few options to religious identification, and all other dimensions of Jewish identity are related to this traditional religious outlook. This is due to the geographical separation, small numbers and the limited Jewish organizational support network, other than the Synagogue.
2. The formal Jewish organizations within the community are:
 - A. *The Synagogue Centre*: is the most important and visible Jewish formal organization within the Maritime Jewish community.
 - 90% are Synagogue affiliated.
 - There are no Reform Temples in the Maritimes.
 - There is little difference between Orthodox and Conservative.
 - B. *Camp Kadimah*: is the most successful organization for strengthening the ties between Maritime Jewish youth. It works at instilling and maintaining a strong Maritime and Jewish identity.
 - C. *Atlantic Jewish Council*: coordinates all Jewish organizations in the Maritimes. It serves as the Jewish interprovincial organization, whose purpose is to strengthen ties between the Jewish communities.
3. Jewish social networks within the community.
 - A. *Family*: Most keep Kosher, and observe major Jewish holidays.
 - B. *Neighbourhood*: There are no "Jewish Neighbourhoods," but many live within walking distance of the Synagogue.
 - C. *Friendship*: Jews are well integrated into the broader society, but close friendships remain within the Jewish community.
 - D. *Occupation*: 1st, 2nd generations were primarily in business.
 - 2nd, 3rd generations are in professions.
4. Other dimensions of Jewish Identity:
 - A. *Outsiders*: acknowledge undercurrent of anti-semitism, but feel relations with non-Jewish community are generally good. Jewish youth learn about Soviet Jewry and the Holocaust.

Other dimensions of Jewish identity (continued)

B. Universalism: No organizational structure, but reflected in Jewish community life.

C. Nationhood: Community is committed to Israel and Zionism and is involved through the Synagogue, Camp Kadimah, Israel Bonds and the United Jewish Appeal.

The Decline Of The Maritime Jewish Community

1. The number of viable Maritime Jewish Communities is decreasing.
2. The population is aging.
3. The youth are leaving.

Things That Make Options Possible:

1. Higher education.
2. Financial success.
3. Upward social mobility.
4. Integration into the broader community.

Things That Create Incentives To Leave:

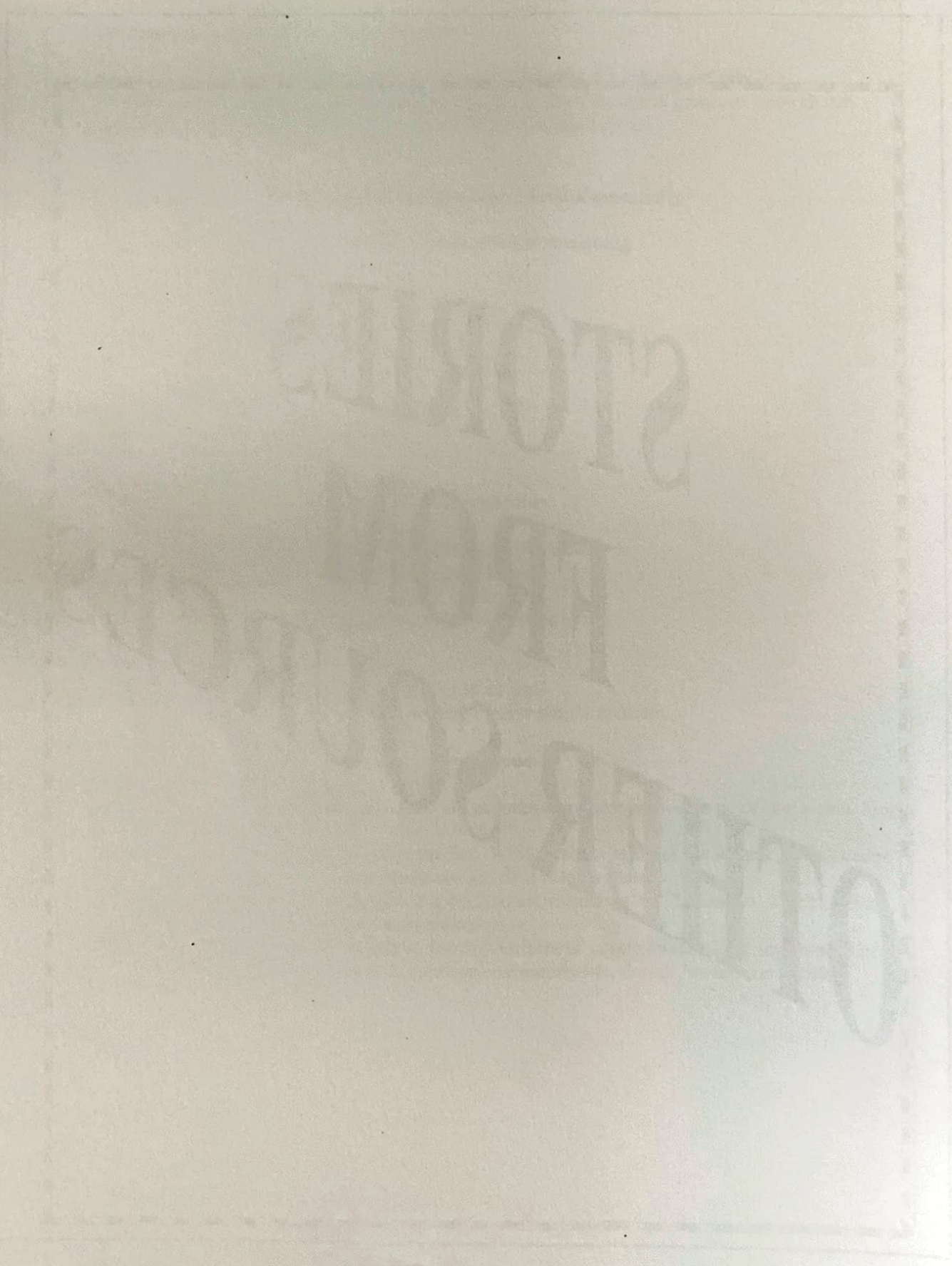
1. Economic decline of many industrial-based communities.
2. Historic pattern of generational mobility.
3. Greater opportunity for richer religious and secular life elsewhere.
4. Community pressure: Socially Prestigious to leave.
 "Grass is greener" syndrome.
 successful Jews are self-protective.
5. Parental pressure: Greater opportunity to do well.
 Greater opportunity to marry within Judaism.

Conclusions:

1. For the majority of the small Maritime Jewish communities, there is little hope of any viable, long term future.
2. The future of Halifax is more difficult to predict. While Halifax remains the largest Jewish centre in the Maritimes, the 4th generation youth do not see their futures there.
3. The communities of Halifax, Fredericton and Moncton remain viable. Therefore, we can remain cautiously optimistic about a few of the communities.
4. Whether they stay or emigrate elsewhere, Jewish Maritimers' appreciation of the importance of Jewish values and strong sense of pride in cohesive community life, enrich Jewish and secular community life wherever they go.

Hope Gaum B.A.

**STORIES
FROM
OTHER SOURCES**



STORIES
FROM
OTHER SOURCES

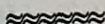
From Daniel Gam:
Woodland Hills, California

At the age of 15 years, in order to avoid the draft my father Lazier (Lester) Gam was sent to Detroit to live with a maternal uncle. Two of his brothers were already in the Russian army.

He went to work at the Ford motor company and polished fenders at night for 15 cents an hour. Two years later his brother Menasha (Morris) came to Detroit to escape the Russian army as well. They kept in touch with their family in Kozhanhorodok until World War II when all contact was lost.

In 1965, friends of my parents returning from a visit to Israel reported that they met a man named David Gam on Kibutz G'Vat. My father told them that David was his youngest brother who was two years old when he left for the states. They had not seen each other for over 50 years. David apparently immigrated to Palestine in 1938.

My father wrote to David and in 1965 went to visit him. They were planning a second trip when my mother died and the trip was never made. Instead of going to Israel, the family brought David and his second wife Leah to Los Angeles for my son's bar mitzvah. They stayed with us for one month. My father then planned another trip to Israel but became ill and died shortly after. I notified the family in Israel and I began a correspondence with them. Since that time we have become quite close and we visit each other periodically. All of the Israeli family have visited Los Angeles and have stayed with us. We have been to their weddings and have stayed with them.

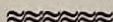


From Eva Konick Pascoe:
Toronto, Ontario

I was only two years old when we came to Canada in 1920. I was born in Kozhanhorodok and it was part of Poland at that time, not Belarus. My grandmother Esther Sheindel (Gam) had passed away several years before our departure. My father and mother, brother Louie, sister Tillie, uncles Joe

and Nathan, and myself made the long trip to Canada. If my memory serves me correctly, my grandfather Yankel Gam (Gaum) had already left and was living with his children in Whitney Pier, Cape Breton.

During the preparation for the trip, uncle Nathan fell and broke his leg. He needed another operation but the departure had to be made at a designated time and his surgery was postponed. Unfortunately it left him physically disabled for the rest of his life.



From Leah Gam:

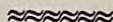
Rishon Lezion, Israel

I am the second wife of David Gam. David immigrated to Israel (Palestine) in 1938 with his first wife Dena Honik Gam. Their daughters, Amalia and Chava were born later. On many occasions, my husband told me stories about Dena and her family. Her father was a merchant, and travelled from place to place by horse and wagon. One day, he was attacked by local Polish peasants, who killed him and mutilated his body. The horse returned to Kozhanhorodok, and in the wagon the family found the body. Dena never forgot the terrible sight, and it remained with her for the rest of her life. She would be particularly upset whenever she saw horses, which reminded her of the tragedy. She died tragically in a plane accident while still a young woman.

David's father had a flour mill in Kozhanhorodok, and died as the result of an accident while working. David witnessed the scene and his father Zushke's untimely death.

I come from a large family of eleven children. Only three survive today. I have two sons, and three grandchildren (two boys and one girl.)

There was only one Gam family in Kozhanhorodok, and therefore all of the members are related.



From Etta Gaum:

Toronto, Ontario.

As a young girl growing up, I would hear many stories about the Gaum family, and one that I thought was particularly funny involved uncle Louie Gaum.

All the brothers and sisters were gathered together in Whitney Pier discussing the old days and the question of who came to Canada first and who brought the other one over, came up. An argument ensued as uncle Pasach (Philip) insisted that he came first and then sent for several of his siblings. Someone else insisted that they were responsible for bringing one or two to Cape Breton. All at once uncle Louie jumped up from his chair and in a loud voice, tainted with his thick Belarusian and Yiddish accent, shouted: **"You're all crazy, I brought over da holl Gad Dam Bonch!"**



From Evelyn Davis

Sydney N.S.

With the Sydney Steel Plant in production around 1909, a number of Jewish families came to Cape Breton and sent for Rabbi I. Jacobson in Philadelphia, Penna. He arrived and became one of the first Rabbis of the Hebrew Congregation of Whitney Pier.

In translating the minutes of the Congregation, (1906-1926) I found the following entries:

April 13, 1913: A special meeting was held at the home of Aaron Feder to make plans for the building of the proposed Synagogue. It was agreed to apply to the local municipality for a permit to build a Place of Worship.

Land was purchased only a few weeks later and the cornerstone was laid in July of the same year. In September, services for the Jewish High Holidays were held in the newly built and completed Adath Israel Synagogue on Mount Pleasant Street. The Young Men's Hebrew Association building, the centre of the community's social life, was located on the lot near the Synagogue.

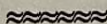
This building was destroyed by fire in 1960 and rebuilt the same year.

June 8, 1914: Due to financial difficulties, a motion was passed to allow new members to join free of charge, for a period of three months.

January 6, 1916: A letter was read from the Zionist Society requesting the use of the Shul for a Purim Ball to raise money for a relief fund. Moved by Pasach Gaum, seconded by Aaron Feder, that it be held in the basement under the name of both organizations and "we should all work hard to make the affair a success."

March 16, 1916: A motion was passed that all paid up seat holders would be issued a legal deed, recorded and registered in the County Courthouse Office. The congregation will secure each seat holder with up to 75% of insurance.

October 6, 1918: A motion was passed to reduce the mortgage by \$500, held by Mr. Philip MacVicar. More if possible...the more, the better! At the same meeting, an amendment was passed that the women of non-members should pay one dollar for a *Quick Wash* in the Mikvah.

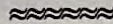


WHEN TRAGEDY STRUCK

THE FATAL CAR ACCIDENT OF MENASHA (MORRIS) GAUM

In 1929, Morris Gaum was living in New Waterford, Cape Breton, with his wife Bashel, and his children Etta, Bernie and Elliot. They were travelling to Sydney on the Sydney-New Waterford highway. The highway was slippery from a persistent rain storm. Elliot was with them on this occasion. The car skidded and Morris lost control. There was a loud crash as the car careened off the road, landing in a ditch. The windshield shattered into hundreds of pieces and glass flew everywhere, covering all of the occupants. This was long before governments made it mandatory for automobile manufacturers to install shatterproof glass. Bashel and Elliot were shaken by the impact, but appeared to be unhurt. Morris was not so fortunate as the flying glass had cut him badly in the face and neck. The laceration on his neck proved to be serious as medical reports will later indicate. A jagged edge of glass severed a major blood vessel which began to bleed profusely. Morris, realizing the seriousness of the situation, began to run for help to the nearest house along the desolate highway. In his panic and state of mind, he did not realize that his futile effort to seek aid by running made the situation worse. It was only a matter of time before he collapsed, and overcome by shock due to loss of blood, he died before any one could provide him with assistance. He was the sixth oldest child of Yankel and Sheindel and the first sibling to pass away.

Shortly after, his wife Bashel and the three children left Cape Breton and moved to Toronto, Ontario.



Author's note: The above account of the tragic death of my grandmother Fratka's younger brother was related to me by my mother. She was only 15 years old when the accident took place, and as was everyone else, shocked by the news. During my research, I found the original article in the local Sydney newspaper and have included it in the book. I was truly amazed to see how authentic my mother's account of the incident was and how closely it parallels the reporter's eye-witness story 66 years ago.

From the *Sydney Record*, September 19, 1929

Front page, Last Edition, Thursday Evening

Waterford Man Killed In Crash

Has Jugular Vein Severed When

Auto Is Upset On Road

Morris Gaum, New Waterford Tailor, Bleeds To Death

Following Crash on No. 17 Colliery Road at Noon Thursday

Wife and Child were Uninjured

Morris Gaum, New Waterford tailor, well known in Sydney, bled to death from a severed jugular vein following an accident which occurred shortly before noon on Thursday on No. 17 colliery road when an Essex sedan which he was driving left the highway and turned over twice. Gaum was cut by flying glass from the windshield, but after the accident walked from where the overturned machine was lying up against a small fence to Cameron's house on the opposite side of the road and collapsed at the door entrance. A doctor was immediately summoned but he could do nothing for the unfortunate man. With Gaum were his widow and small baby who were uninjured, and did not require medical attention. Every pane of glass in the car was broken, but the car itself was only slightly damaged as a result.

From Lon Dubinsky:

Montreal, Quebec

My bubbie Chava (Eva) Perlin had many stories that I would love to listen to as a boy. I once asked her if she had any recollections about her journey from the old country to Canada. "Who wants to remember, the ship was awful." "That's why I never liked boats, even on the Mira River!" (Note: All the Gaums were comedians....Author)



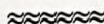
From the Author:

Information about Joe Marshall

Joe was the older brother of Louis Marshall, born in Belarus in 1862. He came to Canada in 1888 and lived in Springhill, N.S. He returned to Belarus and from records I have researched, returned to Canada and Springhill with his wife and three children in 1897. He was included in the 1901 Canadian Census which contained the following information:

Wife:	Sarah: Born 1862, in Belarus
Children:	Rosie Marshall: Born 1883, in Belarus
	Louis Marshall: Born 1884, in Belarus
	Fanny Marshall: Born 1891, in Belarus

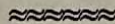
Joe died about 1916 and was buried in Glace Bay, N.S.



From The Author:

Chiah, wife of Wolf (William) Gaum

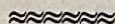
It was 1965, and I was leaving for Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to pursue my postgraduate studies. I was at 842 Victoria Rd. saying good-bye to my grandmother before my departure and was greeted by other relatives as well. It was an opportunity to bid farewell to everyone at the same time. "Where are you going?" Chava Wasserman asked. "To Pittsburgh to study oral surgery," I replied. "Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh?" they all responded. "Yes" I answered, "do you know where it is?" There was a long silence and then Aunt Chiah answered. "I know where it is!" she exclaimed. My grandmother, rather surprised and not fully believing her sister-in-law, shot back rather sarcastically, "Where is it?" "Everyone knows where Pittsburgh is," replied Aunt Chiah. "It's between Boston and the United States." (Not everyone is an expert in geography...author)



From Dr. Albert Latucha:

New York, N.Y.

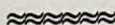
Although my name is Latucha, I grew up with the name Goldstein. When I was about 12 years old, I noticed that correspondence my father had with his mother was addressed to Sarah Leah Latucha. I asked him why his mother had a different family name and he stated that Latucha was the real name but had been changed to Goldstein. This did not sit well with me and I resolved to change it back legally as soon as I had money of my own. This happened in 1943 when, as a senior dental student I was drafted and became a private-first-class in the army. With my first paycheck (\$43), I went to a lawyer and had it legally changed. I have been a Latucha ever since.



From Zuske Gam:

Israel

I was born in Poland in 1925. (Belarus was part of Poland at this time.) I have three brothers and three sisters and I am the oldest. In 1943 - 44, when the Nazis began to occupy our country, my parents insisted I run away. I was 15 years old at the time and I joined the Russian Army. I was wounded twice during the fighting. I came to Israel in 1957.



From Evelyn Davis:

Sydney N. S.

And

Morey Altman:

Vancouver B.C.

This is a story told to us by our uncle Jack Moraff, who lived in Lachva, Belarus. When the Nazis arrived in Lachva in 1943, they herded all of the Jews into a field which was fenced in to prevent anyone from escaping. They killed all of the babies with bayonets to save bullets. All of the men were forced to shovel coal into boxcars as the guards stood by with guns and whips. By morning, most of the older men were either beaten to death or had died from exhaustion or shock. One night Jack, another man and his 4 year-old-son escaped into the woods. Jack left behind his wife and young son. When they heard the Nazi patrol they hid in a small body of water. The child was about to cry out and to prevent this the father put his hand over his son's mouth. When the patrol passed, they noted that the child was dead, due to suffocation. Jack and the man dug a grave by hand and buried the lad by the pond. They hid in the woods for months and eventually joined the Partisans.

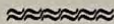
One evening, as they hid, the weather was below zero. They tried to stay warm by covering themselves with snow. In the distance they saw smoke from a fire and upon investigating it realized that it came from a small house. A woman let them in and fed them. They slept for awhile and then

departed as the Nazi patrol checked this area every day. One night as they camped by a river, Jack discovered his cousin Szymon Cheifetz, who convinced Jack to join the Russian Army. The Russians needed people who spoke Polish. Jack became a cook for one of the Russian officers, who protected him for the remainder of the war. He stayed with the 1st Russian Battalion and entered Berlin as the war ended. When peace was declared, they marched back to Moscow and Jack was then on his own. With the help of the Jewish Immigration Services, he managed to get to Austria. He had one opportunity to go back to Lachva, but did not, as he could not face what he would find. He knew at this time that his wife and son were dead.

The Red Cross assisted him in writing his brother Hymie, but he couldn't remember how Hymie spelled his "Canadian" name. Jack also did not know where Hymie lived, other than in Canada. The letter was addressed to: Hymie Murav, Canada. One day a letter arrived at Hymie's store. Thinking that it was a request for a donation, Hymie put it aside, planning to attend to it later. After several days, he opened the letter and to his surprise discovered that a brother had survived the war. But how did the letter get to Hymie?

It was Easter vacation and one of the Thorn boys, who worked for the Red Cross, came into Hymie's store. "Hymie," he said, "Did you get the letter? Can you imagine, they couldn't even spell your name. When I saw it, I wrote on the envelope, corner of Bay and Victoria Rd." The mystery of how the letter got to Hymie was solved. If it wasn't for the young Thorn boy, who knows what might have happened?

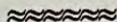
Jack came to Canada, and lived in the Pier for the rest of his life. He died at the age of 84.



From Morrie Konick:
Ottawa, Ontario

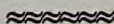
In reading the article of your recent visit to Belarus, I began to recall the names of Lachva, Luninets, and Kozhanhorodok. These were mentioned often when I was a youngster overhearing the conversations between my parents and your grandparents, and the rest of the family. This occurred

when they gathered together on a Sunday morning and at other times. It was fortunate that they were able to do this, as they lived so close to each other. I recall my mother Beilka baking her "kuchen" and your grandfather Shaiya and other family members regaling in laughter as they reminisced about their "haim". Although they had fond memories of the old country, they always considered themselves very fortunate to have settled in the "Golden Land" of Cape Breton.



From Margaret Roberts:
President, Whitney Pier Historical Society
Whitney Pier, Cape Breton

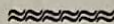
On behalf of the Whitney Pier Historical Society and myself I would like to say "Thank You." The plaque in memory of your grandparents Sam and Fanny Gaum is beautiful. It will have a place of honour in our building. As a child, I can remember your grandparents sitting on stools beside their store on Victoria Road. A lot of other members remember them as well. This summer, (1994) we put up the old wrought iron fence that has the Star of David. The Jewish people are so pleased that their Synagogue has been preserved.



From Ruth Azoff:
Reading, Mass.

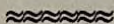
It was such a pleasant surprise hearing from you. My sister and I often speak about your side of the family with much affection. I remember your parents, grandparents and your uncle Benny very well. I remember and can picture your grandmother and father sitting on the sofa of my parents' home in Dorchester, Mass. My sister Charlotte tells me your family lived next door to us in Hyde Park, Mass. for awhile. She remembers that your uncle Benny and your dad were terrors as young boys. I

do hope someday we will meet. It would be wonderful to see you and your family. I hope the information I have enclosed helps.



From Isabelle Lesogor
Randolph, Mass.

Thank you for the **Latucha Family Tree**. I didn't realize it was so large and there were so many members of our family. I remember meeting your mom in Nova Scotia many years ago and would love to see you all again someday. Don't forget to spell my name correctly, it's Isabelle.



From Ethel Alper:
Lauderhill, Florida.

First let me introduce myself. I am Esther Chiah Lipman (Alper). It is a pity that the families you love so much live so far away. I remember your father when he went on his honeymoon to Bermuda. He was sea sick the entire voyage. Your mother and father, (I called him Maurice) came to Brooklyn and stayed with my mother at her home for a few days before returning to Canada. We visited Nova Scotia more than 50 years ago and stayed with my Uncle Shaiya and Aunt Fratka. Uncle Shaiya had a butcher shop at the time. Maurice and Benny had a general store in a very poor area. When they took us there the children were walking around without shoes. We had a wonderful time and met all of the Gaums. We were wine and dined.

God willing, I will be 88 years old October of 1995 so you will have to excuse any spelling mistakes. I have been happily married for 63 years and my husband is the nicest and best friend any one would want.

Now, a little bit of life: My father came to America first and left my mother with four children. I was 3 years old when we landed on Ellis Island in New York. (The year was 1910 and Ethel was the same age as my father. She was also born in Kozhanhorodok, Belarus in 1907...Author) When we left Belarus my Grandmother Simcha Rochel Latucha was at the train station (Luninets) to say good-bye. My mother remembered that as we waved, her mother, in sadness and grief at seeing her family disappear, fell to the ground in tears and anguish. It was a heart wrenching sight but life went on. We never saw her again. We lived in Brooklyn for awhile and brother Al was born. It was difficult for my father to make a living and we moved to Boston where my mother had her family. My mother's brother Paul Goldstein also lived in Boston at this time. There was no money but it had nothing to do with having children and my brother Jack was born bringing the total to six. When I began high school my parents decided to move back to New York. They were still looking for a rainbow. Uncle Paul also moved to New York and opened a candy store. He became ill with tuberculosis and shortly thereafter, at a very young age, passed away. We loved him very much and were with him to the very end.

I have two wonderful children thank God, a son-in-law that respects us and we love him, a lovely daughter-in-law, six grandchildren and one great-grandchild. What else could I ask for?

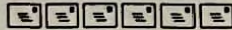
I am very happy to be able to do something for you as I loved your father Maurice, your uncle Benny and my aunt and uncle Shaiya and Fratka very much, even though we were many miles apart.



Author's note: What a wonderful letter to receive, filled with so much truth, love and sincerity. There is no doubt in my mind, nor was there any as I wrote this book, that family was the most important part of the daily lives of our parents, grandparents, aunts and uncles. Do we still have this same feeling for family today?

Prior to hearing from Ethel Alper, Ruth Azoff and Isabelle Lesogor, I knew very little about Yitzchok Latucha Goldstein's other children. Through their letters and photographs I began to piece together the information that I had wished for. As you can see, Yitzchok and Simcha Rochel were

responsible for many people, and through the kindness and help of my cousins Ethel, Ruth and Isabelle, the branch is now complete.



Letters from Benny Gaum to his mother, Fratka.

Dated: May 6th. 1959

Detroit, Michigan.

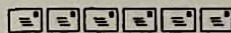
My Dearest Mother:

To me, as well as Maurice, everyday is Mother's Day. There are many types of mothers, but you are one of the unique mothers of the world, unselfish and sacrificing, just living for her children's and their children's happiness.

There may have been many times that we appeared unappreciative and unworthy of your love, but deep down and solidly centered in our hearts is the Queen of mothers, our mother. And that goes for all of your grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

God Bless You:

Benny



Dated: June 6th. 1965

Detroit, Michigan.

My Darling Mother:

We arrived safe and well thank God and hope you are well and have shed the "World's Worries". The ones you are worrying about don't worry about you, but only bring their troubles to you and I do not except myself. Your only true friend, your husband, is gone. But if there is such a place as another world, I hope and I know it will be his prayers that will bring you happiness and nachas of which you are so deserving, but have had so little as yet.

All your grandchildren send their love and miss you greatly, or so they say. But like everything and everybody, you are assessed by what they get out of you and from you.

The moral of my writing to you is: if you have to worry, worry about yourself and take care of yourself and don't think everything that shines is pure gold. If you become a little more cynical and more selfish, you will be much better off. Remember, as long as you give of you, as well as materially, you are the greatest. It is never too late to correct your mistakes.

For what it is worth we love you and send you our best wishes and hope you see "the Light" soon. But I know you will always be the foolish, unselfish, sacrificing person you have been all your life.

God bless and help you.

Benny

Author's note: At the time of this second letter, Benny was not well and his heart condition was rapidly deteriorating. As I read the lines, (and between them) and his reference to God, another world, and his late father Shaiya, I believe he knew that his days were numbered. It is only speculation on my part, but the facts cannot be altered. This was the last letter that he ever wrote and three months later, after he returned to his home in Cape Breton, Benny passed away.



From Yad Vashem

The Holocaust Martyrs' and Heroes' Remembrance Authority

Jerusalem, Israel:

Author's note:

There are over 2,000 names recorded on memorial cards in the Yad Vashem from the Latucha and Gam (Gaum) families. This is probably just a small portion of the actual number that were murdered during the Holocaust. I have included only a few of these memorials that have been completed .

#1. In memory of Shaiya Latucha, son of Avrom Yael and Chaiya Latucha.

Born: Kozhanhorodok, Belarus, in 1882.

Died: 1942 in Mikaszewicze, Belarus, with his wife Fraidel.

Inscribed by his son Yehuda (Yudel) Latucha Bar Ishay, 1956.

#2. In memory of Wolf (Zeev) Latucha, son of Menasha and Gitel Latucha

Born: Kozhanhorodok, Belarus, in 1880.

Died: 1942 in Kozhanhorodok, Belarus, with his wife Rachel.

Inscribed by Yehuda (Yudel) Latucha Bar Ishay, 1956.

Author's note: Shaiya and Wolf were first cousins to my grandfather Shaiya (Sam Gaum).

#3. In memory of Hersh (Tzvi) Gam.

Born: Luninets 1883

Died: 1942 in Majdonik concentration camp with his wife Bela.

Three children died as well: Zusha, age 6, and Yehudith age 8,
Daniel, age 21.

Inscribed by Rachael Gam.

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From Maurice Gaum: conversations with the author:

A story about Leizer Konik (husband of Beilka).

The year was 1968, and Leizer was not well. At this time he was virtually confined to his home. My father would visit his uncle and aunt every Saturday following Shul services. He would ask Leizer if there was anything he would like and the request was usually for some form of fruit. On this particular occasion, my father arrived at the Konik residence with a large assortment of Leizer's favorite produce. When he placed the packages on the kitchen table Leizer thanked his nephew and inquired about the cost as he wanted to reimburse him. My father shook his head to indicate no and added that he had already paid him many years ago. Leizer looked puzzled and indicated that he did not understand. "I paid you" said Leizer, "what do you mean?" My father began to explain. "Uncle Leizer, a long time ago, when I was a boy of about five or six and you were in business, you had parked your truck in front of my mom and dad's store. The back of your truck was filled with beautiful fruits and vegetables, and being only young and tempted by the delicious sight in front of me, I took two or three bananas and never told you or my parents. Based on my calculations, taking into account the cost of the fruit and interest over all these years, it equals what I brought you today". Leizer began to laugh and so did my dad. They both had a tremendous sense of humour and who knows, maybe Leizer, being a good businessman, calculated in his mind that the interest on the cost of the fruit was less, and his nephew had overpaid him!



From Jack Gaum  
Toronto, Ontario

I remember this story about grandma Gaum (Fratka) and I think it illustrates what a wonderful sense of humour she had and how fast she was with a reply. She was never lost for words.

I had just graduated from university and decided to do some travelling before settling down to a steady job. My plan was to spend several months in Europe and I was saying good-bye to Grandma

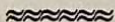


and at the same time explaining to her my agenda. "Grandma, I am going to Europe and will be visiting several countries such as Greece, Spain and England. Have You ever been to England Grandma?" I asked her. "Yes dear, a long time ago, when I came to Canada," she said without hesitation, and quickly added, "but I wasn't looking for it!" This struck me funny and I realized that in those few words she explained the entire story of her immigration. When she left Belarus, the steamship that would take her to Cape Breton departed from Bristol, England. Whether she liked it or not, or whether she was "looking for it" or not, this was the route she was compelled to travel.



From Sarah Gaum  
Thornhill, Ontario

I remember my mother's cousin Perel Gaum and what a tremendous personality and sense of humour she had. She could entertain a roomful of people for hours on end. Her daughter Etta Chernin inherited this outgoing nature from her mother. Perel could tell a joke and would have you laughing with tears in your eyes. I recall one story she told about her son Pinky that is very funny. He was only about 5 or 6 years old and on one occasion he began to swear and his profanity wouldn't stop. Perel approached him and made no reference to his poor choice of vocabulary, but said that she saw something on his tongue and was concerned. She asked him to open his mouth and stick out his tongue to allow her to examine it more closely. Obliging, Pinky complied with his mother's request and thrust it out as far as he could. No sooner did he complete the maneuver when Perel abruptly grabbed this small piece of her son's anatomy and gave it a mighty twist and yank. "Don't you ever use those words again," Perel exclaimed. I think he was so scared he never did, until he joined the Airforce during the war.





**People's Deputy Of The  
Republic Of Belarus**

Ref. 323/D

10 July 1994

Dear Sir:      To Senator Jack Marshall  
                    House Of Senate  
                    Ottawa, Ontario

From: Peter Skorobat'ko  
Deputy of the Supreme Soviet  
of the Republic of Belarus, President of  
the Luninets District Council of  
Deputies

The last five years have seen a dramatic change in the world political situation. The process of political and ideological confrontation between East and West has come to an end. Reason and common sense have prevailed. It is a good thing that major political figures have come to realize that we share one earth and have the same material and spiritual values. Human life comes into this world with but a single aim...to preserve it, enhance it, and make it a better place for humankind to live in. Peace, friendship, mutual understanding and mutual assistance is becoming the real ideology of many states.

I, a people's deputy of the Republic of Belarus and the President of the Luninets District Council of Deputies, am writing to you, a representative of Canada's Government, with an open heart and the best of intentions to propose mutual beneficial cooperation in various areas of human relations between your country and mine.

We have very much in common: The same climate, the same national character. We would be very pleased to see a delegation from your country visiting us here in Luninets to discuss in greater detail, matters of mutual interest such as trade relations, the launching of joint enterprises, and collaboration in the fields of culture and sport. We have very much to offer you.

With regards,

Peter Skorobat'ko



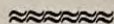
From Maurice L. Gaum:

*A frequent expression:*

**"Mentsch Trocht, Un Got Lacht." ( Man plans, and God Laughs.)**

*Advice To his sons:*

Choose your professions, work hard, do the best you can and worship God, not the dollar bill.



From The Author:

*"I remember"*

The house I grew up in was my father and mother's house on 40 Tain Street, Sydney, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. In the late 1950's, when Dad converted the second floor to an apartment, the lower level then became 42 Tain St. On one particular day, without checking with the city for permission, he just put up the Number "42" and that was that. If the same thing was done today without due regard for all of the municipal by-laws and city ordinances, you might find yourself in jail. Around the same time, if you wanted to acquire your driver's licence, you paid a visit to a rather large, rotund gentleman by the name of Neillie Ferguson, gave him a bottle of spirits, and you successfully passed the driver's test. Things were less complicated in those days!

Dad built his house in 1940 and served as his own contractor. He hired labourers to perform the numerous and sundry tasks that lay at hand in its construction. Native Indians from the local Eskasoni Reservation dug the foundation with pick and shovel. The foundation was poured with solid concrete and not the flimsy blocks used today. The entire structure was constructed of brick, something new and innovative at this time and rarely seen in Cape Breton Island. The brick was imported from Truro, Nova Scotia, where the earth is a rich, dark soil and the quality of the product was second to none. The house is as solid today as it was over fifty years ago. The plumbing and electrical wiring was performed with copper. A 2" x 4" was a 2" x 4", not less as you see today. Dad supervised everything and saw that quality material was placed in every part and parcel of the structure.



During the construction phase, we lived with my grandparents Shaiya and Fratka in Whitney Pier. When the house was completed we moved over to "Town." This was another milestone in my Dad and his parent's lives. He had lived at 842 Victoria Road most of his life and his parents were reluctant to see us move. However, they accepted the change with much sadness as they bid us goodbye. We moved into the new premises and my parents began to settle in on the first day. On this day, as the hours progressed, I began to inquire as to when we would be going "home." I wasn't too pleased when told that I would be sleeping in a new bed and bedroom that evening. After many hours of coaxing and cajoling I finally drifted off to sleep, no doubt thinking of my cozy surroundings in the Pier and my grandmother and grandfather. Suddenly there was a tremendous "crash" and "bang" that filled the still, first night in our new home. The boards under the mattress, slipped from their supports and hit the floor, with the mattress and its new occupant landing on top. "Take me home," I must have thought, "things like this don't happen there!" But I was home, my new home, and despite this most uncomfortable incident, it remained my home for many years until I left for university some fifteen years later. We returned to Shaiya and Fratka's place at 842 Victoria Road from that day on only as visitors, and the years unfolded and life quickly moved on.

Despite the move, there was a close bond that always existed between my parents, grandparents and myself. I remember many events that took place over the years that would illustrate this family tie, this love and affection that existed then and remains in my memory today. However, one event that occurred remains forever fixed in my mind and seems to serve as an example of this love I was surrounded with every day. I was about 10 years old, sick with a very bad cold and confined to bed. My father brought my grandma Fratka over to our house as she insisted that she must come to see me. I recall that I was sleeping as she came into my room, forever and always carrying her rather large black purse by her side and looking worried and weary as she carefully observed me and tried to convince herself that I would be alright and quickly recuperate. I slowly opened my eyes and met hers as she sat in a small chair in front of my bed and began to speak softly in Yiddish. I must however translate her words in English but I can still hear the beautiful expressions she pronounced in her mother tongue as she spoke to me on that day many years ago. "My darling grandson, I wish the illness that you suffer would be on me and not you. Let me be sick instead of you, let me take your place so you



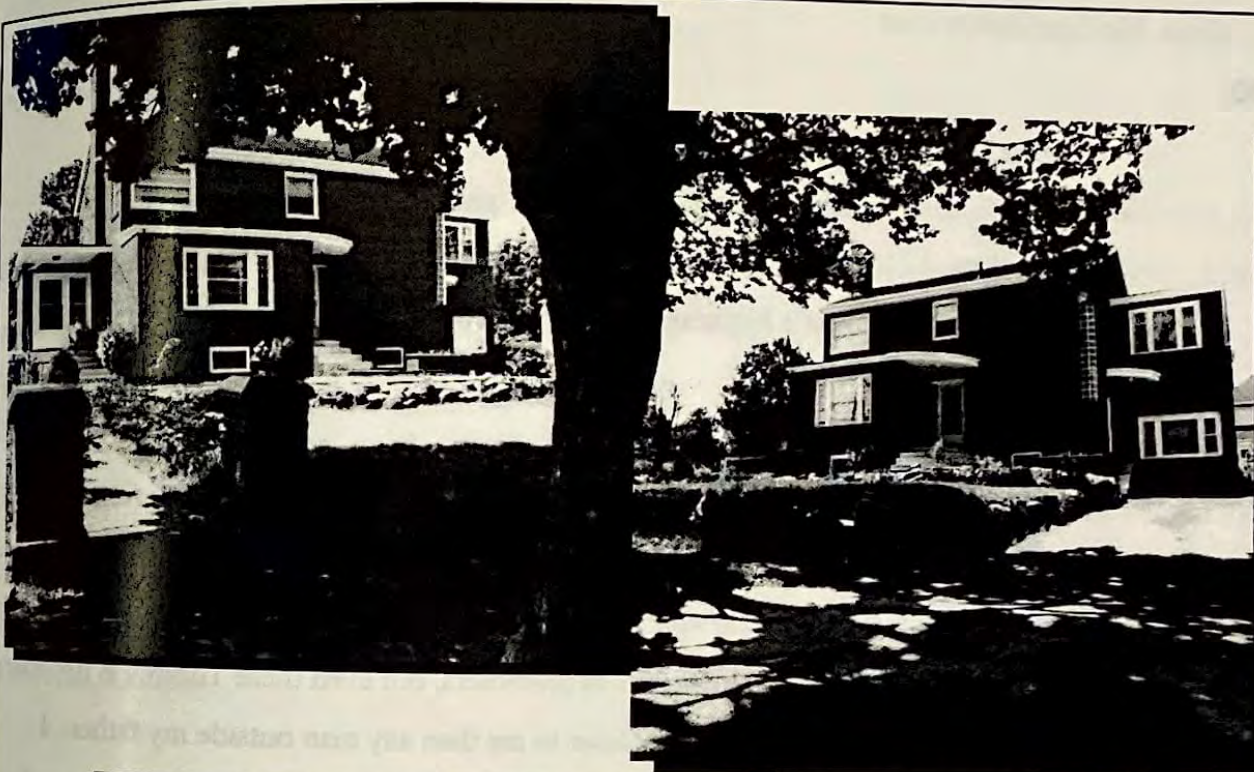
can be well again." She would have, if it was possible. "You could see the love in her eyes," my mother reminded me whenever we spoke about her.

I always remember a feeling of security as I grew up, a comfortable protected feeling where my biggest worry was what movie I would see at the Saturday matinee. My mother was always at home, performing her housework, attending to the preparation of the meals and being there for the family. I recognized at an early age that my father was a hard worker and when the working day was done he would come home to be with his family. As I think back I am reminded of an incident that took place when I was about six or seven years old. I came home from school at lunchtime and found the door of the house locked and my mother gone. I was mortified, petrified and completely lost! This had never happened before. I began to run in the direction of my uncle Benny and aunt Sylvia's house a short distance away. "Why are you crying?" my aunt asked. When she realized what the problem was she phoned home, spoke to my mother who only stepped out for a moment to visit a neighbour, and the problem was solved. What a relief for me, I remember, my mother is back and everything is back to normal. And it remained that way for many years, as Mom was always there for her boys, lunchtime and everytime.

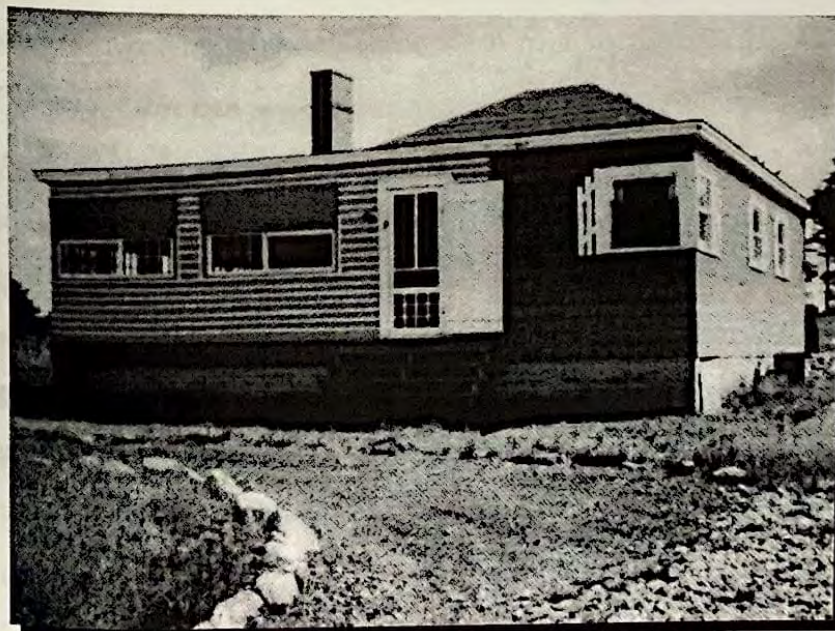
We take so many things for granted as we grow up and mature and don't think about or assess the reasons for them happening. I have always loved the music of the great singer and entertainer Al Jolson, and have collected every recording that exists of his singing voice. I possess copies of every motion picture he made and all books written about him. How did this interest, this desire come about? Was it just by accident that on one particular day I became aware of this magnificent singer and his extraordinary voice? No, it was because of my father. Shortly after Jolson made his comeback and the movie "The Jolson Story" was introduced, Dad bought an album of his songs, the old Jolson classics. Dad loved to play them but more importantly, he let me play the album whenever I desired. It was this introduction, this freedom and this encouragement that contributed to the love and enjoyment I have when I listen to Al Jolson or watch one of his movies. Whenever I do, I always think of my dad, and how much I loved him.







The Gaum residence on **42 TAIN STREET, SYDNEY, CAPE BRETON, N.S.**  
It was built by my father Maurice Gaum in 1941, and sold in 1983.



The old family "**Bungalow.**" Built by my father in 1947 on a hilltop in South Bar, it overlooked Sydney Harbour and was only a few miles from Whitney Pier. It was sold in the 70's.



From *The Cape Breton Post*

1982:

**Passing Years**

**This Week: 53 Years Ago**

Firecrackers, 12 to a package, sold for one cent a package  
at **Gaum's Popular Store**, Whitney Pier.

.....

From *The Highlander*, An interview with former boxing champ **Tommy "Gun" Spencer** (circa 1970)

"I loved every minute of it," he insists, and "I'd do it all over again if I had the chance." Some fighters have only bad memories of promoters, but even there Tommy is upbeat. The late Benny Gaum he says, "was closer to me than any man outside my father. I boxed for him and I delivered groceries for him in New Waterford - with a horse and waggon. He always looked after me like a son."

*(The above article was given to me by an old friend and neighbour John Gordon MacDonald, who passed away in the prime of his life.)*

.....

From *The Canadian Jewish News*, March 23, 1995

**Halifax Doctor retires after 46 years in practice**

Almost 50 years after starting his practice in Obstetrics and Gynecology, Irving Perlin has retired quietly, as is his nature. Many of his patients won't allow his retirement to go unnoticed and they have opened an "Irving Perlin Scholarship" to promote research and education in his specialty.

*(Irving's mother was the late Eva Gaum Perlin of Sydney, Cape Breton.)*

.....



From "The Pier Dear" By Ron Dipenta  
Published by the Whitney Pier Historical Society

Sam Green's store on Victoria Road was a famous spot for card players. The young kids would hang around outside in hopes of receiving some loose change from the lucky winners. If they were given five cents, it was usually spent on candy or ice cream at Mrs. Gaum's store just a few buildings away.

.....

From Sarah Gaum  
Thornhill, Ontario

My mother-in law Fratka was without a doubt one of the best cooks I have ever known. Her food was delicious and always had a distinct taste and flavour. On one occasion, the family was gathered at her home and as usual she prepared a feast for all of us. Everything was wonderful, her borscht, her tzimmi and her chicken. Her rice however was outstanding and one dish had a delicious crunchy top that was browned in the oven.

"Mother," I said, "this rice is delicious, it tastes wonderful and sweet." Fratka stood by the table, smiled and nodded her head in acknowledgement, but said nothing. "Your rice dishes are always good, but this one is outstanding," I continued. "I have never tasted rice so sweet before, it is almost as if there was sugar in it." I looked directly at her and caught her eyes as she stared back at me. "Is there sugar in the rice?" I asked. Fratka continued to smile but remained silent. "Is that why it tastes so sweet? You put sugar in it," I insisted. "Yes," Fratka replied, "I put sugar in, only a small bit, but you don't have to tell anybody!"

Author's note: Good cooks refuse to give their special recipes away, even to this day.





From Sylvia Gaum Star  
Scottsdale, Arizona

**Author's note:** During the completion of this book, my dear mother Sarah passed away. I was looking forward to showing her the finished product, which she had contributed to immensely. It was not to be and as my late father would say, "Mentsch trocht, un Got Lacht." Despite my sorrow, anguish and pain at losing such a precious part of my life, I continued with the writing and publishing of the book as I now felt a stronger need to record for future generations, a history of our wonderful roots.

Shortly after my mother's passing, I received a letter from my aunt Sylvia. I was deeply touched by it and felt that it must be included in these pages.

Dear Family:

It is with great pain and heartache that I send condolences to you on our great loss, your beautiful mother Sarah. I could not send a card as I had to express myself more in these few words.

I remember her as a bride so many years ago. She was breathtaking, so beautiful and so quiet, a lady always. Her children were her greatest happiness. I remember her now as if it was yesterday, with her boys, at home and at the bungalow. She would never leave her boys with anyone, only Grandma Fratka would she trust. When you boys would misbehave at times, she would whisper to each one separately, never a harsh word to her boys. She was a lady at all times!

What can I say? We have lost a wonderful friend, mother and grandmother. Time is a great healer, so they say.

Stay well my dear nephews and nieces.

Loving you always.

Aunt Sylvia





## AN OLD STORY FROM A TINY SHTETL

*Many years ago in a tiny shtetl, an event took place that became the topic of discussion for a long time. The event that unfolded was told to my mother Sarah by her mother Riva, and finally by my mother to me. I will relate it here as I remember it...Author.*

The people of Krasna Volya, Belarus, a tiny speck of land and space in Eastern Europe, worked hard day and night eking out a living in order to survive. They were happy sometimes, sad hungry and cold at others. They were also very superstitious and it was common knowledge and belief that when the sun set and darkness befell the land, one would not wander aimlessly at night so as to avoid any misfortune that may arise. This fear of darkness was rooted in a very real belief that one would especially not wander into a cemetery or a place of the deceased after the light of day had disappeared.

On one particular day some of the local people were gathered together in the town square and the subject of danger and the cemetery came up. "I wouldn't go into the cemetery after dark," one was heard to say. "Neither would I," responded another. An elderly gentleman wearing a long, heavy overcoat, lifted himself from the stool where he was sitting and exclaimed, "I would go into the cemetery no matter what time of day it was, and for a good wager I would go in the dark of night." A hush fell over those gathered and not a word was spoken. The old gentleman continued, "I will bet with you that when darkness comes this evening I will walk into the cemetery and have absolutely no fear for anything or anybody." There was continued silence and then a voice responded, "How much will you bet?" The old man quickly replied, "Ten rubles, if I go you will pay me 10 rubles." Now several voices responded and there was an air of excitement in the crowd. "It's a bet!" two men shouted together. Several women began to collect the appropriate sum of money from each person. "I will wait until the sun has set and then I will proceed into the cemetery," the old man stated. "Wait a minute," a middle-aged woman with a bright red babushka tied tightly around her chin exclaimed. "What proof will we have that you will carry out your intended plan and win the 10 rubles?" The old man thought for a brief moment and then replied, "I will place a wooden staff in the ground at one of the gravesites and you will see it the next morning as proof that I had been there." They all agreed and waited for sunset



to arrive. After several hours the sun, big and hot, dropped behind the mountains and in the tiny shtetl of Krasna Volya, it became dark and still. The villagers all returned to their homes and when safely inside, closed their doors for the night, all that is, except the old man, wearing a long, heavy coat. Carrying a wooden staff that he had cut from a tree in the nearby forest, the old man set out on the road that led to the cemetery and slowly disappeared from view.

As the dawn approached and the sun began to rise in the east, bathing the entire village in a warm golden glow, the people of Krasna Volya began to quickly gather in the town square. There they waited for the old man to appear so they could all proceed to the cemetery and see if he had won the bet. They waited for several hours but saw no sign of him. Finally, everyone agreed to walk to the cemetery to see if he was there. As they approached the entrance someone shouted, "there he is sleeping on a grave and the staff is stuck in the ground." Everyone gathered around expecting to see him open his eyes as they approached. There was no movement however, he lay perfectly still, his eyes remained shut. One of the men shook him by his shoulder and shouted, "Get up old man, it seems that you have won the wager." There was silence, and only the whistling of the wind and the call of a small grey sparrow could be heard. The old man remained as he was, almost in a curled up position, motionless. Several minutes went by and almost in unison the people whispered, "he's dead." And so he was, and he had been, for many hours.

What had happened? On close inspection it appeared that when he drove the staff into the ground, it pierced his long, heavy coat as he knelt over the gravesite, pinning him to the ground. When he attempted to stand upright he couldn't move, he was caught! He became frightened and surely panicked thinking that someone was holding him, keeping him, a hand perhaps from below. He was old, he was not well, it was cold, his heart was not strong. How could he survive such a fright? That was it, ...he died of fright, they all said. Or did he? Is that what happened? Maybe something sinister and angry lead to his demise. Was there any truth to the belief that evil lurks in the cemetery at night and forces from beyond are capable of punishing those that mock and those that do not believe?

We will never know, but one thing is for sure, the people of the little shtetl of Krasna Volya continue to be as superstitious as ever and will not under any circumstances wander into the cemetery after the light of day has disappeared from view.



## A REVISIT TO A FAMILIAR PLACE

By: Larry Gaum

It was the summer of 1961, just after I graduated from dental school. I was 22 years old and weary from my four long years of study. Thin as a stick with a size 30" waist and happy that my ordeal was finally over. Uncle Benny and aunt Sylvia Gaum, grandma Fanny Gaum, Mom and Dad, and my brother Errol, all attended the graduation.

"Now," Grandma said, "We have a Doctor in the family."

As for me, I didn't feel any different, but the diploma said D.D.S. Now all I had to do was go out and make a living for myself. Uncle Jack Marshall, some months before, had suggested I visit Corner Brook to see if it would be suitable for a place to practice. It was, as I liked the town immediately. The people were friendly, easy going, and Uncle Jack had made space in one of his buildings for my dental office. I was excited and couldn't wait to have my "own place."

Shortly thereafter, I set out by car for the place where I would spend the next four years of my life. The year was 1961, and my Dad came with me, many years ago. The car was loaded onto the William Carson Ferry in North Sydney, and Dad and I took the cruise overnight to Port aux Basques. Dad joked all the way, laughing about the boat ride (he didn't like boats very much), and some of the local sailors that were also on the ferry.

As we drove from Port aux Basques, we crawled along the unfinished Trans Canada Highway which was mostly dirt road. All at once we came to a strip of the highway that was paved for about 300' in front of a farm house. It was the strangest thing to witness. But Dad saw through it. He pointed out to me that this was a good political lesson and indicated that the farmer obviously was a friend and political supporter of the Premier of the Province, at that time Joey Smallwood.

We arrived in Corner Brook several hours later and stayed at the Glynnmill Inn. It was a beautiful hotel, built in the 20s when Bowaters Pulp and Paper Co. was in its heyday. The lobby was beautiful, paint all shiny and clean and the carpets were immaculate. The dining room was elegant with waitresses in their clean, bright, starched uniforms, serving you with respect and friendliness.

Dad was at the reception desk registering our room, when the clerk addressed him. "Good evening, Dr. Gaum," the clerk said to Dad.



"Oh no, I'm just his father," Dad replied. "Here's Dr. Gaum," he smiled, pointing to me standing close by.

The clerk looked at me, then at Dad, then again at me. He smiled and turned to Dad again and said, "Yes sir, Dr. Gaum. Your rooms are ready."

I didn't even look like a dentist!

I finally settled in, and when the office on 86 West Street was ready, and the equipment installed, Dad said it was time for him to leave. I felt sad and alone.

"Hey," I thought, "I don't know if I'm going to like this alone bit." So far away from Sydney.

Dad said good-bye, and he headed for the airport.

My practice thrived and I made many friends. I became a member of the Playmakers, a very active theatrical group of young men and women. They liked me and I liked them from the very beginning. Tom Cahill, Gordy Shears, Gordon Tizzard, Mary McCardle, Tess and Lance Ewing, Joan and Walter Chambers, Jim and Diane Butt, and oh so many, many more. My life was centred around my practice and the Playmakers. It was a wonderful, happy time. We would perform plays, skits, reviews, stayed up late, drank beer, and friendships became closer and closer. I lived with Jane and Abe Elkins on East Valley Road, two of the loveliest people I have ever met. They were beautiful human beings who treated me like their son for the two years I lived with them. Then another wonderful couple, Ted and Eileen Tipple, shared their house with me for about two years.

It was at this time that I began to think of postgraduate work in Oral Surgery. My mind was made up. I was prepared to go back to school. I finally said farewell to a practice that I had established and enjoyed for over four years. I said farewell to the friends that I made over this period of time. The night before my departure, the Playmakers gave me a going away party. This was a very thoughtful and lovely way of saying good-bye and to give me an opportunity to see my friends for the last time.

Just as my father was there for me when I began my practice, he was now present to help me gather up and pack all of my possessions and prepare for my journey to the United States.

On the final day, I said good-bye to my receptionist and dental assistant, Gloria Butler, and locked my door for the last time. The car sped along the Trans Canada highway leaving Corner Brook behind. The time was 1965 and my dad came with me, many years ago...



The noise became progressively louder and louder. I felt movement and the feeling of dropping rapidly as if I was descending from a great height, then a "bump," a screeching of tires, powerful engines that seemed to be slowing down. I heard a voice that announced, "Please remain seated and keep your seatbelts fastened until the plane comes to a complete stop."

I opened my eyes and glanced around me. I peered through a small oval window to my right. In the darkness I could see a low flat building in the distance. The sign on the building read "Deerlake Airport." I was back in Newfoundland after some 30 years. The year was 1994. A lifetime had passed, or at least it seemed that way. The fact is, it had. I had made a decision many years ago, of my own free choice, and the future unfolded. I was honoured to be invited back to Corner Brook to speak to the Newfoundland Dental Association and its members. I had prepared a seminar in Oral Surgery for my colleagues. I had thought and dreamt on many occasions of returning to visit Newfoundland but never thought that it would come to pass. But it was real, not a dream, and I proceeded to the vehicle that was to take me to Corner Brook. This time, however, I was alone. My dad had passed away in 1990.

The ride along the Trans Canada Highway was quiet and there was no one to talk to, to joke with, to discuss the people or the places that whizzed by as we sped along in the night. The highway appeared to be much larger now, and the stillness of the night made the drive rather sombre. I glanced on either side of the vehicle windows to see if I could recognize any familiar sights. But unfortunately there were none. Everything seemed to have changed. We finally arrived in Corner Brook, and then my mind recalled certain buildings and roads that I remembered from 30 years ago. The vehicle stopped at the Glynnmill Inn, and I took my luggage through the lobby towards the reception counter. As I looked around, I noted the absence of the elegant Glynnmill Inn that I remembered from my first trip with Dad so many years ago. The paint on the walls was dark, dirty, and peeling. The doorways seemed narrow and cramped. The carpets were unkept and ragged. In certain sections to their credit, they were renovating, and there was one new wing that had been added, but it was not the same. The dining room appeared to be small and not at all as I remembered it. The elegance of the place was gone. The table cloths looked old and worn, and the waitresses were like all those you see in any restaurant.



I approached the clerk at the reception desk and announced that I was Dr. Gaum and that I had reservations for two nights. He looked at me, and looked at his book, and then said, "Certainly Dr. Gaum." Everything changes in thirty years, and I realized that now I was the same age my father was on our first trip to Corner Brook.

During my stay, I did have the opportunity to meet some of my old friends and acquaintances. I found that it was very difficult to bridge the gap of thirty years, or even to carry on an adequate conversation after all of this time had passed. What can you say to someone that you haven't seen in such a long time. "How has everything been since 1965?"

You just don't fit in. Your lives have gone along different paths in different directions and they will never come together again. I found it very sad, and it disturbed me a great deal. However, reality must be faced, no matter how painful. One makes a choice in life to do what he or she desires to do and you cannot look back with regret or with a wish that if only you had done it differently how would life have turned out. I was struck at this time with a similarity to this experience and to a movie I saw with the late actress, Geraldine Page, called "A Trip to Bountiful." In it she was an elderly lady who wanted to visit her roots, to go back to the little town of Bountiful where she grew up, married, and raised a family. She finally made the trip, but not to the Bountiful she knew, and not to the place she remembered, and certainly not to the Bountiful she cared about and wanted to stay in. She packed up soon after she arrived and left, never to return again. She realized then that she could not return to Bountiful. None of us can ever return to Bountiful or to Corner Brook. Only in my mind can I return to a time when I was young and carefree, with a new thriving dental practice. This was not the Corner Brook I saw now, thirty years later.

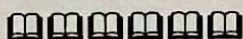
The seminar went very well. I was very happy to have been given the opportunity to share my knowledge with my Newfoundland dental colleagues. They were very appreciative of my efforts and my presentation, and finally we said good-bye.

The next morning I awoke early, packed, and waited for the limousine to take me to the Deer Lake Airport. I sat in the vehicle by myself, and the driver pulled out of the Glynnmill Inn parking lot. For a moment as I sat in my seat and looked around at the Inn, its shingles now dull and unattractive, I heard a familiar voice in my mind speak again.



“Well son, you made a lot of good friends here, and you had a successful practice, but you're off to bigger and better things, and I pray that the years ahead will bring you good health, success, and happiness.”

The limousine sped along the Trans Canada Highway leaving Corner Brook behind. I sat staring straight ahead. I remembered then the year 1961, when Corner Brook was a different place in a different time, and my dad came with me, many years ago.









## A Visit To Belarus

### THE CIRCLE IS COMPLETE

By Larry Gaum

I opened the letter from Israel and began to read:

Dear Dr. Gaum

A delegation will be leaving here to go to Belarus in July of this year (1994). They will visit Minsk and then travel to the places of Luninets, Lachva, Kozhanhorodok and other towns. You are welcome to join them on this tour. Please let us know what your plans will be.

Sincerely yours

Luninets and Kozhanhorodok Society

Moishe Drebski

Chairman

This was the opportunity I had hoped and dreamt about for many years and it was now beginning to materialize. I had tried on several occasions to organize a trip to the old shtetlach of Belarus, but with the language and travel barriers, coupled with the stringent communist government rules, it was impossible. Now for the first time, it was possible to join up with former residents of these areas who spoke the language and were familiar with the country, their former homeland. They understood the people because at one time they were part of this distant land, so many years ago. I had to make preparations rapidly as the trip was only a few weeks away.

I immediately went into action and began to make numerous phone calls and inquiries. In a very short period of time I had three other persons who would accompany me on this voyage of which only dreams are made, my wife Hope, my uncle and aunt, Ellie and Helen Marshall. Visas from the Belarusian consulate in Washington had to be arranged, flights and hotel accommodations booked and reserved. After many phone calls, much preparation, and numerous changes, it was finally completed.



The idea of first generation Canadians visiting the birthplace of their parents was indeed exciting. We would be completing a circle so to speak, one that began many miles away. What would they say about our proposed trip if we contacted them today? Would they be interested, pleased, or have any desire to accompany us on this journey? We will never really know the answer, but as we left for this faraway land they were with us, both in our hearts and in our minds.

#### **July 4, 1994: The trip begins:**

At 5:30 p.m. we depart Toronto for Frankfurt, Germany, on Lufthansa Airlines. It is a flight of seven and one half hours. We watch a movie, eat and sleep, and then eat again. The food is delicious and we begin to put on weight. The plane lands and we walk around the enormous airport big as a city. Our flight to Minsk takes two and one half hours and finally we stand on Belarusian soil. It has been over eighty-four years since our families left the country of their birth. The customs officer sits in a small cubicle partially hidden by a large partition. He studies our passports and disappears from view. Fifteen minutes later he reappears, studies our faces and then disappears once more. When his head comes into view again he speaks in Belarusian and poor English. I don't understand but he answers "yes," as did Shaiya Latucha when confronted with a similar situation many years before. My mind wanders for a brief moment and a thought occurs to me, what if they insist on writing my name down as Larry Latucha! My thoughts are interrupted by a heavily accented voice that shouts, "Go through please." I'm still Larry Gaum and we exit from the airport.

#### **July 5**

The van carries us, along with three other passengers, to the city of Minsk and Hotel Yubileinaya. We were told it was a three star hotel, but this was not the case as we soon discovered. It is a plain and simple place, rather shabby in certain sections and rather nondescript in others. The rooms are Spartan and although we have water, none of it is hot. Not even warm. The main window in the room is missing about four inches of glass all around the frame. I don't touch it for fear it will tumble out. All four of us are hungry and we proceed to the restaurant where we order delicious dark rye bread, much like Bernie Kokoska's from Whitney Pier. If the bread is this good then the rest of the



food will be delicious, right? Wrong! The chicken soup tastes nothing like that of my grandmothers, Fratka and Riva. I don't remember being served pieces of chicken with the feathers still intact. I know the Belarusian word for potato and ask for "Bulba." The waitress doesn't understand. I use the German word "Kartoffel." "Ah yes," she says, "potato...We don't have any." However the price is right and we feed everyone for less than one dollar.

At 3:30 p.m., we go out for a walk around the city and find the only Synagogue in Minsk. It is a small house in very poor condition and in bad need of repair. It happens to be on the evening that young children from Belarus, Ukraine, Russia and Poland are being prepared for a trip to Israel. There are several Jewish people present, including some volunteers from United States who teach the locals Hebrew and Yiddish. Chiam, a jovial red head, is our guide who speaks Yiddish and English. The twenty dollars that we put in the Pushka or donation box is considered a "fortune" by local standards. It is a mitzvah to do this and it will be appreciated for sure. Chiam also gets five dollars, and can't stop thanking us. This probably represents about a months income for him.

At the Hotel Belarus we inquire about the tour from Israel and are told that they will arrive later this evening. At the reception desk two female clerks watch a pornographic movie on TV. My uncle and I blush as the scenes become more graphic but the ladies watch intently, oblivious to the surrounding Canadians. Can you picture that scene at the Sheridan Hotel in Toronto?

Sitting outside at a bistro close to our hotel, we enjoy beer, ice cream, candy and watch the locals parade by. The women are beautiful with lovely complexions, light blond hair and dressed like models. They are typical Slavic peoples and are truly handsome. They wear clothing that would suit the fashions of any large city in North America. The clothing costs them a fortune and we are told that it is purchased on the black market. In the hotel restaurant we again feast on the rye bread, drink vodka and dance. Imagine, doing a rhumba in Minsk! The cost is staggering, 750,000 zeichs, (less than \$5). It is time to retire as the tour bus awaits us early in the morning.

### July 6

We are up at 7 a.m. for breakfast. Instead of orange juice they serve us Fanta orange pop. The bottled water has a terrible smell and tastes very salty. But the bread is still like Bernie's and we fill up on it. A taxi takes us to Hotel Belarus where we board the bus for a three hour tour of Minsk. During the war the city was completely destroyed by the Nazis. The buildings we see were built by the



Russians after 1945. They are large and all look very much the same. Our guide is a young teacher who does not speak English but the people in the tour understand her Russian. The tour leader Kopel Kolponitzky and his wife Chava translate for us as best as they can. A visit to the memorial for the Jews who died in Minsk is a stirring moment. The obelisk is built in the exact spot where five thousand Jews were slaughtered. The steep hill directly behind is about twenty-five feet high and underneath lie the remains of the people. The bus then heads out of Minsk in a southerly direction, to our first destination, the town of Luninets.

As the bus enters Luninets I can see many of the original houses, some being over one hundred years old. It is as if one is going back in time, to another century. The hotel is by no means luxurious, and we soon realize that the one in Minsk is a palace in comparison. The room is very small, there is no water, and the bathroom looks like Maggie McNeil's outhouse in Reserve Mines, Cape Breton. The linen on the bed appears to be clean, pressed and starched but Hope sleeps with her clothes on and one eye opened. At 7 p.m. the bus leaves the hotel to take the tour to a small village north of Lachva. To accommodate our party they detour a few miles to go to the Shtetl of Krasna Volya. The impact of being in the birthplace of my maternal grandmother Riva Morafchick is a feeling difficult to describe. It is as if I am in a dream, can this really be happening? My uncle Ellie, Riva's youngest child and I stand in the center of the town square and look without speaking, my video camera whirring non-stop. The thoughts that fill my head are like an explosion, my eyes strain to capture every single moment. Where did she live, where was her house? How many times did she walk in this square? I see an old gate not far away, rusted and broken. Was this here when she shopped for herself and her father Aaron? So many questions, so little time. The tour is anxious to leave and reluctantly we get back on the bus, but are determined to make a special trip back before we leave Belarus. The bus continues to a small school several miles away, where we are greeted by the President of Luninets District Council of Deputies and other officials. A local chorus sings a welcome of Belarusian songs that go on for many hours. We see beautiful arts and crafts made by the children of the village. The tables are filled with all types of homemade foods, but I still don't see any cabbage Borscht. There is vodka in abundance, and every few minutes someone makes a toast. More vodka, more "Nastrovyas." Speeches are given by both the Belarusians and the Jewish guests. There is a genuine feeling of sincerity and care shown by the local people and a true sympathy for the tragedy that befell the Jewish inhabitants during the war.



There is dancing, singing and more speeches. Hope is the belle of the ball, dancing every dance with the local Belarusians. The hour is now late and we are driven back to the hotel.

### July 7

I awake at 6:30 a.m. to the sound of people hustling and bustling about. I am reminded of the times that I slept at my grandmother Fratka's house in Whitney Pier and seem to hear again the same sounds emanating from the front of her store. Once again I hear the voices and Slavic language that was so commonplace along Victoria Road. The clicking of women's heels on the sidewalk is loud and distinct, hurrying to get somewhere. We walk to the center of the town and enter the small farmers' market. There are a few stalls that sell flowers, vegetables and fruit. Strange as it may seem, the most abundant fruit is a banana which they import from South America. The merchandise is sparse, as they do not have much to sell. With their new found democracy and private enterprise after many years of communist rule, the Belarusians do not know how to handle this freedom, nor do they know how it works. If there is money to spend (which is rare) there is very little to buy. The black market exists in every town and city, big or small. Many of the women have very fashionable clothes and when asked where they purchase them they answer, "black market," in whispers.

Across the small street from the farmers' market is the railway station, built in 1905. The original railway junction, built in 1888, changed Luninets from a small village to an important town and served as an important connection between Pinsk, Homel, Brest, Lwov, Warsaw and Vilna. The trains also worked to the advantage of the Nazis during the war in which they shipped many Jews from one area to another and finally to the death camps. In Luninets, Kozhanhorodok, and Lachva, they did not have the luxury of a train ride. They were rounded up and marched from the villages to an area outside and methodically murdered. Beneath the memorials of these tiny shtetlach lie the remains of thousands of innocent people. Included among them are the names of Gam, Latucha and Morafchick. As I stare spellbound at this old building, I try to picture Riva Morafchick and her nephew Hymie waiting for the train on this very same platform in 1910, to take them to a far distant land they had never seen. Where did Shaiya Latucha stand when he held his ticket to a new life and a new future? How long did Fratka Gaum and her two small sons, Menasha and Boruch Bendit, wait patiently in this station until she bundled them aboard to begin a long journey that lasted almost two weeks? The noise of the trains and



people are deafening. Was this the cacophony of sounds that met them when they arrived outside the station on horse and wagon from their villages? I am inclined to believe it is, as nothing appears to have changed in all of these years.

The tour bus leaves at 9:30 a.m. and departs Luninets for the shtetl of Kozhanhorodok. What will I see, what do I expect to find in this tiny hamlet where my family lived for so many years? How accurate is the map I carry with me of this small rural place that my father Menasha Lazar knew for only three years of his life? Did my grandmother actually swim in the Cna river that meanders peacefully through the village? The bus turns off the main highway and begins to head south, passing through the village of Drebsk. It crosses the railway tracks that I recognize from aerial photographs and old maps. The bus driver then stops abruptly and calls out in Russian. I don't understand what he is saying but one word is perfectly clear that makes my heart beat faster, "Kozhanhorodok, Kozhanhorodok." I immediately get up from my seat and quickly step down from the bus. I engage my video camera and begin to look around at the sights that greet me. An old house in the distance, unpainted and weather beaten, with a horse in the yard slowly munching grass. A wagon filled with hay quickly passes by spilling some of its contents at my feet. I turn in the opposite direction to see another older house, a bit brighter with colourful flowers in one of the windows. "What street is that?" I ask of someone standing by. "The road to Lachva," she replies. "And there?" I continue. "That one leads to Drebsk", she answers. I look at my map, and confirm that everything appears to be in its proper place. I look for the many synagogues that existed here at the turn of the century, but to no avail, they are gone. Even the great "Kalte Shul" has vanished, as if it had never existed. I look for familiar landmarks to establish my bearings. Then I remember an old photo of the town square (marked place) that contained the Russian Orthodox church. Surely the Nazis did not destroy this structure. I ask the Mayor of Lachva if it still exists. He points with his finger and I turn in a southerly direction to see the familiar tall spires and cupolas of this ancient house of worship. Under communist rule it has remained unused for almost eighty years. Yes, it is the same church that my family saw every day as they lived in this tiny shtetl. It did not change at all. I close my eyes and picture the past as I stand in the old market place. I feel the heat of the sun pouring down as the smell of the hay and clover fills my nostrils. There are tears in my eyes and a lump in my throat as I think of my grandparents Shaiya and Fratka and my father and uncle, Maurice and Benny. What kind of a day was it when they lived in this very same



place so many years ago? When they left Kozhanhorodok for the last time, did they ever imagine that someone in their family would one day come to visit? At one time the entire village was filled with the names, Latucha and Gam (Gaum). As I stand here today not one member exists.

I take the road to Lachva and pass by old houses that are one hundred years old or more. I see "Bubbas"<sup>25</sup> walking slowly but with what appears to be a definite destination. We engage them in conversation, and they are friendly and obliging. Some talk about knowing the former Jewish inhabitants. Sometimes names are mentioned, other times they appear vague. "Yes, I knew a Latucha who lived over there," one said pointing to an empty lot. The house of Latucha and the inhabitants are no longer present. From a religious shtetl that contained four houses of worship, which included one of the most famous shuls of Eastern Europe, there is no Jewish presence here today. Memories, shadows and visions. That is all that is left of a once vibrant Jewish community.

My mind wanders again and I am speaking to my grandparents Shaiya and Fratka who have learned of our trip. "What," they laugh, "you went back to Byelorussia to visit? You travelled all that distance to see a place that we left to make a better life for ourselves and our family? What for, Why? But you saw Kozhanhorodok?" "Did you really? Tell us, ...what did our little shtetl look like?"

The tour enters the memorial to the Jewish martyrs. We walk through a tall forest (bobrunya) and enter a clearing that is filled with sunlight streaming down on all who enter. The granite and concrete on the memorial sparkles as tiny shadows from the tall evergreens sway back and forth. We all stand in silence as Isser Kruglin and the other elders recite the Kaddish, the prayer for the dead. Beneath the heavy stones, concrete and granite, lie the bones of the Jews of Kozhanhorodok. Men, women and children who died, not because they were soldiers fighting in a war, not because they were criminals who committed some heinous crime, but because they were Jews. Was it a warm sunny day like today when their cries could be heard for miles around? Did the sun sparkle when their blood soaked the ground in this forest area? Did the shadows dance back and forth when their bodies were covered with earth, or was it a dark and dreary day that rained tears from heaven. As we depart from

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<sup>25</sup> Old women, grandmothers.



the forest, I am reminded that no Jews exist in Kozhanhorodok today, except the ones who have come back to witness times gone by, probably for the last time.

The tour is given a warm welcome again by the local officials, which include the Mayor of Lachva, Nicolai Telpuk and Peter Andrevitch Skorobat'ko, a Deputy of the Republic of Belarus and President of the Luninets Council of Deputies. It is hard to believe that the descendants of Shaiya and Fratka, Riva and Arya Leib, are the guests of these government officials. At the turn of the century, who would have imagined this event ever taking place. The officials and the local people are friendly and genuinely show a profound respect for the descendants and former residents of Kozhanhorodok, Krasna Volya, Lachva and Luninets. Earlier in the day, my uncle and I were presented with gifts of beautiful ceramic made in Belarus, to honour the children of former residents of the local areas. We now celebrate, eat, drink and dance until late in the night. Vodka flows with abundance and there are more speeches and still more toasts.

### July 8

We are now taken to Lachva, a small town approximately ten miles east of Kozhanhorodok, and slightly larger. We are witness to the memorial for the former Jewish inhabitants and to the remnants of the Lachva ghetto. We see the place where our relative Yankel Moraff had his place of business. Stories abound about the Nazi roundup and the killings. Kopel Kolponitzky, our guide and a former resident of Lachva, tells how he escaped on this terrible day. He joins the partisans, and survives in the forests and the marshes, fighting the enemy at every opportunity. He hears for the first time the story of his brother's death. As his brother lies wounded in the street, his fiance refuses to leave his side. The doctor in Lachva approaches the weak and dying boy to render whatever assistance he can. A Nazi soldier confronts the doctor and tells him not to touch the Jew. He is reminded that he must treat only German soldiers. The doctor defiantly tells him that he will not treat any Germans, soldiers or otherwise. The soldier then methodically raises his rifle and proceeds to shoot all three, as if they were animals in a cage. The local Belarusians now learn too late that the Germans are not their liberators who will free them from their Russian captors. Far from it. As soon as they finish with the Jews



the plan is to exterminate at least eighty percent of the non-Jews of Belarus. The die had been cast long ago and their fate was now sealed.

The bus stops by the ancient Lachva cemetery, where many headstones are over two hundred years old. It is neglected now and the grass has grown around the broken, barely visible stones. Some of the Hebrew writing can still be made out but most markers are deteriorated beyond recognition. It is here that my great-grandfather Aaron Morafchick lies. My uncle Ellie steps forward and in memory of all the Morafchick family, begins to recite "Yisgadal V'yiskadash Sh'me Rabbo," the ancient prayer for the departed.

### July 9

We meet for the first time cousins Luba Falkovitch and Roman Latucha, who are related on my grandfather Shaiya Gaum's (Latucha) side. Roman invites us to his apartment where we are introduced to his wife Raisa and other members of his family. We are served lovely food, probably the best since our arrival in Belarus. Again we toast many toasts with the ever present vodka. Roman is now retired and is planning to move to Israel. He and his wife are gracious hosts and it is such a pleasure to see and be with family that are part of the Latucha Tree. Roman is related through his father, Ber Leib Latucha, who was a first cousin to my grandfather Shaiya. Luba's maternal grandfather, Boruch Gershon Latucha, is also Shaiya's first cousin. With reluctance we say goodbye, promising to meet again someday, somewhere.

At the hotel, I am met with another surprise and discovery. I meet a member of our tour by the name of Shlomo El'Piner. As it turns out, he is related to my grandmother Fratka Gaum on her mother's side. Up to this point I had no information on Sheindel El'Piner's family. Shlomo fills me in on many details which I am able to add to the Gaum family Tree.



## July 10

Discoveries continue to be our blessing and we are told that a short distance from the hotel there is a house that was once owned by Yossel Jatlovitsky (Jatlow), the husband of Riva Morafchick's sister Pearl. We walk a few feet to see this old structure and photograph it. It is a thrill to see and feel the presence of some tangible evidence of our family.

We hire a taxi and guide, through Kopel and his connection to President Skorobat'ko, to take us to see the Shtetlach of Kozhanhorodok and Krasna Volya. Although the visits before were certainly productive, we wanted to spend one more day viewing the places of birth of our loved ones. The driver picks us up in front of the hotel at 2.30 p.m. and we pile into a small Lada accompanied by cousin Luba who speaks Russian and English. As it turns out, she is invaluable to us as she serves to translate and point out other places of interest and importance. She is a pleasure to be with and we could not have made the trip without her able assistance. The car heads into the countryside once again and the first destination is Kozhanhorodok. A wonderful nostalgic feeling fills my whole being as I walk around the town square, where at one time the entire Jewish population lived and worked. I find the remains of the house of the Scribe Karlitzki close to the Russian Orthodox Church (see map of Kozhanhorodok). On the previous visit I did not have the opportunity to see the River Cna and the two bridges under which it flowed. The driver finds it without any trouble and I am able to identify both bridges, which unfortunately are not the original wooden ones, but metal replacements. However, they are in the same place and I see that one is situated where the river flows into the shtetl while the other sits above the Cna as it exits and flows away in a northerly direction. It appears to be a narrow body of water and may have been wider and deeper years ago. However, one would expect the water levels to be down at this time of year. The River Cna and the two bridges again served as distinct and definite landmarks that I recognized and I was able to correctly identify their exact location on my map.

Hope and Helen had discovered on our first visit, a lady from Kozhanhorodok who made beautiful throw rugs by hand. We all visit her house, a small, neat and clean dwelling close to the market place (Town Square). The interior is bright and cheerful and contains many of her handmade crafts. We purchase three rugs (\$13.00 U.S.) that are beautiful, an interweaving of many colours and



patterns. She shows her appreciation by giving us two handmade stacking Russian dolls free of charge. We are happy to have had an opportunity to acquire something of value that represents craftsmanship from Belarus, and it reminds me of the wonderful knitting and crocheting my Grandmother Fratka did in her lifetime. No doubt a carryover of a skill she learned as a young girl living in Kozhanhorodok.

The taxi now drives away and heads out of our little shtetl, along the road to Drebsk. As we cross the familiar railway tracks I look behind as Kozhanhorodok fades from view. I say good-bye as my family did so many years ago, when they left their home for a new life in a new country.

We head for Krasna Volya and stop on the main road leading into the village where we see several older women gathered. They call over an elderly man who appears to be the senior of the community. He remembers the Morafchick family and refers to them by name. "Yes," he says as Luba translates, "I remember Shlomo, Chiam and Yankel," We do not prompt him or give him any help, as we want to see how authentic his recollection of events are. His accounts are not only accurate but he supplies newer information that is wonderful to hear. He tells us the story of Yankel Dovid (Jack) Moraff, brother of Hymie, and of the tragic death of his wife and young son in Lachva. Jack had escaped at the time and is told the terrible news after the Nazis leave the village. He goes to the house of a friend and in cries of anguish, tells them he wishes he had died with them as well. He never returns to Lachva, but joins the partisans and after the war goes to Canada. As the man relates the story we see tears in his eyes. We have all heard portions of this story before, but now as we listen in absolute silence, the reality sets in, as we stand in the place where it actually happened.

As we depart Krasna Volya, a name I was familiar with even as a young boy, I feel that I have performed a great mitzvah and my heart is filled with a mixture of joy and sadness. My uncle Ellie, who has savoured every second of this visit to his mother's birthplace, says that it has been a most fulfilling experience for him, one he would never trade for anything. "It is as if Mamma has come to life for me again, if only for a fleeting moment," he says, as we leave Riva Morafchick's shtetl and memories behind.

In the evening we attend a banquet to celebrate the Fiftieth anniversary of the liberation of Lachva from the Nazis. We are given a letter of greeting from the President of the Luninets District



Council of Deputies, Peter Andrevitch Skorobat'ko, to Senator Jack Marshall, son of Riva Morafchick Marshall, as a good will gesture from one country to another. The dignitaries have gone out of their way, and made a special effort to make us feel at home. They especially want us to know how they feel about their relationship with the former Jews and Jewish descendants of the shtetlach of Belarus. We have the same feeling for them and only wish our parents and grandparents could be here to witness these wonderful events.

### July 11

We now leave Belarus and the Shtetlach of Kozhanhorodok, Krasna Volya, Lachva and Luninets behind, as our family members did so long ago. We depart however, with a tremendous amount of satisfaction and happiness. Things seem to be changing for the better in this ancient land of our forefathers, and we wish the people of this newly acquired Republic a tremendous amount of mazel.

Will we visit again?...Perhaps, but who knows when. Will our children have any desire to see the birthplace of the Latucha, Gaum (Gam), and Morafchick families? Maybe...if only to witness memories of their roots.

"Do Svidaniya, Shalom and Goodbye."







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## A Visit To Belarus

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8. House of former Jews in Krasna Volya
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## Canada

# Torontonian returns to shtetls of Belarus

By BEN ROSE  
CJN Staff Reporter

TORONTO — For Dr. Lawrence Gaum of Toronto a trip to Belarus (Byelorussia) to see the shtetls where his grandparents were born turned out to be an odyssey of adventure so remarkable he can't even speak of it now, months later, without deep emotion.

The well-known oral surgeon, a member of the Jewish Genealogical Society, had been thinking of discovering his roots for years and he jumped at the invitation in July to join a group from Israel heading to the shtetls of Kozhanorodok, Krassa Volyn, Lachva, Luninets and other towns.

This group of 30 Israelis were Jews from the area who escaped and fought with the partisans against the Nazis. Luckily he had already done much research, for instance scanning the lists of steamship passengers arriving in Canada in 1910 and discovering that his grandfather, Shmuel (Sam) Lachva, because of his lack of English, had led the immigration officer to put him down as Gaum (sic) because he had a brother-in-law named Gaum in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, where he was heading.

So Gaum, 56, a nephew of Senator Jack Marshall, his wife, Hope, another uncle, Elliot Marshall, president of the Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, synagogue, and his wife, Helen, took a flight to Minsk in Belarus, little knowing what lay beyond.

Before the trip was over, he visited the shtetls where his grandfather and his grandmother, Riva Morfichick, were born, and discovered long-lost relatives. But even more affecting were stories the group heard from eye witnesses of how Jews in these villages in 1942 were forced to strip and dig their own graves before being shot, the infants and very young children being beheaded to save bullets.

A woman came forward in Luninets with a five-foot water color painting depicting those horrible events done by an eye witness, the delicate lines of the children in marked contrast to the colors of the storm troopers carrying out the execution. It was purchased by Ezer Krigin of New York, a former Israeli, who was one of the villagers who escaped to fight with the partisans against the Nazis.

Krigin spent \$30,000 and made four trips to Belarus to build a memorial to the 5,000 Jews who died in Luninets.

One of the Israelis, Kipat Kolponitzky, 75, a tour leader, took them to the spot where his younger brother and fiancée were shot by the Germans.

"He told us that a doctor in Krassa Volyn had come out to the road to help



From left: Dr. Gaum, his wife Hope, Elliot Marshall of Glace Bay, N.S. and Marshall's wife, Helen.

his brother but a Nazi told him 'your job is to treat German soldiers, don't touch that Jew.' But the doctor replied, 'I will not treat any German soldier,' and the Nazi immediately shot the doctor, the brother and his fiancée," said Gaum.

Later, when they were talking together, the stocky, vigorous Kolponitzky asked Gaum what he did. "I'm an oral surgeon," was the reply. "Well, I'm a killer," Kolponitzky said matter-of-factly, explaining that his experiences as a partisan in Belarus and in Israel's War of Independence had hardened him.

## 'One tough little Jew'

Kolponitzky recalled that before the partisans allowed him to join them they put portions of food in front of him to see if he had enough control left to resist eating anything before he was invited to do so. "You're one tough little Jew," they told him.

His research paid off for Gaum when he used an old photo of the shtetl of Kozhanorodok showing an Orthodox Russian church with its cupola to calculate about where the home of his paternal grandparents was located. The Nazis had spread the church. But in the area not too far from the church, where all the Jews lived in a square, there was nothing, just empty land. "I looked for the five synagogues that were in the

shtetl but they were gone, including the famous Ketz Synagogue."

Kozhanorodok had a population of 3,000 to 4,000 before World War II, about half of them Jews. Today there is not a single Jew left, Gaum said. There is an obelisk memorial a little way from the village near the pit where the Jewish martyrs were buried.

The Canadians had a chance to talk to elderly residents who remember Jews who lived in the shtetl. One elderly man of 84, with tears in his eyes, told them the story of how Gaum's cousin, Jack Moraff, who eventually went to Cape Breton, returned to the village to find his wife and son had been murdered by the Nazis. He went off to join the partisans.

"The way some of the women were dressed, it was as if time had stood still," said Gaum. "One of the women had shoes made of bark. I don't like to say this but I think the Communists will come back. The people have nothing in eat. Under the private enterprise system they have there now, there is very little on the shelves. Under communism they had medical and dental care."

The Gaums and Marshalls stood on the trackside in Luninets where their forebears boarded a two-week train ride on their way to America.

It was from Luninets that Frutka Gaum and two sons, Menasha and Boruch, departed, Menasha being Gaum's late father.

"There is a little known story about my cousin, Jack Moraff, who lived in Sydney, Nova Scotia, and died three years ago. Whenever a well-known Canadian TV entertainer came on the

screen, he would rush to turn it off. He said the entertainer looked exactly like the Russian who came to his inn in Kozhanorodok two days before the Nazis arrived and said 'I want those leather boots you are wearing. If you don't give them to me now, I'll get them anyway in a couple of days.' And he did."

## Gaum discovers two cousins

Among other Canadians on the tour were Daniel Zalmanowitz and his uncle, Feivel Zalmanowitz, both of Edmonton, and Caryl Chertin, a Toronto filmmaker.

To his surprise, Gaum discovered two cousins on the tour, Leba

Falkovich, now living in Israel, and Shmuel El Piner, also in Israel. The Canadians went to visit another cousin, Roman Lamer, in Luninets. "I'm sure Roman would up three months of his food in giving us a party," Gaum said.

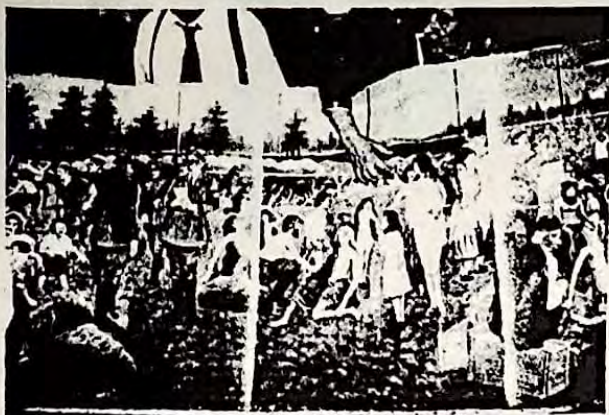
Other surviving relatives of the Gaum and Marshall families are Mrs. Sarah Gaum of Thornhill (Dr. Gaum's mother), an uncle, Max Marshall, of Montreal, and two aunts, Etie Zeligman, Toronto, and Rita Kolosel, Ottawa.

When he catches his breath, Gaum hopes to finish a book on the genealogy of his family, entitled, *From Belarus to Cape Breton and Beyond*.

Though there were many sad moments on the tour, the Gaums and Marshalls recall with pride the economy in which rewards were handed to the war members who fought with the partisans by Peter Aridewich Shorohogoshin, a deputy of the Belarus parliament, and wish joy the many tourists drunk as vodka to great relations between Canadians and the Belarus people.



Two women of Belarus on the road near Krassa Volyn in 1994, showing how little their fashions have changed. One woman is wearing shoes made of bark. [Hope Gaum photo]



A painting of the stripping, humiliation of Jews at Luninets in 1942 where they were forced to dig their own graves before being shot. It was bought by a former Israeli. [Ezer Gaum photo]



Odyssey  
to  
Belarus

Page 2

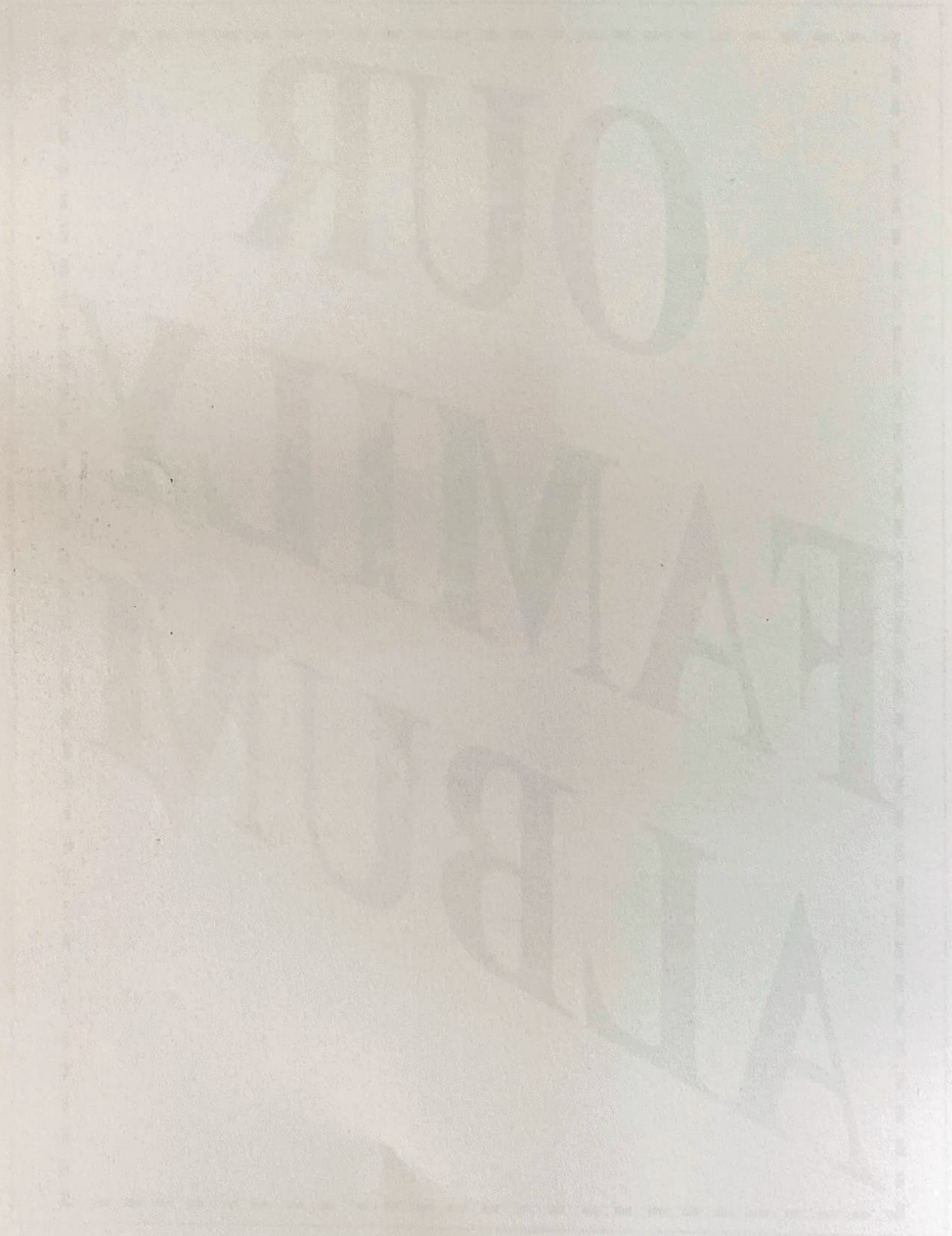






# OUR FAMILY ALBUM







Family  
Page:1





1. Joe and Sylvia Gaum
2. Louie Gaum, Libby Moraff, Pearl Gaum, Jack Moraff
3. Morrie Konick
4. Louie Konick, Tillie Oberman, Eva Pascoe  
Morrie Konick, Beilka and Leizer Konick
5. Bernie, Elliot and Etta Gaum
6. Beilka Konick, Nathan Gaum and  
Eva Perlin
7. Zushke and Roza Gam
8. Alexandra Gaum
9. Beilka Konick and daughters Eva and Tillie
10. Beilka with Harry Oberman, Morrie, Rose,  
Tillie, Eva, and Louie
11. Rabbi Shaya(Stephen)Richmond, Suzie & children  
L-R: (Back) Shayna, David, Ben,  
L-R: ( Front) Shloma, Moisha, Chava, Avraham
12. Marshall Patrick & Jordan Michael Heaney
13. Lester and Esther Gam
14. R-L: Leah Gam, Amalia Gal, Chava Windman  
Mrs. Windman
15. David Gam
16. Gam and Windman family at Chava and  
Yeshaiyahu's wedding (Israel)
17. R-L: Zushke Gam, Freida Gam, Dov Gaum  
Chesia Gam, David and Leah Gam
18. Chiah, Goldie and Freida Gam
19. Jeffrey and Georgia Richmond
20. Rachael and Jessica Richmond
21. Morris and Ida Gam and son Seymour
22. Gam Family at Zushke Gam's memorial
23. Jay and Eleanor Richmond and son Jeffrey
24. Sylvia Gaum Star
25. Louie and Minnie Jatlow
26. Daniel and Jack Moraff
27. L-R: (Back) Morris Gaum, Hymie Moraff  
L-R: (Front) Jack Moraff, Louie Gaum
28. Jack Moraff ( First World War)
29. Moshe Leib\Sara Leah Latucha\grandchildren
30. Chana\Morte Chermug and Itka
31. R-L: Menasha\Sara Yulivich, Albert Latucha  
Menasha Latucha and wife
32. Martin and Jack Goldstein, Albert Latucha
33. Albert Latucha
34. Rochedel & Yussel Lutski
35. Sam and Harry Latucha (Goldstein)
36. Sloike, Chana and Mindel Poprovsky
37. Gershon (Harry) Latucha (Goldstein)
38. Ben Zion Poprovsky
39. Latucha Family: L-R: Gertie, Evelyn,  
George, Sophie, & Bessie

**Family Page:1**





Family  
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1. Avrom Yael Latucha
2. Yitzchok Latucha (Goldstein)
3. Moshe Leb Latucha
4. Beilka and Leizer Konick
5. Tillie and Harry Oberman
6. L-R: Front: Lori, Karen, Lynn, Steve Oberman  
L-R: Back: Lila & Susan Oberman, Joyce & Louie Konick, Tillie Oberman
7. L-R: Allan, Harry, Tillie Oberman, Louie Konick  
Karen Oberman, Joyce Konick, (front) Steve
8. L-R: Oren, Karen, Esther, Mitchell Oberman
9. Front: L-R: Steve, Tillie, Karen Oberman  
Back: Allan & Susan Oberman
10. Front: Susan, Tillie, Esther, Lila Oberman  
Back: Mark, Allan, Mitchell, Larry Oberman
11. Front: Mark, Larry Oberman, Seated: Tillie, Lynn  
Susan, Lila, Erinn, Esther, Mitchell Oberman  
Back: Allan, Karen, Lori, Karen Oberman
12. L-R: Larry, Allan, Mark, Mitchell Oberman
13. L-R: Lori, Tillie, Karen Oberman  
Karen, Steve Oberman
14. Moraff sisters: L-R: (Back) Sybil, Evelyn  
(Front) Betty, Thelma, Shirley
- 15.&16. Morey & Christine Altman
17. Jack Moraff
18. Jack with Anita, Seema & Sandra Wolman
19. Back: Mark Goldberg, Eric Altman, Brian  
L-R: Goldberg, David Weiner  
2nd row: Nancy Oren, Lynn & Beverley Davis  
1st row: Anita Johnson, Adele Pascal  
Sandra Levine  
Front: Morey Altman, Joel Goldberg
20. Ida & Hymie Moraff
21. Back row: L-R: Francis Feder Chatrin, Sybil,  
Thelma.  
Front row: Evelyn, Betty, Shirley
22. Rabbi Lawrence Weiner, Judy and sons.
23. Helen & Ellie Marshall, Cheryl & Jeff Cohen,  
L-R: Evie & Jory Cohen
- 24.& 25. Susan & Corey Ilacqua & Aaron
26. Yossel Jatlovitsky
27. David Hellman
28. Hellman Family: Back row: Patty, Daniel,  
L-R: Micaela, Andrea, Joy  
Middle row: Ethel, Susie, David  
Steve, (friend Sandy) Russ
29. Hellman Family: Susie, Patty, Joy  
L-R:
30. Hellman Family: Daniel, Steve, Andrea  
L-R:

## Family Page:2





Family  
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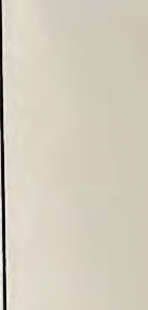
1. Herman & Ann Lefkowitz
2. & 3. Golda Jatlow Hellman
4. Lefkowitz family: Seated: Gail Eisenberg, Ann  
Standing: Daniel & Norman  
L-R: Eisenberg  
Herman & Seth Lefkowitz
5. Standing: L-R: Herman, Ann, Rick Brown,  
Seated: L-R: Seth & Devorah Lefkowitz Brown
6. L-R: Florence, Daniel & Sharon Gam Landstrom
7. L-R: Roy, Evan, Matthew, Sharon Landstrom
8. L-R: Lester & David Gam
9. Daniel & Florence Gam
10. L-R: Seymour, Gary, Mitzi, Jay Gam
11. Gary & Connie Gam
12. Daniel Gam (1943)
13. Michael Gam
14. David Lazer & Chaiya (Ida) Latowsky
15. Shepsel (Sam) & Rose Latowsky
16. Shepsel (Sam) Latowsky
17. Rose & Chaiya (Ida) Latowsky
18. Albert, Rose, Shepsel (Sam) Latowsky
19. L-R: Karen Steed, Sam Steed, Rebecca Munnis  
Ruth Azoff, Janis Munnis, Lauren Munnis, Allan  
Azoff, Nathalea Azoff, Claudia Azoff, Julian Azoff
20. Gittle (Gertrude) & Benjamin Goldstein
21. Dorothy Goldstein Blumsack
- 22, 23, 24. Jennifer Perry & children Melissa &  
Brandon
25. L-R: Back row: Joan Cohen, Ruth Azoff, Marcia  
Shulman, Carol Holsman, Karen Steed, Elsie  
Layton, Janis Munnis  
Front row: Irving Layton, Charlotte Langbort
26. L-R: Celia, Eva, Ethel Lipman
27. L-R: Back row: Donald Acard, Eva Acard, Ethel  
Alper, Sydelle Alper, Eidel Lipman, Celia Bayer  
Sandra Bayer  
Front row: Allan Acard, Marvin Alper, Richard  
Bayer
28. Eidel (Ida) Lipman
29. Ben Lipman
30. Paul Goldstein, Eva Acard
31. Ethel Alper and children Marvin & Sydelle
32. L-R: Back row: Joseph & Ethel Alper  
Al & Billie Lipman  
Front row: Belle & Ben Lipman  
Eva & Irving Acard
33. Joseph & Ethel Alper
34. Jack & Minnie Lipman

### Family Page:3





Family  
Page:4





1. Pearl Morafchick Gaum and children: Bella, Abe,  
Libby, Bunny
2. Louie and Pearl Gaum
3. Back: L-R: Irving, Arthur & Israel Perlin,  
Harry Dubinsky  
Front: L-R: Lon Dubinsky, Eva Perlin, Philip  
and Shirley Dubinsky
4. Israel and Eva (Chava Gam) Perlin
5. Ephraim and Bella Feder
6. Bendit and Fagel Gaum & family: Harry, Sam,  
Morris, Shirley & Helen (Pinky Missing)
7. Benny And Sylvia Gaum
8. L-R: Ted Marshall, Elizabeth Marshall Heaney,  
Doug Marshall & Jonathan Marshall
9. All Gaums: Back: L-R Alicia, Miriam, Syma, Byron  
Susan, Leonard  
Front: L-R Sarah, Matthew, Paula,  
Tanya, Lisa, Jennifer, Leslie
10. Back: L-R: Sarah, Errol, Maurice Gaum  
Front: L-R: Jack and Sanford Gaum
11. Gaums L-R: Sarah, Maurice, Fratka (Fanny) Larry  
& Sylvia
12. L-R: Al & Sadie Wasserman, Shelly Gaum Brown,  
Eleanor & Jay Richmond, Benny, Sylvia &  
Fanny Gaum, Charlie & Chava Wasserman,  
Lena Goldstein, Maurice Gaum
13. L-R: Fanny, Chiah & Pearl Gaum, Ida Moraff,  
Minnie & Lena Gaum
14. L-R: Sarah Gaum, Riva (Rose) Marshall holding  
Sanford Gaum, Larry & Errol Gaum (seated)
15. Sarah & Maurice Gaum
16. Reta & Art Kolonel
17. Aaron Morafchick
18. L-R: Jack, Arthur, Riva & Tommy Marshall
19. L-R: Marshalls: Sam, Tommy, Reta, Fanny, Sarah  
& Jack (Photo by Ike Marshall)
20. Standing: L-R Marshalls: Ettie, Ellie, Reta, Jack,  
Fanny & Max. Riva and Sarah (seated)
21. Jack & Sylvia Marshall
22. L-R: Tom Marshall, Sarah Gaum, Jack Marshall  
Reta & Art kolonel
23. L-R: Reta, Fanny and Sarah Marshall
24. L-R: Benny, Fanny & Maurice Gaum
25. L-R: Sanford, Errol & Larry Gaum
26. L-R: Sylvia, Fratka (Fanny), Yankel,  
Eleanor & Shelly Gaum
27. Family of Yitzchok Latucha (Isaac Goldstein)  
circa: 1920
28. Esther Chiah Latucha & husband Mr. Heckman
29. L-R: Chava (Eva) Perlin & Fratka (Fanny) Gaum
30. 4 Generations: L-R: Maurice, Fratka (Fanny),  
Larry & Miriam Gaum
31. L-R: Sanford, Errol & Jack Gaum
32. Simcha Rochel Latucha
33. Esther Chiah's children: Leah, Simcha, Mottel,  
L-R: Kopel, Herschel
34. L-R: Gaums: Larry, Hope, Fratka, Maurice, Sarah  
and Errol
35. L-R: Paula, Miriam, Alicia and Benjamin Gaum
36. Standing: L-R: Gaums: Larry, Alicia, Hope,  
Sarah, Byron, Jack & Ben  
Sitting: L-R: Paula, Miriam, Syma & Errol  
Front: Sanford & Barbara

**Family Page:4**



**Family Page:4**  
**continued**

37. Gaums: L-R: Hope with Ben, Jack with Miriam,  
Barbara with Syma, Errol holding  
Byron, Larry with Alicia and holding  
Paula
38. Gaums: L-R: Back: Errol, Barbara, Hope & Larry  
Middle: Alicia, Byron, Syma, Miriam  
Front: Paula and Ben
39. Gaums: L-R: Back: Larry, Alicia, Syma, Hope,  
Jack, Miriam, Byron  
L-R: Front: Paula and Ben
40. Twins: Paula and Benjamin
- 41., 42, 43. Larry and Hope Gaum & Family  
Miriam, Alicia, Benjamin & Paula
- L-R: (41) Back: Hope & Larry  
Middle: Alicia & Miriam  
Front: Paula & Ben
- L-R: (42) Back: Alicia, Larry & Miriam  
Front: Ben, Hope, Paula
- L-R: (43) Back: Alicia, Miriam  
Middle: Larry, Paula, Hope & Ben  
Front: "Toby"

**Family Page:5**  
**THE LATUCHA CLAN**

1. Left side: Front to Back: Larry Gaum, Sy Gam,  
Allan Winnick, Stan & Brenda Kates,  
Norman Latowsky  
Right Side: Front to Back: Albert Latowsky  
Bernice Winnick, Joyce Gam,  
Beverly Winnick, Hope Gaum  
Marcia Latowsky
2. L-R: Sy Gam, Allan Winnick, Stan Kates,
3. L-R: Joyce Gam, Bernice Winnick, Albert  
Latowsky
4. L-R: Allan Winnick, Stan & Brenda Kates,  
Norman Latowsky
5. L-R: Marcia Latowsky, Hope Gaum, Beverly  
Winnick & Joyce Gam
6. L-R: Stan Kates, Norman Latowsky
7. L-R: Sidney Kates, Sy Gam, Cindy Kates





# THE LATUCHA CLAN

## JUNE 1996



Family  
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Family  
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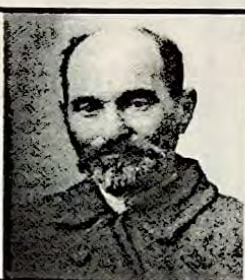
1. Gaum/Marshall Wedding: March 1/1936:  
Back: L-R: Fanny Marshall(Dubinsky), Reta Marshall(Kolonel), Sarah Marshall Gaum, Maurice Gaum, Dr. Abe Gaum, Hymie Cipin  
Front: L-R: Libby Gaum(Brenner), Eleanor Gaum (Richmond), Abe Gaum
2. Back: L-R: Dr. Abe Gaum, Sarah & Ike Marshall  
Middle: L-R: Benny & Sylvia Gaum, Ida & Isaac Liefman(Lipman)  
Front: L-R: Sam & Riva Marshall, Bride & Groom Sarah & Maurice Gaum, Eleanor Gaum (Richmond), Fratka (Fanny) & Shaiya (Sam) Gaum
3. L-R: Maurice & Sarah Gaum, Jack & Sylvia Marshall Helen Marshall, Jack Gaum, Riva (Rose) Marshall, Elliot Marshall, Enie & Morris Lieff, Arlene, Fanny, Sam and Jerry Dubinsky, Susan & Cheryl Marshall (in front)
4. Barbara Gaum, Birdie Marshall, Hope Gaum
5. Hope & Larry Gaum
6. Miriam, Ben, Alicia, Hope, Paula Gaum & Toby
7. Sarah Gaum
- 8., 9. Sarah & Alicia Gaum
10. Evelyn Marshall
11. Back: L-R: Dorothy Haddad, Ettie Zweigman  
Front: L-R: Jack Marshall, Artie, Moe Zweigman
12. Rachael & Jerry Dubinsky
13. Andrew & Arlaine Welsh
14. Paula Michelle Gaum:  
National Rhythmic Gymnastic Champ  
Junior Level Three, 1988
15. Larry Gaum
16. The Gaums
17. L-R: Inez & Paul Rudman, Marty & Joanne Kolonel
18. Ted & Elizabeth Marshall
19. Ike & Saul Marshall
20. L-R: Ben, Alicia, Larry, Paula, Hope & Miriam Gaum
21. Hope & Larry Gaum
22. L-R: Beryl & Sol Chernin, Reta Kolonel, Etta Gaum, Sarah Gaum
23. B'nai Mitzvah, June 11/1988, twins Ben & Paula Gaum
24. The Marshalls: L-R: Reta, Max, Sarah, Ellie, Fanny & Jack
25. L-R: Shelly Brown, Buddy Newman, Sanford & Errol Gaum
26. Lorraine & Joel Brown
27. Emily & Benjamin Brown
28. David Brown
29. Judy & Wayne Mitnick
30. Jason Seth Mitnick
31. Jennifer Rachael & Brittany Raphaela Marshall
32. Ilana & Leslie Zweigman
- 33., 34. The Latowsky Family
35. Sy & Joyce Gam, Amanda & Jeff Huber
36. Heather Huber

**Family Page:6**





Family  
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1. L-R: Back Row: Karen & Lance Barash, Sandy Schnall & Ivan with Oliver, Barbara Simmons, Will Cupchik, Matthew Simmons

Front Row: Esther Barash, Melanie & Daren Levitt

2. Betty Friedlander & Dan McCall

3. Lou Bregman

4. Shraga Feivel Bregman

5. L-R: Back Row: Etta Gaum, Larry Gaum, Barbara Simmons, Hilda Taishoff, Beryl Chernin, Ellie Marshall, Moe Zweigman

Front Row: Esther Barash, Hope Gaum, Helen Marshall, Ettie Zweigman

6. L-R: The Bregmans: Standing: Esther, Betty & Hilda  
Seated: Lou, Sidney, Leah

7. Chiam Bregman

8. Bashel Gaum Fishman

9. L-R: Bregman Brothers: Lou, Shraga Feivel, Daniel

10. Claire Fromer & daughters Brenda & Beverley

11. Morafchick Siblings: L-R: Aaron Morafchick  
Eli (Elliot) Moraff  
Pesha Dveira Bregman

12. L-R: Standing: Jack Bregman, Betty Gigan, Leah Bregman, Claire & Ralph Fromer  
Seated: Brenda & Moshe Bessin

13. Temple Sons Of Israel Synagogue, Sydney, C.B.  
In front of the old Holy Ark, Simchas Torah, 1940.  
L-R: Abraham Leith, Yankel Gaum, Rabbi Israel Kenner, Louie Cohen

14. The wedding of Mr. & Mrs. Max Epstein (1930s)  
All of the Cape Breton Jewish Community attended the affair, which included members of the Latucha, Gaum and Morafchick families.

15. Former Prime Minister of Israel, Menachim Begin, Mrs. Begin and Ralph Fromer. The late Prime Minister was born and raised in Belarus.

## Family Page:7



# OUR FAMILY TREES







## Descendants of Gershon Latucha

### 1 Gershon Latucha

..... 2 Yeshiah "Shaiya" Latucha (L#1)  
 ..... 3 Menashe Latucha  
 ..... +Gitel  
 ..... 4 Zelig Latucha (L#18)  
 ..... 4 Beryl Latucha  
 ..... +Golde  
 ..... 5 Dveirka Latucha  
 ..... 5 Sara Latucha  
 ..... 5 Jerry Latucha  
 ..... 5 Gitel (Gertrude) Latucha  
 ..... +Lester Orcott  
 ..... 6 Fred Orcott  
 ..... 6 Jennifer Orcott  
 ..... 4 Rochedel Latucha (L#14)  
 ..... +Yussel Lutzki (L#15)  
 ..... 4 Shaiya Latucha  
 ..... +Minuche  
 ..... 5 Gitel Latucha  
 ..... +Leon Sapoznikow (L#17)  
 ..... 5 Rachel Latucha  
 ..... 5 Alter Latucha  
 ..... 4 Moshe Latucha  
 ..... +Golde  
 ..... 5 Menasha Latucha  
 ..... +Eva (Chava) Vilk  
 ..... 6 Gitel (Nelly) Latucha  
 ..... +Uri Almacor  
 ..... 6 Moshe Latucha  
 ..... 4 Wolf Latucha (L#6)  
 ..... +Rachel (L#7)  
 ..... 5 Menasha Latucha (L#8)  
 ..... +Gisha Zipperstein (L#9)  
 ..... 6 Five Children  
 ..... 5 Sara Latucha (L#10)  
 ..... 4 Yisroel Latucha  
 ..... +Hanye  
 ..... 5 Menasha Yulevich Latucha  
 ..... +Sara Ratner  
 ..... 6 Aviva Latucha  
 ..... +Achik Goldin  
 ..... 7 Amihud Goldin  
 ..... +Michal  
 ..... 8 Myra  
 ..... 8 Omer  
 ..... 7 Mika Goldin  
 ..... +Harel Toder  
 ..... 8 Haleli Toder  
 ..... 6 Judith Latucha  
 ..... +Mr. Nisenberg  
 ..... 7 Dafne Nisenberg  
 ..... +Itzic Perel  
 ..... 8 Tal Perel  
 ..... 8 Gai Perel  
 ..... 7 Elli Nisenberg  
 ..... 5 Gitel (Tova) Latucha  
 ..... +David Boyarsky  
 ..... 6 Shimon Boyarsky  
 ..... +Eilat  
 ..... 7 Maytal Boyarsky  
 ..... 7 David Boyarsky

..... 7 Amit Boyarsky  
 ..... 6 Zvia Boyarsky  
 ..... +Rony Valentin  
 ..... 6 Israela Boyarsky  
 ..... +Ramy Aharony  
 ..... 7 Rayut Aharony  
 ..... 4 Leibe Latucha  
 ..... +Etyl  
 ..... 5 Brucha Latucha  
 ..... +Mr. Kravitz  
 ..... 6 Doris Kravitz  
 ..... 6 Gwyn Kravitz  
 ..... +Mr. Pollock  
 ..... 7 Jason Pollock  
 ..... 6 Francis Kravitz  
 ..... +Mr. Lebowitz  
 ..... 7 Marvin Lebowitz  
 ..... \*2nd Wife of Leibe Latucha:  
 ..... +Fraidel  
 ..... 5 Gershon Latucha  
 ..... 3 Yitzchok Latucha (Isaac Goldstein)  
 ..... +Simcha Rochel  
 ..... 4 Eidel (Ida) Latucha  
 ..... +Yitzchok "Isaac" Lipman (Liefman)  
 ..... 5 Ben Lipman  
 ..... +Belle  
 ..... 6 Rochelle Lipman  
 ..... 6 Cary Lipman  
 ..... 5 Jack Lipman  
 ..... +Minnie  
 ..... 6 Robert Lipman  
 ..... 6 Honey Lipman  
 ..... 5 Al Lipman  
 ..... +Billie  
 ..... 6 David Lipman  
 ..... 5 Eva Lipman  
 ..... +Irving Acard  
 ..... 6 Helen Acard  
 ..... +Bernard Milstein  
 ..... 7 Nancy Milstein  
 ..... +Al Kadansky  
 ..... 7 Ilene Milstein  
 ..... +Steve Wishnia  
 ..... 7 Ronald Milstein  
 ..... +Martha  
 ..... 6 Donald Acard  
 ..... 6 Alan Acard  
 ..... 5 Celia Lipman  
 ..... +Marty Bayer  
 ..... 6 Sandra Ruth Bayer  
 ..... 6 Richard Bayer  
 ..... 5 Ethel Lipman  
 ..... +Joseph Alper  
 ..... 6 Marvin Alper  
 ..... +Janice Pearlstein  
 ..... 7 Louis Alper  
 ..... 7 Steven Alper  
 ..... 7 Sharon Alper  
 ..... 7 Judy Alper  
 ..... 6 Sydelle Alper  
 ..... +Bernard Hartman



..... 7 Kieth Hartman  
 ..... 7 Jeffery Hartman  
 ..... 8 Jon Hartman  
 ..... 4 Shaiya Latucha(Sam Gaum)  
 ..... +Fratka"Fanny" Gaum  
 ..... 5 Boruch Bendit Latucha(Benny Gaum)  
 ..... +Sylvia Wasserman  
 ..... 6 Eleanor Gaum  
 ..... +Jay Richmond  
 ..... 7 Shaya Stephen Richmond  
 ..... +Suzie  
 ..... 8 David Richmond  
 ..... 8 Benyomin Richmond  
 ..... 8 Shayna Richmond  
 ..... 8 Avraham Richmond  
 ..... 8 Shalom Richmond  
 ..... 8 Chava Richmond  
 ..... 8 Moisha Richmond  
 ..... 7 Jeffrey Richmond  
 ..... +Georgia Horowitz  
 ..... 8 Rachael Beth Richmond  
 ..... 8 Jessica Richmond  
 ..... 6 Rochelle"Shelly" Gaum  
 ..... +Saul Brown  
 ..... 7 David Samson Brown  
 ..... 7 Joel Todd Brown  
 ..... +Lorraine Stevens  
 ..... 8 Benjamin Saul Brown  
 ..... 8 Emily Samantha Brown  
 ..... 7 Judith Gail Brown  
 ..... +Wayne Mitnick  
 ..... 8 Jason Seth Mitnick  
 ..... 5 Menasha Lazer Latucha (Maurice Louis Gaum)  
 ..... +Sarah Marshall  
 ..... 6 Lawrence Irving Gaum  
 ..... +Hope Liebling  
 ..... 7 Miriam Beth Gaum  
 ..... 7 Alicia Suzanne Gaum  
 ..... 7 Benjamin Nathan Gaum  
 ..... 7 Paula Michelle Gaum  
 ..... 6 Errol Franklyn Gaum  
 ..... +Barbara Goldfarb  
 ..... 7 Syma Gaum  
 ..... 7 Byron Gaum  
 ..... 6 Sanford Thomas Gaum  
 ..... 6 Jack Allan Gaum  
 ..... +Ingrid Jarvis  
 ..... 7 Spencer Maurice Gaum  
 ..... 7 Colin Andrew Gaum  
 ..... 4 Boruch Bendit Latucha(Benny Goldstein)  
 ..... +Gittel (Gertrude)  
 ..... 5 Ida Charlotte Goldstein  
 ..... +David Langbort  
 ..... 6 Joan Evelyn Langbort  
 ..... +Stanley Cohen  
 ..... 7 Adena Rachel Cohen  
 ..... 7 William Benjamin Cohen  
 ..... 6 Carol Ruth Langbort  
 ..... +William Holzman  
 ..... 6 Marcia May Langbort  
 ..... +Mr. Shulman

..... 7 David Benjamin Shulman  
 ..... 7 Joshua Michael Shulman  
 ..... 5 Manuel Lewis Goldstein Layton  
 ..... 5 Dorothy (Devorah)Goldstein  
 ..... +Joseph Blumsack  
 ..... 6 Cynthia Blumsack  
 ..... +Richard Gilman  
 ..... 7 Lisa Gilman  
 ..... +Mark Snyder  
 ..... 8 Jeffery Snyder  
 ..... 8 Allison Snyder  
 ..... 7 Robert Gilman  
 ..... +Wendy  
 ..... 8 Mathew Gilman  
 ..... 7 Pamela Gilman  
 ..... 6 Richard Earl Blumsack  
 ..... 7 David Blumsack  
 ..... 7 Eric Blumsack  
 ..... 7 Marcy Blumsack  
 ..... 7 Alex Blumsack  
 ..... 5 Isaac (Irving) Goldstein Layton  
 ..... +Elsie  
 ..... 6 Gerald Layton  
 ..... 7 Joel Layton  
 ..... 6 Robert Layton  
 ..... 5 Ruth Celia Goldstein  
 ..... +Julius Yudi Azoff  
 ..... 6 Karen Nancy Azoff  
 ..... +Mr. Steed  
 ..... 7 Jennifer Beth Steed  
 ..... +Mr. Perry  
 ..... 8 Melissa Dawn Perry  
 ..... 8 Brandon Julius Perry  
 ..... 7 Samuel Adam Steed  
 ..... 6 Donna Gail Azoff  
 ..... 6 Janis Sue Azoff  
 ..... +Mr. Munnis  
 ..... 7 Lauren Munnis  
 ..... 7 Rebecca Munnis  
 ..... 6 Allan Avrom Azoff  
 ..... +Claudia  
 ..... 7 Julian Victor Azoff  
 ..... 4 Leib Latucha (Louie Goldstein)  
 ..... +Becky  
 ..... 5 David Goldstein  
 ..... 5 Harvey Goldstein  
 ..... 4 Gershon Latucha(Harry Goldstein)  
 ..... +Lena  
 ..... 5 Sadie Goldstein  
 ..... +Al Wasserman  
 ..... 6 Ronald Wasserman  
 ..... +Fumiko  
 ..... 7 Gavin Wasserman  
 ..... 7 Stephen Wasserman  
 ..... 6 Cheryl Wasserman  
 ..... +Mark Mallin  
 ..... 7 Jason Mallin  
 ..... 5 Esther Goldstein  
 ..... +Morris Schwartz  
 ..... 6 Bruce Schwartz  
 ..... 6 Jason Schwartz



..... 5 Isabelle Goldstein  
 ..... +Sid Lesogor  
 ..... 6 Allan Lesogor  
 ..... +Melissa Gandin  
 ..... 7 Jennifer Lesogor  
 ..... +William Coffey  
 ..... 8 Jesse Lee Coffey  
 ..... 6 Lawrence Lesogor  
 ..... +Margie Keanelly  
 ..... 7 James Lesogor  
 ..... 7 Lawren Roberta Lesogor  
 ..... 6 Paul Lesogor  
 ..... +Suzanne Roy  
 ..... 7 Heather Lesogor  
 ..... 7 Paul Michael Lesogor  
 ..... 7 Ryan Lesogor  
 ..... 6 Cary Lesogor  
 ..... +Jane Mahoney  
 ..... 7 Jamie Lesogor  
 ..... 7 Nicholas Lesogor  
 ..... 4 Shleme Getzel Latucha(Paul Goldstein)  
 ..... +Dora  
 ..... 5 Shirley Goldstein  
 ..... 5 Jerry Goldstein  
 ..... 4 Esther Chiah Latucha  
 ..... +Mr. Heckman  
 ..... 5 Leah Heckman  
 ..... 5 Simcha Heckman  
 ..... 5 Mottel Heckman  
 ..... 5 Kopel(Jacob)Hechman  
 ..... 5 Herschel Heckman  
 ..... 3 Moshe Leb Latucha (L#2)  
 ..... +Sarah Leah Pilyavin  
 ..... 4 Rachel Latucha(L#19)  
 ..... +Boruch Poprovsky(L#12)  
 ..... 5 Chana Poprovsky  
 ..... +Morte Nissel Chermug(L#13)  
 ..... 6 Frumme Chermug  
 ..... 6 Itka (Ida) Chermug(L#11)  
 ..... +Mr. Dolenko  
 ..... 7 Raymond Dolenko  
 ..... 7 Henry Dolenko  
 ..... 7 Gregory Dolenko  
 ..... +Helen  
 ..... 8 Michelle Ann Dolenko  
 ..... 6 Aaron Chermug  
 ..... 5 Sloike Poprovsky  
 ..... 5 Mende Poprovsky  
 ..... 5 Ben Tzion Poprovsky  
 ..... \*2nd Husband of Rachel Latucha(L#19):  
 ..... +Mr. Pogostki  
 ..... 5 Alter Pogosti(L#20)  
 ..... 4 Shaiya Latucha  
 ..... +Nechama Dolgopiat  
 ..... 5 Bessie Latucha  
 ..... +Sid Estrin  
 ..... 6 Jerome Estrin  
 ..... +Mildred Kruger  
 ..... 7 Bruce Estrin  
 ..... +Tessa  
 ..... 8 Bradley Estrin

..... 7 Richard Estrin  
 ..... +Margeay Goldstein  
 ..... 8 Scott Matthew Estrin  
 ..... 8 Daniel Estrin  
 ..... 7 Jody Estrin  
 ..... 6 Lois Estrin  
 ..... +Benjamin Friedman  
 ..... 7 Richard Friedman  
 ..... 7 Sandra Friedman  
 ..... 6 Doris Estrin  
 ..... +Edward Housman  
 ..... 7 Jessie Housman  
 ..... 7 Ellen Housman  
 ..... 7 Sid Housman  
 ..... 5 George Latucha  
 ..... 5 Sophie Latucha  
 ..... +Max Warshaw  
 ..... 6 Martin Warshaw  
 ..... +Fay  
 ..... 7 Howard Warshaw  
 ..... 7 Elliot Warshaw  
 ..... 7 Evelyn Warshaw  
 ..... 6 Robert Warshaw  
 ..... 7 Ellen Warshaw  
 ..... 7 Leslie Warshaw  
 ..... 7 Jeffrey Warshaw  
 ..... 5 Gertie Latucha  
 ..... +Ben Galansky  
 ..... 6 Susan Galansky  
 ..... +Fred Pfeiffer  
 ..... 7 Bruce Pfeiffer  
 ..... 7 Marc Pfeiffer  
 ..... 6 Barbara Galansky  
 ..... 5 Evelyn Latucha  
 ..... +David Gulog  
 ..... 6 Ronald Gulog  
 ..... 6 Robert Gulog  
 ..... 4 Gershon Latucha (Goldstein)  
 ..... +Yentil Diatlovitsky  
 ..... 5 Jack Goldstein  
 ..... +Ann Malat  
 ..... 6 Lorraine Goldstein  
 ..... 5 Albert Latucha  
 ..... 5 Martin Goldstein  
 ..... +Jeanne Dennie  
 ..... 3 Avrom Yael Latucha(L#3)  
 ..... +Chaiya(L#5)  
 ..... 4 Shaiya Latucha  
 ..... +Fraidel  
 ..... 5 Chiam Latucha  
 ..... +Doba  
 ..... 6 Grisha Latucha  
 ..... 6 Boris Latucha  
 ..... 6 Sasha Latucha  
 ..... 6 Yasha Latucha  
 ..... 6 Israel Latucha  
 ..... 5 Tzvi Latucha Bar-Ishay  
 ..... +Nina  
 ..... 6 Ephriam Bar-Ishay  
 ..... 6 Gilly Bar-Ishay  
 ..... 5 Yudel Latucha



..... +Ria  
 ..... 6 Israel Bar-Ishay  
 ..... 6 Chedva Bar-Ishay  
 ..... 5 Avrom Yael Latucha Bar-Ishay  
 ..... +Clara  
 ..... 6 Tzivia Bar-Ishay  
 ..... 6 Chedva Bar-Ishay  
 ..... 6 Rochel Bar-Ishay  
 ..... 5 Bobel Latucha  
 ..... +Yitzchok  
 ..... 6 Miriam  
 ..... 6 Moishe  
 ..... 5 Chiah Latucha  
 ..... +Tolia  
 ..... 6 Avrom Yael  
 ..... 6 Rochel  
 ..... +Moishe  
 ..... 7 Dorit  
 ..... 5 Rochel Latucha  
 ..... +Rachmael Wiseblatt  
 ..... 6 Chedva Wiseblatt  
 ..... 6 Son Wiseblatt  
 ..... 5 Yankel Latucha  
 ..... 5 Herschel Latucha  
 ..... 4 David Lazer Latowsky  
 ..... +Chaiya Kushner  
 ..... 5 Gilda Latowsky  
 ..... +Ben Wulfand  
 ..... 6 Marlynne Wulfand  
 ..... +Jeff Feinrib  
 ..... 7 Candace Feinrib  
 ..... 7 Danielle Feinrib  
 ..... 7 Elisha Feinrib  
 ..... 6 Mark Wulfand  
 ..... +Sheila Stern  
 ..... 7 Laurie Wulfand  
 ..... 7 Avi Wulfand  
 ..... 7 Justin Wulfand  
 ..... 7 Kayla Wulfand  
 ..... 5 Marcia Latowsky  
 ..... +Cecil Anger  
 ..... 6 Rhonda Anger  
 ..... +Danny Schild  
 ..... 7 David Schild  
 ..... 7 Rayna Schild  
 ..... 6 Cindy Anger  
 ..... +Barry Schwartz  
 ..... 7 Jeffrey Schwartz  
 ..... 7 Kevin Schwartz  
 ..... 7 Amanda Schwartz  
 ..... 6 Joanne Anger  
 ..... +John Mc Cracken  
 ..... 7 Kyle Mc Cracken  
 ..... 7 Shane Mc Cracken  
 ..... 5 Lily Latowsky  
 ..... +Jack Goldberg  
 ..... 6 Michael Goldberg  
 ..... +Michelle Finkelstein  
 ..... 7 Jay Goldberg  
 ..... 7 Claudia Goldberg  
 ..... 6 Francine Goldberg

..... +Gary Amir  
 ..... 7 Alexander Amir  
 ..... 7 Ashley Amir  
 ..... 5 Sylvia Latowsky  
 ..... +Morris Klein  
 ..... 6 Cheryl Klein  
 ..... +Joseph Greenbaum  
 ..... 7 Eli Greenbaum  
 ..... 7 Dov Greenbaum  
 ..... 7 Yale Greenbaum  
 ..... 7 Moishe Greenbaum  
 ..... 7 Rafi Greenbaum  
 ..... 7 Ari Greenbaum  
 ..... 6 Janice Klein  
 ..... +Steven Halperin  
 ..... 7 Zvi Halperin  
 ..... 7 Moishe Halperin  
 ..... 7 Yoni Halperin  
 ..... 6 Susan Klein  
 ..... +Stan Scherr  
 ..... 7 David Scherr  
 ..... 7 Bailey Scherr  
 ..... 6 William Klein  
 ..... 5 Norman Latowsky  
 ..... +Marcia Ruskin  
 ..... 6 Larry Latowsky  
 ..... +Karen Gale  
 ..... 7 Tova Latowsky  
 ..... 7 Tessa Michelle Latowsky  
 ..... 6 Shari Latowsky  
 ..... +Michael Cherney  
 ..... 7 Madeline Cherney  
 ..... 7 David Cherney  
 ..... 6 Minda Latowsky  
 ..... 4 Boruch Gershon Latucha  
 ..... +Itka  
 ..... 5 Moishe(Meir)Latucha  
 ..... +Donya  
 ..... 6 Boruch Latucha  
 ..... +Evelyn  
 ..... 7 Smadar Latucha  
 ..... +Ehud  
 ..... 8 Donat  
 ..... 8 Son  
 ..... 7 Limo Latucha  
 ..... 7 Asaf latucha  
 ..... 6 Miriam Latucha  
 ..... 5 Shloima Lazer Latucha  
 ..... +Hannah  
 ..... 6 Rachael Latucha  
 ..... 6 Judith Latucha  
 ..... 5 Chiam Latucha  
 ..... +Sonya  
 ..... 6 Boruch Latucha  
 ..... 6 Miriam Latucha  
 ..... +Ovadia  
 ..... 7 Gil  
 ..... 7 Daughter  
 ..... 7 Daughter  
 ..... 6 Daughter  
 ..... 5 Bashe Chiah Latucha



..... 5 Leib Latucha  
 ..... 5 Esther Latucha  
 ..... 6 Luba  
 ..... +Yacob Falkovitch  
 ..... 7 Judith Falkovitch  
 ..... +Avi BenSimchon  
 ..... 8 Ayal Ben Simchon  
 ..... 8 Mirav BenSimchon  
 ..... 7 ChiahSarah  
 ..... +Ofer Moka  
 ..... 5 Luba Latucha  
 ..... 4 Bar Leib Latucha  
 ..... +Richa  
 ..... 5 Peschel Latucha  
 ..... 5 Avremel Latucha  
 ..... 5 Yankel Latucha  
 ..... 5 Rachmael(Roman)Latucha  
 ..... +Rhia(Raisa)  
 ..... 6 Boris Latucha  
 ..... 4 Shepsel"Sam"Latowsky  
 ..... +Rose Geller  
 ..... 5 Irene Latowsky  
 ..... +Morley Klayman  
 ..... 6 Laura Klayman  
 ..... 5 Albert Latowsky  
 ..... +Evelyn Kallen  
 ..... 6 Mark Latowsky  
 ..... 6 Sandy Latowsky  
 ..... 4 Chan Kadel Latucha  
 ..... +Sender Winnick  
 ..... 5 Jack Winnick  
 ..... +Bernice  
 ..... 6 Allan Winnick  
 ..... +Beverly  
 ..... 7 Scott Jeffrey Winnick  
 ..... +Lisa Weinshenken  
 ..... 7 Michael Millard Winnick  
 ..... +Rhonda Kelman  
 ..... 8 Jacob Daniel  
 ..... 7 Jennifer Beth Winnick  
 ..... +Robert Walsh  
 ..... 8 Hannah Sydney Walsh  
 ..... 6 Andrea Winnick  
 ..... +Jack Train  
 ..... 7 Alysse Train  
 ..... +Alan Fogel  
 ..... 8 Jacklin Fogel  
 ..... 7 Jeffery Everett Train  
 ..... 7 Lauren Aviva Train  
 ..... 7 David Jason Train  
 ..... 5 Sara Winnick  
 ..... +Sam Tobin  
 ..... 6 Arnold Tobin  
 ..... +Lillian  
 ..... 7 Steven Tobin  
 ..... 7 Renee Tobin  
 ..... 5 Ida Winnick  
 ..... +Moishe (Morris) Gam  
 ..... 6 Seymour (Sy) Gam  
 ..... +Sheila  
 ..... 7 Marla Gam

..... +Randy Hudson  
 ..... 7 Gregory Gam  
 ..... +Linda  
 ..... 8 Rachael Gam  
 ..... 8 Alexander Gam  
 ..... 7 Amanda Gam  
 ..... +Jeffrey Huber  
 ..... 8 Heather Huber  
 ..... \*2nd Wife of Seymour (Sy) Gam:  
 ..... +Joyce Levin  
 ..... 5 Saydie Winnick  
 ..... +Harry Kates  
 ..... 6 Stanley Kates  
 ..... +Brenda  
 ..... 7 Sara kates  
 ..... 6 Sidney Kates  
 ..... +Roz  
 ..... 7 Adam Kates  
 ..... \*2nd Wife of Sidney Kates:  
 ..... +Cindy  
 ..... 4 Henya Latucha  
 ..... 5 Chaiya  
 ..... 4 Rochel Latucha  
 ..... +Zeev  
 ..... 5 Menasha  
 ..... 6 Chiam Nachman  
 ..... 5 Sorah  
 ..... 3 Chava Latucha  
 ..... +Shloimah Lazer(L#4)  
 ..... 4 Nechama  
 ..... 4 Masha  
 ..... +Boruch Drebski  
 ..... 5 Rachel Leah  
 ..... +Yankov Hersh Drebski  
 ..... 6 Shmuel Drebski  
 ..... 6 Boruch Drebski  
 ..... 6 Miriam Drebski  
 ..... 6 Batya Drebski  
 ..... 6 Malka Drebski  
 ..... 4 Eidel

FROM THE LATUCHA FAMILY TREE  
 Compiled By Descendant Dr. Larry Gaum  
 JANUARY 1996



## Descendants of Yankel Morafchick

### 1 Yankel Morafchick

+Esther

..... 2 Aaron Morafchick

..... +Roshka Hareg

..... 3 Pearl Morafchick

..... +Yossel Jatlovitsky(Jatlow)

..... 4 Golda Jatlow

..... +Samuel Hellman

..... 5 David Hellman

..... +Ethel Staub

..... 6 Ann Susan Hellman

..... +David Powers

..... 6 Patricia Ruth Hellman

..... +Steven Gottlieb

..... 7 Andrea Gottlieb

..... 7 Daniel Gottlieb

..... 6 Joy Rachel Hellman

..... +Russ Tince

..... 7 Micaela Tince

..... 5 Anna Hellman

..... +Herman Lefkowitz

..... 6 Gail Lefkowitz

..... +Norman Eisenberg

..... 7 Daniel Eisenberg

..... 7 Stevie Eisenberg

..... 6 Seth Lefkowitz

..... 6 Devorah Lefkowitz

..... +Rick Brown

..... 4 Chana Jatlow

..... +Mr.Pine

..... 4 Sarah Jatlow

..... +Max Smelson

..... 5 Dorothy Smelson

..... +Mr. Haddad

..... 6 Roberta Haddad

..... +Mr. Rubin

..... 5 Rose Smelson

..... +Mr.Nathanson

..... 5 Irving Smelson

..... 4 Feigel Jatlow

..... 4 Leah Jatlow

..... 4 Lazer Jatlow

..... +Minnie

..... 5 Izzie Jatlow

..... 5 Daniel Jatlow

..... 5 Rose Jatlow

..... 5 Abe Jatlow

..... 5 Son Jatlow

..... 4 Berel Jatlow

..... 4 Yankel Jatlow

..... 3 Herschel Morafchick

..... +Eshke Haker

..... 4 Hymie Morafchick Moraff

..... +Ida Feder

..... 5 Evelyn Moraff

..... +Harold Davis

..... 6 Marilyn Davis

..... +Cameron Brown

..... 6 Beverley Davis

..... +Patrick Taylor

..... 7 Shira Taylor

..... 7 David Taylor

..... 5 Shirley Moraff

..... +Norman Weiner

..... 6 David Weiner

..... +Beth Kanter

..... 7 Naava Weiner

..... 7 Michal Weiner

..... 7 Yael Weiner

..... 6 Lawrence(Chiam) Weiner

..... +Judy Tiffenbrumer

..... 7 Joshua Weiner

..... 7 Jonathon Weiner

..... 7 Joel Weiner

..... 6 Nancy Weiner

..... +Yossi Oren

..... 7 Ittai Oran

..... 7 Assaf Oran

..... 7 Amir Oran

..... 5 Sybil Moraff

..... +Benjamin Goldberg

..... 6 Joel Goldberg

..... +Alana Silverman

..... 7 Rena Goldberg

..... 7 David Goldberg

..... 7 Joshua Goldberg

..... 7 Sarah Goldberg

..... 6 Mark Goldberg

..... +Susan Garber

..... 7 Jessica Goldberg

..... 7 Alexander Goldberg

..... 6 Brian Goldberg

..... +Jody Clapman

..... 7 Carly Goldberg

..... 7 Hannah Goldberg

..... 6 Adele Goldberg

..... +Andy Pascal

..... 7 Emma Sybil Pascal

..... 5 Thelma Moraff

..... +Edgar Wolman

..... 6 Seema Wolman

..... +Sam Furman

..... 7 Elinav Furman

..... 7 Ayelet Furman

..... 7 Gilad Furman

..... 6 Anita Wolman

..... +Mark Johnson

..... 7 Robert Johnson

..... 7 Talia Johnson

..... 6 Sandra Wolman

..... +Sam Levine

..... 5 Betty Moraff

..... +Irving Altman

..... 6 Morey Altman

..... +Christine McAdam

..... 6 Eric Altman

..... 4 Jack Morafchick Moraff

..... 4 Lazer Morafchick

..... 4 Chiam Morafchick

..... 4 Gittel Morafchick

..... 4 Faigel Morafchick

..... 4 Shaindle Morafchick

..... 4 Seema Morafchick

..... 4 Roshka Morafchick



..... 3 Chiah Morafchick  
..... 3 Mayer Morafchick  
..... 3 Mendel Morafchick  
..... 3 Shloma Morafchick  
..... 3 Riva "Rose" Morafchick  
..... +Arya Leib Meisel(Louis Marshall)  
..... 4 Sam Marshall  
..... +Sylvia Lerman  
..... 5 Lorraine Marshall  
..... 4 Reta Marshall  
..... +Arthur Kolonel  
..... 5 Inez Kolonel  
..... +Paul Rudman  
..... 6 Andrew Rudman  
..... +Judy  
..... 7 Nicholas Arthur Rudman  
..... 7 Nathan Abraham Rudman  
..... 6 Carol Rudman  
..... 5 Laurie Kolonel  
..... 5 Marty Kolonel  
..... +Joanne  
..... 4 Sarah Marshall  
..... +Menasha Lazer Latucha (Maurice Louis Gaum)  
..... 5 Lawrence Irving Gaum  
..... +Hope Liebling  
..... 6 Miriam Beth Gaum  
..... 6 Alicia Suzanne Gaum  
..... 6 Benjamin Nathan Gaum  
..... 6 Paula Michelle Gaum  
..... 5 Errol Franklyn Gaum  
..... +Barbara Goldfarb  
..... 6 Syma Gaum  
..... 6 Byron Gaum  
..... 5 Sanford Thomas Gaum  
..... 5 Jack Allan Gaum  
..... +Ingrid Jarvis  
..... 6 Spencer Maurice Gaum  
..... 6 Colin Andrew Gaum  
..... 4 Fanny Marshall  
..... +Sam Dubinsky  
..... 5 Jerry Dubinsky  
..... +Beverley MacDonald  
..... 6 Rachael Dubinsky  
..... 5 Enie Dubinsky  
..... +Morris Lieff  
..... 6 Josh Lieff  
..... 6 Aaron Lieff  
..... 5 Arlene Dubinsky  
..... 4 Joe Marshall  
..... 4 Tommy Marshall  
..... 4 Jack Marshall  
..... +Sylvia Rothman  
..... 5 Tommy Marshall  
..... +Lynn Crosbie  
..... 6 Seth Marshall  
..... 6 Rebecca Marshall  
..... 5 Beverly Marshall  
..... 5 Arlaine Marshall  
..... +Paul Fleury  
..... 6 Rachal Fleury  
..... 6 Sara Fleury  
..... \*2nd Husband of Arlaine Marshall:

..... +Andrew Welsh  
..... 6 Malcolm Welsh  
..... \*2nd Wife of Jack Marshall:  
..... +Evelyn White  
..... 4 Arthur Marshall  
..... 4 Max Marshall  
..... +Birdie Gordon  
..... 5 Ted Marshall  
..... +Elizabeth Worsoff  
..... 6 Brittany Marshall  
..... 6 Jennifer Marshall  
..... 5 Doug Marshall  
..... 5 Jonathan Marshall  
..... 5 Elizabeth Marshall  
..... +Michael Heaney  
..... 6 Marshall Heaney  
..... 6 Jordan Michael Heane  
..... 4 Ettie Marshall  
..... +Moe Zweigman  
..... 5 Leslie Zweigman  
..... +Ilana Berkovitch  
..... 5 Arthur Zweigman  
..... 4 Elliot Marshall  
..... +Helen Marmorash  
..... 5 Susan Marshall  
..... +Cory Ilacqua  
..... 6 Aaron Nicola Ilacqua  
..... 5 Cheryl Marshall  
..... +Jeff Cohen  
..... 6 Evie Leah Cohen  
..... 6 Jorey Alicia Cohen  
..... 2 Eli (Elliot) Morafchick Moraff  
..... +Bella Plotkin  
..... 3 Jack Morafchick Moraff  
..... +Libby Mirsky  
..... 4 Beryl Moraff  
..... +Sol Chernin  
..... 5 Cayle Chernin  
..... 5 Franklyn Chernin  
..... 5 Barbara Chernin  
..... +Brian Moore  
..... 5 Nancy Chernin  
..... 4 Elliott Moraff  
..... +Goldie  
..... 5 Brent Moraff  
..... 5 Douglas Moraff  
..... +Wendy  
..... 5 Roxanne Moraff  
..... 4 Melvin "Buddy" Moraff  
..... +Mary  
..... 5 Dennis Moraff  
..... 5 Bruce Moraff  
..... 5 Carla Moraff  
..... 3 Pearl Morafchick  
..... +Leib "Louie" Gaum  
..... 4 Bella Gaum  
..... 4 Abe Gaum  
..... +Reta Miller  
..... 5 Winston Gaum  
..... +Gail  
..... 6 Eric Gaum  
..... 6 Ian Gaum



|                                                    |                                      |
|----------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| ..... 6 Laura Gaum                                 | ..... 5 Paul Goldman                 |
| ..... 5 Tommy Gaum                                 | ..... +Reva                          |
| ..... +Rhona Sheppard                              | ..... 5 Son Goldman                  |
| ..... 6 Tanya Gaum                                 | ..... 4 Esther Goldman               |
| ..... 6 Lisa Gaum                                  | ..... +Dave Storm                    |
| ..... 6 Darah Gaum                                 | ..... 5 Harvey Storm                 |
| ..... 5 Gwen Gaum                                  | ..... +Helen                         |
| ..... 4 Libby Gaum                                 | ..... 6 Son Storm                    |
| ..... +Harry Brenner                               | ..... 6 Daughter Storm               |
| ..... 4 Bunny Gaum                                 | ..... 5 Marsha Storm                 |
| ..... +Harold Davidson                             | ..... 4 Ida Goldman                  |
| ..... 5 Howard Davidson                            | ..... +Harold Perlmutter             |
| ..... +Heather Shoom                               | ..... 5 Allan Perlmutter             |
| ..... 6 Larry Davidson                             | ..... 4 Mary Goldman                 |
| ..... 6 Steven Davidson                            | ..... +Abe Kohl                      |
| ..... 6 Jo-Anna Davidson                           | ..... 5 Linda Kohl                   |
| ..... 5 Carol Ann Davidson                         | ..... +Joe Steinem                   |
| ..... 5 Gail Davidson                              | ..... 6 Lisa Steinem                 |
| ..... +Irwin Prince                                | ..... 6 Michael Steinem              |
| ..... 6 Jacqueline Prince                          | ..... 5 Irving Kohl                  |
| ..... 6 Jason Prince                               | ..... +Helen                         |
| ..... 4 Pinky Gaum                                 | ..... 6 Jeffry Kohl                  |
| ..... +Hanna Mendelbaum                            | ..... 6 Ashley Kohl                  |
| ..... 4 Dave Gaum                                  | ..... 4 Benny Goldman                |
| ..... 4 Etta Gaum                                  | ..... +Pearl                         |
| ..... +Mendel Chernin                              | ..... 4 Jack Goldman                 |
| ..... 5 Marty Chernin                              | ..... +Jeannette                     |
| ..... +Gail Rudderham                              | ..... 4 Percy Goldman                |
| ..... 5 Judy Chernin                               | ..... +Jeannette                     |
| ..... +Arnie Budavitch                             | ..... 4 Betty (Pesha) Goldman        |
| ..... 6 Eric Budavitch                             | ..... +Paul Mintz                    |
| ..... 6 Paul Budavitch                             | ..... 3 Shraga Feivel Bregman        |
| ..... 5 Daniel Chernin                             | ..... +Sorah                         |
| ..... 4 Cyril Gaum                                 | ..... 4 Claire Bregman               |
| ..... +Esther Hamburg                              | ..... +Ralph Fromer                  |
| ..... 3 Daniel Morafchick Moraff                   | ..... 5 Brenda Fromer                |
| ..... *2nd Wife of Eli (Elliot) Morafchick Moraff: | ..... +Moshe Bessin                  |
| ..... +Bella Rodman Glass                          | ..... 6 Hyim Bessin                  |
| ..... 3 Bashel "Bessie" Moraff                     | ..... 6 Avi Bessin                   |
| ..... +Menasha "Morris" Gaum                       | ..... 6 Miriam Bessin                |
| ..... 4 Etta Gaum                                  | ..... 6 Aura Bessin                  |
| ..... 4 Bernie Gaum                                | ..... 5 Beverley Fromer              |
| ..... 4 Elliot Gaum                                | ..... 4 Jack Bregman                 |
| ..... *2nd Husband of Bashel "Bessie" Moraff:      | ..... 4 Basha Feigel (Betty) Bregman |
| ..... +Lou Fishman                                 | ..... +Hugh Gigan                    |
| ..... 4 Delores Fishman                            | ..... 5 Sharon Gigan                 |
| ..... 4 Beryl Fishman                              | ..... 5 Sheldon Gigan                |
| ..... 3 Jake "John" Moraff                         | ..... 5 Philip Gigan                 |
| ..... 3 Benny Moraff                               | ..... +Lisa                          |
| ..... 3 Lilly Glass                                | ..... 6 Ben Gigan                    |
| ..... 3 Esther Glass                               | ..... 6 Jason Gigan                  |
| ..... +Esiash Moskoff                              | ..... 3 Daniel Bregman               |
| ..... 4 Eleanor "Elly" Moskoff                     | ..... +Ida                           |
| ..... 4 Mynne Moskoff                              | ..... 4 Sonya Bregman                |
| ..... 4 Sophie Moskoff                             | ..... 4 Paul Bregman                 |
| ..... 4 Lilly Moskoff                              | ..... 3 Lou Bregman                  |
| ..... 2 Pesha Dveira Morafchick                    | ..... +Leah                          |
| ..... +Chiam Bregman                               | ..... 4 Esther Bregman               |
| ..... 3 Feigel Bregman                             | ..... +Morris Barash                 |
| ..... +Zelig Goldman                               | ..... 5 Lance Barash                 |
| ..... 4 Charlie Goldman                            | ..... +Karen                         |
| ..... +Claire                                      | ..... 6 Melanie Barash               |



..... 5 Barbara Barash  
 ..... +Robert Simmons  
 ..... 6 Matthew Simmons  
 ..... 4 Hilda Bregman  
 ..... +Lester Taishoff  
 ..... 5 Alice Taishoff  
 ..... +Don Packer  
 ..... 5 Howard (Hank) Taishoff  
 ..... 4 Betty Bregman  
 ..... +Allan Friedlander  
 ..... 5 Valerie Friedlander  
 ..... 5 William Friedlander  
 ..... 4 Sidney Bregman  
 ..... +Eileen  
 ..... 5 Jessica Bregman  
 ..... 5 Carolyn Bregman  
 ..... 5 Susan Bregman  
 ..... 3 Chandel Bregman  
 ..... +Louie Poskanzer  
 ..... 4 Charlotte Poskanzer  
 ..... 4 Esther Poskanzer  
 ..... +Mr. Carton  
 ..... 4 Sam Poskanzer  
 ..... 3 Chava Bregman  
 ..... +Harry Kagen  
 ..... 4 Esther Kagen  
 ..... +Harry Lerner  
 ..... 4 Goldie Kagen  
 ..... +Fred Cooper  
 ..... 4 Adelle Kagen  
 ..... +Marty Ross  
 ..... 4 Paul Kagen  
 ..... +Mollie  
 ..... 4 John Kagen  
 ..... 4 Channa Kagen  
 ..... +George Pollock

FROM THE MORAFCHICK FAMILY TREE  
 Compiled By Descendant Dr. Larry Gaum  
 JANUARY 1996



## Descendants of Volf Gam

### 1 Volf Gam

..... 2 Avraham Gam

..... +Chava Reiza

..... 3 Yitzchok Yakov Gam(Yankel Gaum)

..... +Esther Sheindel El'Piner

..... 4 Pasach"Phillip" Gaum

..... +Minnie Fine

..... 5 Dora Gaum

..... +Morris Dolgin

..... 6 Jordan Dolgin

..... +Barbara

..... 7 Perry Dolgin

..... 7 Kalman Dolgin

..... 6 Karen Dolgin

..... +David Reibman

..... 7 Philip Reibman

..... 7 Ilene Reibman

..... 7 Mark Reibman

..... 5 Morris Gaum

..... 5 Bella Gaum

..... +Ephraim Feder

..... 6 Arnold Feder

..... +Carol Silverman

..... 7 Shira Feder

..... +Bob Gittleman

..... 7 Baruch Feder

..... +Rose Shana Ganz

..... 8 Balla Feder

..... 8 Menachem Mendel Feder

..... 8 Ephraim Feder

..... 8 Yaacov Yisroel Feder

..... 8 Tzivia Feder

..... 7 Corrine Feder

..... +John Merksamer

..... 8 Seth Merksamer

..... 8 Rebecca Merksamer

..... 8 Matthew Merksamer

..... 7 Anne Feder

..... +Paul Sayah

..... 8 Michelle Sayah

..... \*2nd Wife of Arnold Feder:

..... +Davida Lotzkar

..... 6 Francis Feder

..... +Phillip Chatrin

..... 7 Martin Chatrin

..... 7 Sharon Chatrin

..... 7 Mitchell Chatrin

..... 5 Eva Gaum

..... +Louis Shaw

..... 6 Phyllis Shaw

..... +Larry Blavin

..... 7 Nolan Blavin

..... 7 Paul Blavin

..... +Amy

..... 7 Monet Blavin

..... \*2nd Husband of Phyllis Shaw:

..... +Herb Waze

..... 6 Jerome Shaw

..... +Patricia

..... 7 Victoria Shaw

..... 5 Louis Gaum

..... +Amelia "Billie"

..... 6 Ian Gaum

..... +Stephanie

..... 7 Ashley Gaum

..... 7 Lorne Derek Gaum

..... 6 Michelle Gaum

..... +Joel Harris

..... 7 Marsha Harris

..... 7 Alan Harris

..... 4 Leib "Louie" Gaum

..... +Pearl Morafschick

..... 5 Bella Gaum

..... 5 Abe Gaum

..... +Reta Miller

..... 6 Winston Gaum

..... +Gail

..... 7 Eric Gaum

..... 7 Ian Gaum

..... 7 Laura Gaum

..... 6 Tommy Gaum

..... +Rhona Sheppard

..... 7 Tanya Gaum

..... 7 Lisa Gaum

..... 7 Darah Gaum

..... 6 Gwen Gaum

..... 5 Libby Gaum

..... +Harry Brenner

..... 5 Bunny Gaum

..... +Harold Davidson

..... 6 Howard Davidson

..... +Heather Shoom

..... 7 Larry Davidson

..... 7 Steven Davidson

..... 7 Jo-Anna Davidson

..... 6 Carol Ann Davidson

..... 6 Gail Davidson

..... +Irwin Prince

..... 7 Jacqueline Prince

..... 7 Jason Prince

..... 5 Pinky Gaum

..... +Hanna Mendelbaum

..... 5 Dave Gaum

..... 5 Etta Gaum

..... +Mendel Chernin

..... 6 Marty Chernin

..... +Gail Rudderham

..... 6 Judy Chernin

..... +Arnie Budavitch

..... 7 Eric Budavitch

..... 7 Paul Budavitch

..... 6 Daniel Chernin

..... 5 Cyril Gaum

..... +Esther Hamburg

..... 4 Fratka"Fanny" Gaum

..... +Shaiya Latucha(Sam Gaum )

..... 5 Boruch Bendit Latucha(Benny Gaum)

..... +Sylvia Wasserman

..... 6 Eleanor Gaum

..... +Jay Richmond

..... 7 Shaya Stephen Richmond

..... +Suzie

..... 8 David Richmond

..... 8 Benyomin Richmond



..... 8 Shayna Richmond  
 ..... 8 Avraham Richmond  
 ..... 8 Shalom Richmond  
 ..... 8 Chava Richmond  
 ..... 8 Moisha Richmond  
 ..... 7 Jeffrey Richmond  
 ..... +Georgia Horowitz  
 ..... 8 Rachael Beth Richmond  
 ..... 8 Jessica Richmond  
 ..... 6 Rochelle "Shelly" Gaum  
 ..... +Saul Brown  
 ..... 7 David Samson Brown  
 ..... 7 Joel Todd Brown  
 ..... +Lorraine Stevens  
 ..... 8 Benjamin Saul Brown  
 ..... 8 Emily Samantha Brown  
 ..... 7 Judith Gail Brown  
 ..... +Wayne Mitnick  
 ..... 8 Jason Seth Mitnick  
 ..... 5 Menasha Lazer Latucha (Maurice Louis Gaum)  
 ..... +Sarah Marshall  
 ..... 6 Lawrence Irving Gaum  
 ..... +Hope Liebling  
 ..... 7 Miriam Beth Gaum  
 ..... 7 Alicia Suzanne Gaum  
 ..... 7 Benjamin Nathan Gaum  
 ..... 7 Paula Michelle Gaum  
 ..... 6 Errol Franklyn Gaum  
 ..... +Barbara Goldfarb  
 ..... 7 Syma Gaum  
 ..... 7 Byron Gaum  
 ..... 6 Sanford Thomas Gaum  
 ..... 6 Jack Allan Gaum  
 ..... +Ingrid Jarvis  
 ..... 7 Spencer Maurice Gaum  
 ..... 7 Colin Andrew Gaum  
 ..... 4 Wolf "William" Gaum  
 ..... +Chiah (Ida)  
 ..... 5 Abe Gaum  
 ..... +Lena Mendelson  
 ..... 6 Fay Gaum  
 ..... 6 Leonard Gaum  
 ..... +Susan Shane  
 ..... 7 Matthew Gaum  
 ..... 7 Sarah Gaum  
 ..... 5 Mayer (Harry) Gaum  
 ..... +Dorothy Rosenblum  
 ..... 6 Simon Gaum  
 ..... +Karen  
 ..... 7 Jennifer Gaum  
 ..... 7 Lesley Gaum  
 ..... 6 Lois Gaum  
 ..... +Ricardo Bessoudo  
 ..... 7 Mark Bessoudo  
 ..... 7 Lynn Bessoudo  
 ..... 4 Bendit "Benny" Gaum  
 ..... +Fagel (Fanny)  
 ..... 5 Pinky (Pinya) Gaum  
 ..... +Sylvia  
 ..... 6 Barry Gaum  
 ..... 6 David Gaum  
 ..... 5 Harry Gaum

..... +Julia Cahill  
 ..... 6 Gerald Mitchell Gaum  
 ..... 6 Bruce Gaum  
 ..... +Julia  
 ..... 7 Samantha Justine Gaum  
 ..... 7 Alexandra Judith Gaum  
 ..... 5 Sam Gaum  
 ..... 5 Morris Gaum  
 ..... +Rhoda Gaum  
 ..... 6 Brian Gaum  
 ..... 6 Sharon Gaum  
 ..... 5 Shirley Gaum  
 ..... 5 Helen Gaum  
 ..... 4 Menasha "Morris" Gaum  
 ..... +Bashel "Bessie" Moraff  
 ..... 5 Etta Gaum  
 ..... 5 Bernie Gaum  
 ..... 5 Elliot Gaum  
 ..... 4 Beilka Gaum  
 ..... +Leizer Konik  
 ..... 5 Louie Konick  
 ..... +Marcella  
 ..... 6 Joyce Konick  
 ..... +Sam  
 ..... 7 Michelle  
 ..... 5 Tillie Konick  
 ..... +Harry Oberman  
 ..... 6 Mitchell Bernard Oberman  
 ..... +Esther Zuckerman  
 ..... 7 Michael Oren Oberman  
 ..... 7 Karen Oberman  
 ..... 6 Irwin Allan Oberman  
 ..... +Susan Wildman  
 ..... 7 Steven David Oberman  
 ..... 7 Karen Deborah Oberman  
 ..... 6 Lawrence Jay Oberman  
 ..... +Lila Fine  
 ..... 7 Lynn Meredith Oberman  
 ..... 7 Lori Michelle Oberman  
 ..... 6 Mark Howard Oberman  
 ..... +Caren  
 ..... 7 Erinn Ashley Oberman  
 ..... 5 Eva Konick  
 ..... +Bill Pascoe  
 ..... 6 Lynda Pascoe  
 ..... +John Prince  
 ..... 7 Ryan Prince  
 ..... 7 Loren Prince  
 ..... 6 Joanne Pascoe  
 ..... +Michael Steinberg  
 ..... 7 Halley Steinberg  
 ..... 7 Daniel Steinberg  
 ..... 5 Morris Konick  
 ..... +Rose Greenberg  
 ..... 4 Chava "Eva" Gaum  
 ..... +Israel Perlin  
 ..... 5 Arthur Perlin  
 ..... +Ruth Freedman  
 ..... 6 Louise Perlin  
 ..... 6 Anna Perlin  
 ..... 6 Deborah Perlin  
 ..... 6 Elizabeth Perlin



..... 5 Irving Perlin  
 ..... +Frieda Garson  
 ..... 6 Dennis Perlin  
 ..... +Barbara Cherun  
 ..... 7 Daniel Perlin  
 ..... 7 Rebecca Perlin  
 ..... 6 Richard Perlin  
 ..... 6 Shauna Perlin  
 ..... +Paul Bain  
 ..... 7 Ari Bain  
 ..... 5 Shirley Perlin  
 ..... +Harry Dubinsky  
 ..... 6 Lon Dubinsky  
 ..... +Lori Rabinovitch  
 ..... 7 Ira Dubinsky  
 ..... 7 Evan Dubinsky  
 ..... 6 Philip Dubinsky  
 ..... 4 Nachman "Nathan" Gaum  
 ..... +Ann  
 ..... 4 Joe Gaum  
 ..... +Sylvia  
 ..... 5 Mitzi Gaum  
 ..... +Edward Seid  
 ..... 6 Richard Seid  
 ..... 6 Lee Seid  
 ..... 6 Bruce Seid  
 ..... 5 Sondra Gaum  
 ..... +Louis Levine  
 ..... 6 Cheryl Levine  
 ..... 6 Jeffrey Levine  
 ..... 6 Brian Levine  
 ..... \*2nd Wife of Yitzchok Yakov Gam (Yankel Gaum):  
 ..... +Sara Slater Hamburger  
 ..... 3 Chaya Gam  
 ..... 3 Gerts (Hertz) Gam  
 ..... 3 Beila Feiga Gam  
 ..... 3 Zeisel (Zuske) Gam  
 ..... +Golda Bickman  
 ..... 4 Moishe (Morris) Gam  
 ..... +Ida Winnick  
 ..... 5 Seymour (Sy) Gam  
 ..... +Sheila  
 ..... 6 Marla Gam  
 ..... +Randy Hudson  
 ..... 6 Gregory Gam  
 ..... +Linda  
 ..... 7 Rachel Gam  
 ..... 7 Alexander Gam  
 ..... 6 Amanda Gam  
 ..... +Jeffrey Huber  
 ..... 7 Heather Huber  
 ..... \*2nd Wife of Seymour (Sy) Gam:  
 ..... +Joyce Levin  
 ..... 4 Lazar (Lester) Gam  
 ..... +Esther  
 ..... 5 Daniel Gam  
 ..... +Florence  
 ..... 6 Michael Gam  
 ..... 6 Sharon Gam  
 ..... +Roy Landstrom  
 ..... 7 Matthew Landstrom

..... 7 Evan Landstrom  
 ..... 5 Seymour Gam  
 ..... +Mitzi  
 ..... 6 Gary Gam  
 ..... +Connie  
 ..... 6 Jay Gam  
 ..... 4 Dov (David) Gam  
 ..... +Dena Honik  
 ..... 5 Amalia Gam  
 ..... +Yakov Gal  
 ..... 6 Nirit Gal  
 ..... 7 Idan  
 ..... 7 Liran  
 ..... 6 Ofer Gal  
 ..... 6 Amit Gal  
 ..... +Gela  
 ..... 6 Hilla Gal  
 ..... 5 Chava Gam  
 ..... +Yeshaiyahu Windman  
 ..... 6 Dona Windman  
 ..... 6 Tal Windman  
 ..... 5 Tzvika Gam  
 ..... +Efrot  
 ..... 6 Sharon Gam  
 ..... 6 Shai Gam  
 ..... \*2nd Wife of Dov (David) Gam:  
 ..... +Leah  
 ..... 5 Abraham Gam  
 ..... 4 Berel Gam  
 ..... +Friedel  
 ..... 5 Zuske Gam  
 ..... +Roza  
 ..... 6 Son#1  
 ..... 6 Son#2  
 ..... 6 Daughter#1  
 ..... 6 Daughter#2  
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 ..... 5 Son#3  
 ..... 5 Son#4  
 ..... 5 Daughter#1  
 ..... 5 Daughter#2  
 ..... 5 Daughter#3  
 ..... 4 Chava Gam  
 ..... 4 Frieda Gam  
 ..... 4 Son#5  
 ..... 4 Son#6  
 ..... 5 Dov Gam  
 ..... +Rachael  
 ..... 4 Son#7  
 ..... 4 Daughter#3  
 ..... 4 Daughter#4  
 ..... 4 Daughter#5  
 ..... 4 Daughter#6

FROM THE Gaum Family Tree  
 Compiled By Descendant Dr. Larry Gaum  
 JANUARY 1996

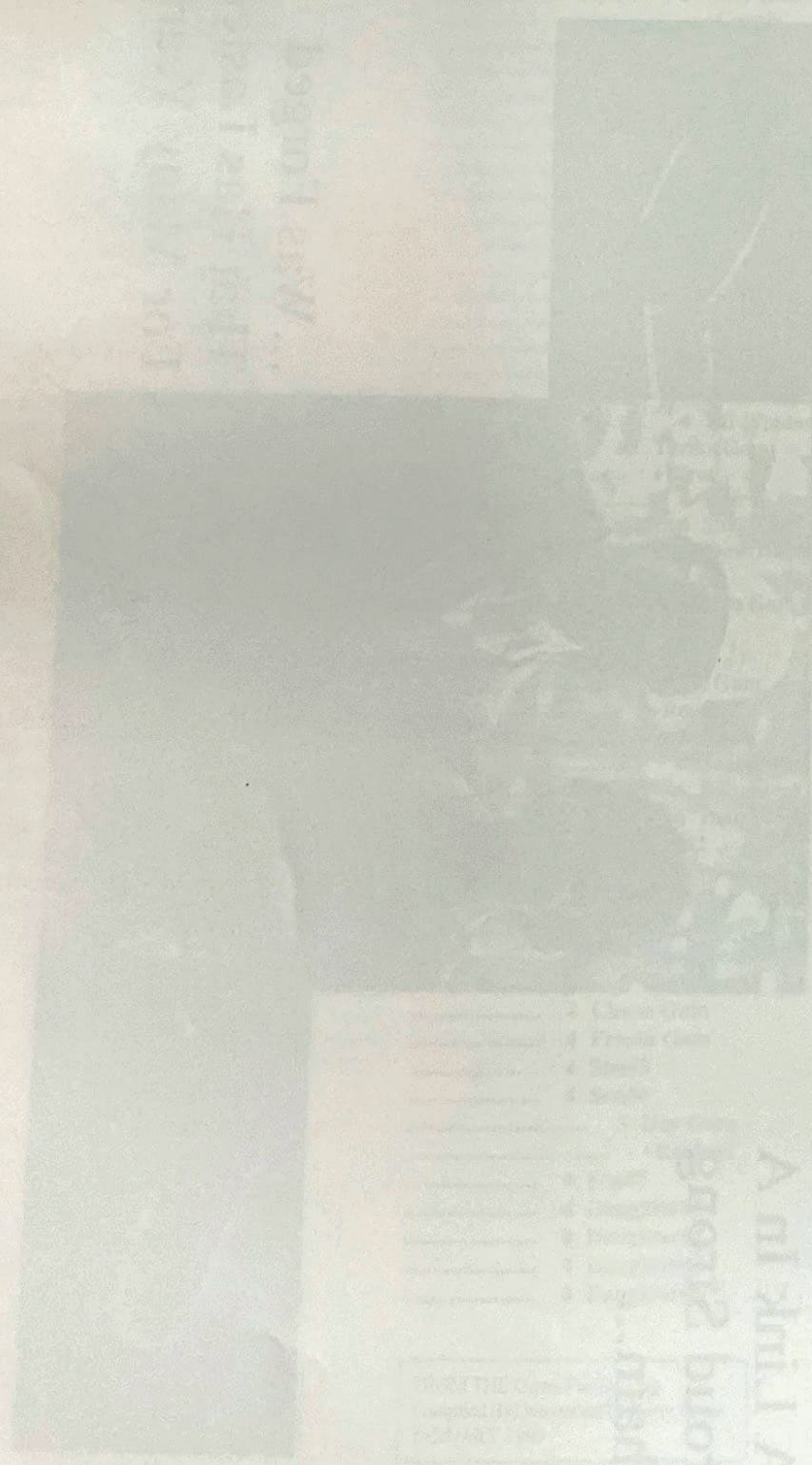


“A Link In A  
Proud Strong  
Chain...”



...Was Forged  
That Has Lasted  
For Many Years.”





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Yankel Morafchick • Aaron Morafchick • Pesha Morafchick • Chandel Bregman • Chava Bregman • Pearl  
Morafchick • Chiah Morafchick • Herschel Morafchick • Eidel Latucha • Shaiya Latucha • Bendit  
Latucha • Leib Latucha • Gershon Latucha • Shloima Getzel Latucha • Esther Latucha • Yeshiah  
Latucha • Menashe Latucha • Yitzchok Latucha • Moshe Leib Latucha • Avrom Yael Latucha • Chava  
Latucha • Volf Gam • Avraham Gam • Yankel Gam • Chaya Gam • Gerts Gam • Beila Gam • Zushka  
Gam • Shloma Morafchick • Mayer Morafchick • Mendel Morafchick • Riva Morafchick • Jack  
Morafchick • Bas

Morafchick • Perel Morafchick • Daniel Bregman • Chandel Bregman • Chava  
Feigel Bregman • Shraga Bregman • Maurice Louis Gaum • Errol Franklyn  
Gaum • Sanford Thomas Gaum • Fratka Gaum • Nachman Gaum • Joe  
Wolf Gaum • Bendit Gau • Sheindel ElPiner • Avrom  
Gaum • Zelig Meisel • Ary • ne Gaum • Paula Michelle  
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m • Collin Gaum • Yankel  
Chava Bregman • Pearl  
haiya Latucha • Bendit

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Gam • Shloma Morafchick • Mayer Mo



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b Latucha • Avrom Yael Latucha • Chava  
Gam • Gerts Gam • Bella Gam • Zushka  
Morafchick • Riva Morafchick • Jack  
Moraff • Benny Moraff •

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Feigel Bregman • Shraga Bregman • Maurice Louis Gaum • Errol Franklyn  
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